





HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

HEROINES OF MODERN PROGRESS

BY
ELMER C. ADAMS
AND
WARREN DUNHAM FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED

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TO THE
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CONGRESS

FOREWORD

BY ELLEN M. HENROTIN

Hon. President of General Federation of
Women's Clubs

*I am the woman, ark of the law and its breaker,
Who chastened her steps and taught her knees to be
meek,
Bridled and bitted her heart and humbled her cheek,
Parcelled her will, and cried "Take more!" to the
taker,
Shunned what they told her to shun, sought what
they bade her seek,
Locked up her mouth from scornful speaking: now
it is open to speak.*

WILLIAM VAUGHAN MOODY.

In all causes, in all lands, the woman who steps aside from the beaten path, the pioneer woman, must make her decision and abide by it: she must live her life alone. She may be surrounded by family and friends, but if she does not shun what they proscribe and seek what they ordain, her inner life must be passed in solitude. For creeds and philosophies she has no care, unless she can apply them, though she has tried all those of man's invention.

In the past woman has occupied a far more important economic position than has been conceded to her. While generalities are often mis-

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leading, the following distinction may be made between the activities of man and woman. The intellect and power of man have been given to the conquest of the earth—the natural forces—first for his own use, as in the individualistic age; then for his tribe or clan; and, in a more advanced civilization, for his country. Woman, on the contrary, has centered her activities on developing the agencies which conserve life. First as the mother in the tent of the nomad she dressed the skins that her man and their children might be clothed; she cultivated the corn around the tent that the family might have a permanent supply of food; she preserved the meat against the winter. In the tribal life women carried on the trades which underlie the home, working in groups. Now, in modern city life women are endeavoring to adapt themselves to the specialization necessary under present conditions for both man and woman. In primitive civilizations the woman alone applied the industrial arts to the articles in daily use. The man did not concern himself with the form or the ornamentation of his garments; the woman not only manufactured the garments worn by the family but ornamented them as well. These conditions still exist among all primitive races, the women doing the work, and bearing and nursing the children. Even to-day in many civilized countries either the economic stress or military duty, which must be performed by the men, throw a burden, quite out of proportion to her limited power of accom-

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plishment, on the shoulders of the woman. It is estimated that the German woman supports the civil list of the government. In the United States, where women are considered more fortunate than elsewhere, the last census shows that approximately eight million women are wage-earners and this number does not include those women who do their housework, only the wage-earners. Thus woman has always been and still is in the labor-market and in industry, and it is vain to decry her contribution to primitive or modern civilization. It is true that a larger number of men than of women have scaled the heights of genius, but, while the men were climbing, all women were laboring to sustain life, and thus materially increase the sum of human comfort and happiness. In recalling ancient days, the thought of the hard and painful struggle of the woman of the nomadic tribes to keep herself and her children alive is absolutely appalling. To-day the peasant woman the world over must toil almost day and night to wring a bare living from a bit of ground. The thousands of women in modern industry—in factories, in stores—succeed in securing on the average but a very meager wage.

It is true there have been periods when woman has emerged from her semi-seclusion and has taken her part in the world's honors—the great women of the Church, who founded the missions which still endure, the women who have won renown in the paths of literature, and those who in the golden age of the Italian

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and French renaissance received a European tribute of recognition and admiration. All these women were, however, exceptions, and exceptionally placed, and the great mass of women profited not a whit by their glory. The interests of women have in the past been strangely overlooked in all schemes of government, in the laws which control family and civic life, even in religious life. Only in very recent times has woman obtained a measure of representation and found voice to express herself as a member of a group. The individualistic life of woman in the past, either in tent or in palace, has had the effect of making her, as a general thing, extremely tenacious of her own opinions and convinced of the importance of her own affairs. Thus even in face of the splendid future of new and wider opportunities before her, she is sometimes timid, apathetic, and bound by outworn conventionalities, the old ideas of the past giving no place to those of the present and the time to come. At the first "lion in her path" such a one falls back alarmed, and flees panic-stricken to her old narrow prison. But, for all that, now as never before women are wide awake to a realization of their identical and common interests as women. The spirit of democracy is invading even the four walls of home; it is calling them out into the world—the great impersonal world—to combine and struggle for their rights and privileges, their happiness, and their well being.

Now, at the bright dawn of a fairer day for

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women, is a peculiarly fitting moment to pause and review, as is done in the case of a group of noble women in the present volume, all that we owe to our sisters of the past, beautiful in memory, who haunt us with their charm, their intellect, their tenderness, or their power—warrior queens and empresses; women of the religious life; teachers and nurses; humble toilers, heroic in patient endurance; brave pioneers in reform;—all those high souls who in one fashion or another have left the world lovelier and better for their lives and labors.

The following pages are concerned with pioneers in modern progress. We Americans acknowledge our debt to two classes of these pioneers: to those who in pain or danger walked beside the men on the prairies or through the forests, who shared their labors in clearing and building, and organizing the school and the church; and to those other heroines, true pioneers, dauntless yet tender spirits, who blazed new trails for their sex in new worlds of thought and beneficent effort, in philanthropy, in literature and in the professions. Souls of high courage, belonging to this latter group, are presented in this book, women who materially, intellectually, and morally struck out new and perilous ways, and who pushed on fearlessly and without a backward look in the face of derision and strong hostility alike from their own sex and from the opposite sex—women who represent the latest stage in a progress that has led from the mere mother of

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the family to the mother of the group, and so to the "World Mother" of to-day; women who find their high calling in devoting their hearts and their intelligence to the mastery of great problems in government, in science, and in advanced ethics, upon which the future welfare of their sisters depend. The women of to-day, who reap the harvest sown by the "heroines of modern progress," can with difficulty apprehend how dearly the pioneers paid in body and in soul for the privileges they now so freely enjoy. They can only repay the debt they owe by a just appreciation of its value and a full, grateful recognition of the high courage of those who broke the bonds of conventionality and opened wide for them the door of opportunity. It is to such appreciation and to such recognition that this book cannot fail to lead.

PREFACE

For several years requests have come to me for adequate short biographies of those women who have done the most for the world's progress during the last century. Members of my college classes in English composition began it; young men and women alike told me that they were disappointed in being unable to find concise and readable statements of the lives of such women as Florence Nightingale and Frances Willard. To be sure, there were many biographies, but these books, though excellent in their way, often proved lacking in some essential. Other teachers—in public schools as well as in college—state librarians and village librarians, school officials, managers of reading circles and normal school executives reported the same need. Even more significant, however, have been statements from fathers and mothers and boys and girls, statements that they wanted between two covers the story of the women who have worked most successfully to make this world of ours a better place to live in.

To meet this need, this book has been written. Obviously, one volume cannot contain the biographies of all the illustrious heroines of modern progress; the task of selection has been difficult. Although we have been forced to

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make no mention of many women whose deeds are as well worth chronicling as some that are set forth here, we have tried to include biographies that are representative of the best feminine effort of the century. And how far reaching is that effort! How much have women contributed to the evolution of social ethics! In the lives here pictured can be read the story of modern progress. And in the story of modern progress can be read these lives.

Whoever candidly studies modern progress will find facts to astound him. If the student is a man, he may also be somewhat sobered in his traditional self-adulation about the superior initiative and originality of his sex; if a woman, she may see good reason to lift up her heart and rejoice, because her sisters, far from being the dependents and imitators they were once thought, have founded or shaped so many of our institutions that modern society, to a very great extent, is a woman-made society. Our penal system, by which wrong doers are reformed instead of flogged; our hospitals, with their life-saving care, and our nurses who prevent disease in the homes of the poor and aid physicians in the homes of the rich; our woman's colleges, where women are educated to be the peers of men, as well as the teachers of the young; our peace-time service of the Red Cross that succors so many victims of flood, fire, and cyclone; our riddance of negro slavery, once the menace of national honor; our tem-

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perance societies, and all the encouragement they lend to cleanly and sober living; our fast-growing sentiment for woman suffrage, attended by its train of social reforms; our clubs in which women, escaped from the narrowness of the house, may both amuse and instruct themselves in the company of their equals, and unite for social service; our settlements, trying to distribute the benefits of civilization and recombine the classes in a true democracy—each of these things is in part, and most of them are for the greater part, the work of women.

But if it surprises the reader that women have done so much, he will ask what kind of women did it, and how the various tasks upon which they entered reacted upon them, as women. For always the question that flashes out when one speaks of woman's work, is whether the woman was any less a woman for doing it. The fact is that each reform has been the natural, almost the inevitable, outgrowth of a woman's experience—as a woman—and the expression of a rich feminine personality. The times made the reformer, and the reformer made the times; and each may be read in each.

The purpose of these little stories is to show how certain women, under certain influences, grew into worth-while personalities; and then how they reacted upon society in a way that, while still personal, touched so great and general a need that they became representatives

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of millions, and hence leaders,—truly “heroines”—of modern progress.

The stories, therefore, are intimate character sketches of women in their proper social and historic setting. The endeavor has been to avoid rhapsody and the heaping up of adjectives. These feats of rhetoric sometimes appear all too common with biographers, particularly the biographers of women. The method attempted here has been to show the character growing, resolving and acting under stimulus—necessarily, therefore, more by the relation of incidents than by description. We have tried, however, not to smother our narrative by anecdotes; not to use illustrations that do not illustrate. It is our hope that, although the characters thus sketched may not be so brilliantly colored, they may be the more objective, they will appear in clearer outlines—and they can be seen to move. The women of the book are to the authors interesting cases of human nature in the course of development. The opinions most often given are the women’s own opinions—about themselves, and about their work and the world. For the way life looked to them is, for our purposes, more important than the way that they may happen to look to us, or to any of their admiring friends.

It has been with the young woman of from twelve to thirty in mind that we have written this book. We feel we have reason to hope, however, that the stories we have told will appeal to her little sister, her mother and

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her grandmother—to say nothing of her brother and father.

Acknowledgment is due to Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe for valuable suggestions, to Mr. Gluyas Williams for his share in the labor of editing, to Mr. Paul P. Foster for his assistance in securing photographs, to the many individuals and institutions that have furnished us material, and to the many persons, young and old, whose enthusiastic interest in the lives of the women whose stories we have told gave the stimulus that led to the creation of the book. Acknowledgment is due, also, to those friends and relatives whose help has been so intimate as to be intangible but so powerful as to have been indispensable.

When a book is the joint product of two minds, it is only fair to state what the division of labor has been. In this instance credit for whatever literary excellence there may be is due to Mr. Adams. His collaborator has furnished but ideas, plans and suggestions.

Attention may here be called to the chronological outline at the end of this volume, which affords a conspectus of each of the lives, a broader conspectus of the relations of each life to the others and of all of them to the events and movements of the time, and also indicates the underlying unity of the book as a whole.

W. D. F.

Boston, Mass.,
June 15, 1912.

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ELIZABETH FRY

Heroines of Modern Progress

ELIZABETH FRY

THE earliest record of the character of Elizabeth Gurney (Fry) is in a letter written by her mother before the child was three years old. She said, in her quaint Quaker phrase, "My dove-like Betsy scarcely ever offends, and is, in every sense of the word, truly engaging." This docility, as will be seen, did not manifest itself so charmingly a few years later.

The parents were liberal Quakers, living in Norwich, England. Elizabeth, the third of eleven children, was born May 21, 1780. During her first twelve years she was dominated by her mother. That excellent woman had two formulas for child raising. She was very methodical. She divided the day up into small parts, and allotted one part to study, one to religious observance, one to gardening or housework, one to recreation, and so on. And then she took special care to fill the children's minds with religious ideas. While walking in the garden she would tell them about Adam and Eve being driven out of Eden, about the flood, and the plague, and other gloomy instances of Divine wrath.

The child Betty had a nervous make-up that received more harm than good from this treat-

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ment. The "method" did not agree with her. She would not, or could not, apply herself to her lessons in that ceremonious way, and she had the name of being stupid. A name for obstinacy attached to her too—and, she admits, with justice. "I was disposed to a spirit of contradiction, always ready to see things a little differently from others, and not willing to yield my sentiments to theirs."

The gloomy Bible stories stirred up her imagination far too much. The pleasure of her childhood was almost spoiled through fear. She suffered acutely on being left alone in the dark. At her first sight of the sea, perhaps believing it another deluge, she wept for terror. And where her religious impressions ran counter to her natural affection, her anxiety must have been extreme. When her mother slept in the day time she "used to go gently to her bedside to listen, from the awful fear that she did not breathe." And as for the rest of the family, she wished two large walls would crush them all together, that they might perish at once, and thus avoid the misery of each other's death.

When Elizabeth was twelve years old, the mother died, and she came under the care—or rather the neglect—of her liberal-minded and easy-going father. For a time she held away from the rigid course in which she had been brought up, and became a "fly-away" creature, whose only pleasure was in society. She had a tall, slender figure, and a pleasing counte-

nance, with "a profusion of soft, flaxen hair"; in conversation she was brisk and pert, and never lacked for an original, witty rejoinder; and it was not unnatural that for the next five years she should turn these graces to account.

She learned to ride, as most English country women do. She learned to sing and to dance, against the rules of the strict Quakers, and indulged in these amusements within her father's house. The study that she formerly put upon religion she now put upon dress, sometimes scandalizing the sober brethren in the meeting house by wearing "smart purple boots, laced with scarlet." She gave dinners and attended them; she ran, "almost beside herself," to hear the band play in the square; she went to the opera, and was made giddy on seeing the Prince and being seen by him. More than that, her mind strayed far from religious themes and she became a hardened doubter. "I seldom or never thought of religion," she says. "I gave way freely to the weaknesses of youth. I was flirting, idle, rather proud and vain till the time I was seventeen."

Due allowance must be made for the severe canons by which she judged herself. In a gayer society she would, at her worst, probably be thought a quiet and exemplary sort of girl. But the Quakers set up an ideal of soberness that her bubbling spirits led her to deny every day.

When she was about seventeen, however, the prevailing modes of thought and the remem-

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bered lessons of her mother began to disturb her conscience. She was too much "wrapped up in trifles," and wanted a greater stimulus to virtue. "I am in a most idle mind," she wrote in her journal, "and inclined to have an indolent, dissipated day. Company to dinner; I must beware of being a flirt, it is an abominable character; I hope I shall never be one, and yet I fear I am one now a little. Be careful not to talk at random. If I do pass this day without one foolish action, it is the first I have ever passed so."

With her mind in this state, it was easy for her friends to ply her on the subject of religion. They advised her to read books and tracts on it. But she would do no such thing. She said if she was to consider the subject at all, she would read the New Testament and judge clearly for herself. She did begin the reading—and the result took her violently by surprise.

Her sins found her out in a most amazing fashion. She was flirtatious; she got out of temper with the children; she contradicted without cause; she mumped when her sisters were liked and she was not; she lost her temper; gave way to luxury; was idle in mind; spoke satirically to the hurt of others; was occupied too much with trifles, such as dress; she was inclined to be extravagant in her own expenses and mean in her gifts to others. In fact, a great many of her bad impulses were allowed to sway her, and she did not hearken

as she ought to the good. And some days, after a "storm of pleasure," her mind was hopelessly dissatisfied and "flat."

Then one night she dreamed she stood on a beach. The tide rose and surrounded her, she could not run, the water was about to wash her away, and she had all the terror of being drowned. This vision was repeated the next night and the next, and so for weeks, until she dreaded to go to sleep. She had already resolved to seek relief, if it were possible, in religion, when William Savery, an American Quaker, came to Norwich. After hearing him preach one Sunday, when she sat in a row with her six sisters, she was deeply moved, and wept most of the way home. "What he said and what I felt was like a refreshing shower falling upon earth that had been dried up for ages." And that night she dreamed the sea was coming as usual, but she was beyond its reach! She believed the dream was an omen from heaven; and from that day, one sister testifies, "her love of pleasure and the world seemed gone," and the leading aim of her life was to abound in piety.

She did not at once unite with the Quaker sect. Her "obstinacy" or independence of spirit prevented that. She prayed not to be led away by enthusiasm or the opinions of others, but to consult the Power or Light within at every step. She knew she had religion; but she was not conscious of any definite sectarian leanings; and if she ever did join the

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communion of any church she did not want to repent it.

However, she awoke one morning in an uncomfortable state, and was astonished that she felt a scruple against dancing. She weighed the matter carefully, testing her feelings for several weeks in the family dances at home and in those at the houses of her friends. She found that the exercise carried her "far beyond the center" of calm reason and made her do things she later regretted. "If I could make a rule never to give way to vanity, excitement or flirting, I do not think I should object to dancing; but it always leads me into one of these faults." So, after a little more debating, she set down the decision in her journal, "John is just come in to ask me to dance in such a kind way—oh, dear me! Remember this, as I have this night refused to dance with my dearest brother, I must out of kindness to him not be tempted by any one else. Have mercy, O God, have mercy upon me! Let me act rightly, I humbly pray Thee."

Singing and music of all kinds she shortly gave up, though her natural heart loved them, because they increased all the wild passions and worked on enthusiasm. Yet people sometimes, not knowing her opinions, would ask her to dance or sing, and it embarrassed her greatly to refuse. Hence she assumed the Quaker garb, the cap and close handkerchief, and the drab colored gown. For, she concluded, "Plainness appears to be a sort of protection

to the principles of Christianity.” And it was only another short step to the adoption of the numerical style of dates—because the months and days were named after pagan gods—and the custom of using “thee” and “thy” in her speech.

At last Elizabeth Gurney was a full fledged Quaker; and not in social forms only, but in her unfaltering faith; a faith so great that she could say to a dying man she knew the blessings of immortality so well that she pitied not his state.

This spiritual ripening was the thing she thought about constantly, the thing she believed most vital. In her own mind, she was a woman striving for a pure and flawless religion. There was another element in her nature almost unregarded by her. And yet this element finally wrote her name and fame on the pages of history.

The girl had a warm heart and was unusually sensitive to the discomforts of others. Her obstinacy related only to matters touching her personal conduct. As she said in her eighteenth year, “I believe I feel much for my fellow creatures. I don’t remember ever being any time with any one who was not extremely disgusting but I felt a sort of love for them, and I do hope I would sacrifice my life for the good of mankind.”

This tenderness found vent very early in attentions to the poor and the sick of Norwich town. She invited poor children on Sunday

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evenings to read in the Testament, beginning with "Billy" and increasing one by one. This gave her so much satisfaction that she opened a charity day school at her father's residence, which in time accommodated eighty pupils. She also visited the sick, giving them religious cheer and useful presents as well.

All this, however, she did from the generous impulses of her heart, and not from a sense of duty. It needed no act of the will, no dictation of the church, not even the counsel of Scripture. It was not religious, she thought; and she did not count it to herself for righteousness. On the other hand, her renunciation of frivolous pleasures, and her devotional exercises were thought to be of the greatest moment. The two tendencies in the girl ran on side by side—with all her serious thoughts directed upon the religious. They would both develop strongly, and in ways she little expected.

Miss Gurney at nineteen had already set her heart upon doing some active work in the church, when she received offers of marriage from Joseph Fry, a London merchant. This overturned all her theories. She had thought the duties of a wife incompatible with those of a church worker. But now—whether her affections were touched she does not say—she was not certain but the Divine will enjoined her to marry, and she could not have "refused him with a proper authority at this time." So, she "left all to the wisdom of a superior Power," wedded her suitor, and went to live in London.

Here for a time the spiritual cares of the young wife outweighed all her other interests. First came the prompting to read the Bible aloud in the presence of her guests—which she put off and put off with conscience pricking more and more, until at last, “I began to read the forty-sixth Psalm, but was so overcome that I could hardly read, and gave it to Joseph to finish.” Then the Finger of Light pointed to the duty of praying for the women who took tea with her. This threw her into “an agitation not easy to be described,” and made her actually ill in body. She was even vexed with herself because her manners had too much of the courtier in them; her aversion to hurting others by telling them the blunt truth, she feared originated in self love. However, she was able by degrees to conquer herself and to measure up to her standard of Christian virtue.

Then the cares of home began to obsess her, and for some years she drifted away, as she thought, from the straight path of truth. There were so many guests—the family did not have one-fourth of their meals alone—so many children—Mrs. Fry became the mother of eleven—that all her days were full of worldly thoughts. Her life appeared to be spent to little more purpose than eating, drinking, sleeping and clothing herself; she was as one who has “lost his pilot and is tossed about by the waves of the world.”

Meanwhile, to be sure, she was not lacking in good works. She found time and means to suc-

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cor many destitute and ill. But to her way of thinking this did not atone for her spiritual back-sliding. Her charity was nothing. She hoped it might not prove a snare to her. "It is one of those things that give my nature pleasure; therefore I believe I am no further praiseworthy than that I give way to a natural inclination."

Still, even a woman with such unworldly ideals could little by little become reconciled to a housewife's lot. Religion, she had always held, should not unfit one for the duties of this life, but "stimulate and capacitate" her to perform those duties properly. And now she could, though perhaps at rare moments, believe that "doing our duty is most effectually serving the Lord"; that a careworn wife and mother may serve as nobly as a soldier in the Church Militant; and that one should rejoice in being something, or nothing, as He may see best for us. It was from this valley of content that she was to be led out, after eight years, into the land of her ideal.

Mrs. Fry's father fell ill, and died with an avowal of Christian trust on his lips. On entering the room, soon after, she had an experience possible only for those who are upheld by the purest faith. Her heart "was bowed within" her, in love not only for the deceased, but also for the living. She could not understand it. But the power given to her was wonderful, and the cross none; her heart was so full that she could scarcely hinder the utterance of

her thanksgiving and praise. The feeling continued into the next day. And at the grave, the fear of man being removed, she fell on her knees with a strange outburst, "Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty! just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints! Be pleased to receive our thanksgiving."

Days and nights of gloom followed this. What, asked the timid worshiper, would people think? Yet the very next time she was in meeting a similar impulse arose, and a scriptural text rested on her mind until her fright was extreme, and it appeared that duty would compel her to utter it. She cried out to be excused for that time. But at the next meeting the words recurred—and courage with them—and she "dared again to open her mouth in public."

In short, it seemed very much as if, according to Quaker beliefs and precepts, Elizabeth Fry was called to be a minister. Her family responsibilities were heavy and she was loath to shirk them; her preparation for public speaking was not what it should be; and she felt unworthy, before the Lord, of such a sacred work. "Yet when the feeling and power continue, so that I dare not omit it, then what can I do?"

She could do nothing but submit. She went on speaking, therefore, and, her power increasing with her practice, she was within a year acknowledged a minister by the Society of Friends. This act entitled her to appoint spe-

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cial meetings and, with the consent of the local society, to preach the gospel abroad.

This ordination was conferred in 1810. For the next six years she engaged in active ministry, in England and Scotland, and met everywhere with eminent success. Those who heard her simple, earnest speeches and prayers were struck first with surprise, then with awe, and then with pious fervor. Particularly was she fitted to wait at the bedsides of the sick and dying. Though it was sometimes awful "to be looked to as a minister from whom something is expected," the afflicted, it seems, seldom looked in vain. She tells of one occasion where "we had, I think, a most glorious time; for the power of the Most High appeared to overshadow us." And her dying brother, when she prayed, exclaimed, "What a sweet prayer!" and afterward, "What a beautiful day this has been." Altogether Elizabeth Fry had been dignified with what she believed was the highest calling, that of a truly inspired minister for the Friends. Her daily and hourly prayer was that she should not err or fail in any particular of that calling.

At the same time, two forces were at work that would in a measure undo her. The first was that unforced tenderness of her nature which almost daily prompted her to acts of benevolence. Finding that the poor children near her home were ignorant and shiftless, she opened a school for them. She kept a depot of calico, flannels, and medicines which in hard

weather she would in person dispense in the most squalid homes. She had soup boiled in an outhouse and supplied hundreds with nourishing meals. She never, as was said, took any pride in these deeds; they were natural and not religious. But all the same they consumed her time. She could no more resist doing them than she could resist speaking in meeting. And, in spite of the "higher" offices that went beside, she esteemed them well worth her effort.

The other thing that disturbed her was the conduct of her children. When they were young, she prayed that they might rather die than live to dishonor the Cause; and at that age her motherly kindness so enveloped them that they obeyed, and she had little fear. As they grew up, however, she could not hold them so well in rein. She was too much absent from home, and when at home she was too indulgent of their whims. Their father, who did not observe the Quaker formulas strictly, set them an example in waywardness. Then, many of their more distant relatives adhered to the Church of England. In consequence they began to pull away one by one from the faith of their mother. They all joined other denominations. Elizabeth Fry, a minister for the Friends, could not but doubt they were being ensnared by evil.

These two minor interests, then, interfered with her wholehearted service as a sectarian minister. She tried to set them aside, or to hold them in the background of her thoughts. But she little knew how strong they were.

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They would take a larger and larger place as the years went on, and would turn her career into unforeseen ways. And the change would be both for her good and that of the world.

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One winter day in 1813 a member of the Society of Friends came to ask Mrs. Fry to help allay the sufferings of the prisoners in Newgate jail. She stacked her carriage with clothing, intending to distribute it and then go about her business. But when she peeped into the jail, she saw that which made her think twice.

The great room was one horde of scrambling women and children. Some women were old and some were girls, some vicious looking and hard, and some innocent and frightened—and the children, they surely were guiltless of any crime! Everybody was in rags—for the prison did not clothe them—and most of them unclean. Some were cooking, some washing, and some, worn out, were sleeping amid the din with only a raised board for a pillow. Others were gaming; some stretched out their hands to the strangers in clamorous begging; and a good many—to come to the worst—were drinking, and quarreling and using, as one said, “the most terrible language.”

Elizabeth Fry gave away the clothing she had brought and then went home. But she carried in her mind a grewsome picture: a picture of guilty women without comfort or reproof, of innocent women herded with the guilty and forced to hear their talk, of children, who had never so much as thought of evil, exposed

to the company of the most abandoned criminals of the London slums. Elizabeth Fry as a young woman had thought her path a hard one because her sisters did not exactly conform. But they had almost conformed; and their ideal of virtue was as high as hers. How, then, must she have sympathized with the many here who would do right if they could—but who had fallen among such temptations?

At that time a wrong-doer was looked upon as a willful enemy of society, as a person who from wicked motives born within himself loved to infringe the rights of others. The proper way to reward him was to take an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Or rather you could exact more than equal payment; for since the man was incurable you might as well have his life and be done with it; and if he was poor you could send him to the gallows for stealing a leg of lamb as readily as you could send another man for homicide. That a criminal might possibly be reformed was unthought of. When a person sinned let society take vengeance. That was the eighteenth century idea.

In tune with this inhuman theory was the prison system of which Elizabeth Fry had caught a glimpse. People were not merely to be detained in the jail; they were to be punished there. Hence all the women good and bad were thrown in together, with absolutely no employment but that of bickering among themselves, suffering as they might till the day arrived for their release or the payment of a

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heavier penalty. The children of a poor mother were shut up with her, simply because there was no one outside to harbor them.

Elizabeth Fry saw that something was wrong about this. Away back in her youth she had said, "Nothing gives me so much pleasure as instructing the lower classes of people." She had of late, in pity, taught the children of the poor near her London home. But here were children untaught and consorting with evil besides. The women she had seen die in want had been fortunate compared to these who lacked every material comfort, and were under moral condemnation as well. The more she thought of it the more it fretted her. In brief, the "natural inclination" to benevolence got the better of the Quaker woman, and she determined, if it could be done, to make that prison a little less vile.

One day she appeared at Newgate and asked to be left alone with the prisoners. The turn-key warned her to put her valuables in his keeping, but she declined. She went in with the Bible in her hand. The inmates flocked around her. She was frightened at their violence, but began in her calm, even tones to read the parable of the lord of the vineyard. The audience became attentive. Many of them had never heard Scripture readings before, and some asked who Christ was! "It seemed to be glad tidings to them," she said. And, far from being robbed, when she dropped some article a woman ran after her to restore it.

Then Mrs. Fry pointed out to the mothers the "grievous consequences to their children of living in such a scene of depravity." She said she would like to start a prison school, and the mothers wept for joy at the idea. With this encouragement she called upon the authorities. They said her scheme was visionary and would fail. However, they assigned an unoccupied cell for a school room. The prisoners selected a governess from among themselves to enforce rules. A teacher was hired and classes formed for all persons under twenty-five years of age. And on the opening day the eager prisoners struggled with such violence for the front seats that the new teacher said, "I felt as if I were going into a den of wild beasts, and well recollect shuddering when the door was closed upon me, and I was locked in with such a herd of novel and desperate companions."

This spirited, if noisy, response made Mrs. Fry sure that her first theory was correct. The best of these women were at heart not wicked at all, and the worst still retained a pretty big lump of the leaven of righteousness. They all, like flowers in a cellar, would grow strong and beautiful if brought into the light.

She now formed an association of twelve to help her. She induced the prison guards to clean and whitewash a large room, and one day summoned all the prisoners into it. She reminded them of the wages of sin, part of which they were now paying; and praised, in con-

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trast, the sweetness and peace of an upright life. Then she described the comforts to be derived from industry and sobriety, and said one chief reason why their minds ran upon wicked thoughts was that their hands were busied in no useful work. Finally she carried in a quantity of cloth and yarn and scissors, and a supply of needles and thread. Here, now, she said—if they would, they could knit and sew and make garments and earn honest money! Would they?

Would they! The women were eager for the opportunity. But Mrs. Fry restrained them. They must have some rules to go by. They must all work, every one. Would they? Every hand went up. They must stop begging, gaming, using bad words. The hands approved. They must choose monitors to superintend them, and must obey the monitors. In short, they must not look to Elizabeth Fry or their jailers for reproof or reward; they must govern themselves. They would! Well, then, here was their chance. And the women set to work.

The effect was hardly credible. Mrs. Fry wrote in her journal in 1818, "A remarkable blessing still appears to accompany my prison concerns—perhaps the greatest apparent blessing on my deeds that ever attended me. How have the spirits both of those in power and the poor afflicted prisoners appeared to be subjected, and how has the work gone on!"

Those of the convicts who were to be trans-

ported had formerly made a disagreeable scene before they left, breaking and burning everything they could reach; now they thanked their benefactors and withdrew so quietly that the usual guard was reduced by half. Those who stayed behind wished unselfishly to give their savings to the friends that had to go.

Once Mrs. Fry was informed that some of the women were still gaming. She went into the prison and told them what she had heard. She dwelt upon the evil effects of this habit, and said she "would consider it a proof of their regard if they would have the candor and kindness to bring the cards to her." Soon after she retired, a trembling girl knocked at her room, and with tears of penitence gave up a pack of cards. Another woman came, and another—five women in all. Mrs. Fry destroyed the cards in their presence. A few days later she gave the first penitent a handkerchief as a token of good will. But the girl was disappointed. She would have preferred a Bible with Elizabeth Fry's name written in it, which she would value above everything else!

Twice a day, before the prisoners settled down to their work or study, Mrs. Fry read to them from the Bible, expounded what she read, and prayed. But she did not put forward the claims of her own sect. "It would be highly indecorous," she said, "to press any peculiar doctrines of any kind,—anything beyond the fundamental doctrines of Scripture." Nor,

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inspired religionist that she was, did she believe her rites alone could effect a reformation. “We may instruct as we will,” she said, “but if we allow them their time, and they have nothing to do, they naturally must return to their evil passions.”

On this basis her fame began to spread. Upon request, the Lord Mayor of London, the sheriffs and aldermen came to inspect the transformed prison. They hardly recognized it—and they adopted Mrs. Fry’s whole plan as a part of the system of Newgate. After this the place became one of the curiosities of London. Letters poured in from all parts of the kingdom: ladies wished to imitate what Mrs. Fry had done; magistrates wished to better the prisons under their control. When Mrs. Fry went on a preaching tour, nothing would do but she must see all the jails along the way and suggest improvements. The English parliament commended her work. The Princess Royal of Denmark breakfasted with Mrs. Fry, and questioned her about what she had done. A reformer from Russia, after seeing Newgate, went home with the new idea to advertise it in St. Petersburg.

In a word, Elizabeth Fry, scarcely a year after the beginning of her prison labors, found herself among the most famous and most sought-after women in all Europe. She had been and was still an eloquent preacher of the gospel. She professed no other calling. But her fame came not that way. It came through

practical benevolence, her "natural inclination," in which she saw no special merit. That trait had led her to unfold a new and splendid idea that the world had been waiting for. That idea, in her own words, was this. "Not only that many will be stopped in their career of vice, but some truly turned from their evil ways by our prisons which have been too generally the nurseries of vice, being so arranged that they may become schools where the most reprobate may be instructed in their duty towards their Creator and their fellow mortals, and where the very habits of their lives may be changed."

In all these public endeavors Mrs. Fry mingled with many people not of her own class or her own faith. Large crowds met at her house, "noblemen, ladies, clergy, dissenters, Friends." With all their diversity, they managed to get on peaceably both in practical affairs and in worship, "our dear Lord and Master Himself appearing remarkably to own us together."

She was not yet willing, however, to admit this liberality as a principle in the bringing up of her family. For herself, she was very thoroughly a Quaker. As a Quaker she had worked and worshiped; and since the faith had been so signally blessed in her, she could not help feeling that any deviation from that faith was, after all, a little bit wrong. But her husband had for a long time showed signs of discontent, and her children, as they grew

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older, generally inclined away from the peculiar views and customs so dear to her. This was a deep trial for Mrs. Fry: that she, through whom the Power had spoken to thousands of strangers, should let her own family lose themselves in error. It caused her to be criticised severely in meeting. It raised doubts as to whether the children loved and respected her as they ought, and whether, in fact, their religion had a true foundation. "Oh," exclaims she once in her journal, "may I ever have the encouragement of seeing those nearest to me walking closely with God; not doing their own pleasure, nor walking in their own ways, but doing His pleasure and walking in His ways."

The crisis finally came in 1833. Her daughter Rachel wedded a man of another sect. Mrs. Fry, in obedience to the rules of the Society—and also to her own conscience—declined to witness the ceremony. A son also married out of the sect, and Mrs. Fry writes, "Here I am, sitting in solitude, keeping silence before the Lord; on the wedding day of my beloved son William." Then these children, and others soon to follow, were one by one brought up before the meeting and formally cast out of the Society. What humiliation could be greater for the most famous member of that Society?

To this trial was added for a time that of poverty. Her husband's business failed. She was obliged to neglect her prisoners, to omit

inviting friends into her home for worship, to part with servants, and to abandon the schools and the poor. On top of all she had to take refuge with some of her dissenting children and to accept aid from others. It cannot be asserted that their care and sympathy in these tribulations brought her closer to them; but certain it is that before long she became more kindly toward them and more tolerant of their views.

One day, when she had resumed some of her outside work, she was present at a death bed in a Roman Catholic home. Here her mouth "was remarkably opened in prayer and praises," little otherwise than at her father's grave years before. "Indeed," she says, "all day at their house something of a holy influence appeared to be over us." And she concludes, "It surely matters not by what name we call ourselves, or what outward *means* we may think right to use, if our hearts are but influenced by the love of Christ. With ceremonies or without ceremonies, if there be but an establishment upon the Rock of Ages, all will be well."

After this, her relations with people of variant sects grew every day more genial. Wherever she went preaching she was loaded with kindness, and returned it. "I felt how sweet it is to be on good terms with them all—one day drinking tea at the parsonage, abounding with plate, elegancies and luxuries, the next day at a humble Methodist shoemaker's,

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they having procured a little fresh butter, that I might take tea under their roof. The contrast was great, but I can indeed see the same kind Lord over all."

This tendency to religious union soon came to a head. The same kind Lord was over all. He was over her children who had left the Society, and over those who still, against her will, desired to leave. Then, was it not a mistake, after all, to put religious restraint upon one's children? Should not sober-minded young persons judge for themselves? As respects the peculiar scruples of the Friends, were they not perhaps a stumbling block when adopted just to please others, and not from principle?

And if it was right to choose one's religion, could it be terribly wrong to choose one's wife or husband—even though their religion differed from that of one's mother?

Another child fell in love, married, and was ejected from the Friends' communion. Mrs. Fry felt the humiliation deeply. And, through her love for her children, she felt at last a grave injustice. It was highly desirable, she thought, to settle with one of the same religious views and education. But a parent ought not to influence a child unduly, providing love, "the essential ingredient," were present. And she concluded boldly, "I disapprove the rule of our Society that disowns persons for allowing a child to marry one not a Friend—it is a most undue and un-Christian restraint, as far as I can judge it."

This train of thought reached its climax in 1837 in a letter to all her children. While the larger number of them no longer "walked with her," she believed they were still "united in their *Holy Head*." Their points of union were strong; they were members of one living Church. She proposed that they all meet together once a month, at each house in rotation, to read Scripture, and talk of anything "that is doing for the good of mankind in the world generally."

The plan was tried, and it answered well. Elizabeth Fry's head had again been compelled to make terms with her heart. Through sheer love she had proved religious communion as well as benevolent work to be possible far above the narrow restrictions of creeds. And she had made a model in little for the religious history of the century to follow.

The last years of Mrs. Fry's life (she died in 1845) were given to the extension of her philanthropic and religious ideas. She saw the need of a home for discharged prisoners, where they could continue their training, and she prevailed upon a rich woman to build the home. Then her attention was claimed by the neglected little girls, some of whom had been in prison and some of whom in their slum homes had no chance of betterment. At her suggestion, a school of discipline was founded for these where, with good associates, they might be trained in orderly habits. She urged more careful trial of culprits, and a less frequent

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use of capital punishment; less abuse of solitary confinement, where the idle fancy would be likely to corrupt itself worse and worse; more kindness to the insane, who were certainly to be pitied, and not punished. In her lifetime—within thirty years from the beginning at Newgate—she saw most of these changes carried out in England and Scotland. And when, with permission of the Friends, she five times toured the continent, the reforms were taken up with vigor there also.

While the philanthropic work overshadowed the religious, the latter did not cease by any means. Mrs. Fry selected passages of Scripture for all the days of the year, and published them as a text book. Thereafter, she gave them away, thousands of copies, alike to kings and beggars. It was her practice to invite the servants and guests of the inn where she stayed to an evening service, and to speak a word or give a tract to all she had dealings with upon the way. Once in France, so her daughter says, those to whom she had given text books on her previous visit, “begged for more, and came creeping up to her apartments to prefer their request. They beguiled her into the kitchen where she told them in broken French a little of her wishes for them as to faith and practice. Then all would shake hands with her.” And in the meetings of the Friends she was still enabled to declare gospel truths boldly. “This to me is wonderful; and unbelievers may say what they will, it must be

the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes—how He strengtheneth them that have no might, and helpeth them that have no power.”

Even more worthy of her later growth was the stand she took on religious toleration. What she had done in her own family she would have the world do. Particularly in Germany, where the Lutherans were oppressed in various ways, she addressed a remonstrance to the ruler, of which he said the “Spirit of God must have helped them to express themselves as they had done.”

The idea of crime and punishment and the idea of sectarianism are both different now from what they were when Elizabeth Fry looked first into Newgate jail.

Crime is now considered an object of pity rather than of blame. A man does wrong not because he prefers wrong-doing, but because it is easiest, and because he does not know how, or lacks the opportunity, to do right. The reproach should rest on the society which forsook him in his ignorance and denied him opportunity. And, though he has sinned once, he need not keep on sinning nor need he be hanged as a preventive. Society can atone for its former neglect. It can teach him. It can give him opportunity. It can heal him as it heals the sick.

So our institutions for wrong-doers are now designed as moral hospitals. In our prisons, our reformatories, our reform schools, our industrial schools—in all, people are forcibly de-

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tained, it is true, but detained only that they may be taught. This modern system of penology was begun by, and owes much of its growth to, Elizabeth Fry.

Twentieth century churches, too, have generally given up persecution. They coöperate widely in their practical work. They often unite for worship—whole congregations—as did the members of Elizabeth Fry's large family. The Quaker woman, it is true, did not stand out so prominently as the leader of this change. But both in her acts and her ideas she attained a breadth and charity that few have excelled.

The springs of her influence are not far to seek. They are found in her extraordinary human kindness. Without that she might have been a Quaker minister, inspired and eloquent as she was; but she could never have been a prison reformer, and a friend of religious toleration.

Yet such was her modesty that when this "natural inclination" began to yield great results she gradually came to recognize it no less than the power to preach, as a gift from her Creator. "In nothing," she said, "has the work of grace been so marvelous to me as in the ministry. It surely is not my work; I know enough of myself to believe it to be quite impossible." But she could say, with almost equal devoutness, "To myself it is really wonderful what has been accomplished in the prisons during the past few years.

What a cause for deep thanksgiving and still deeper humiliation to have been one of the instruments made use of to bring about these results."

So, though she had broadened beyond the comprehension of most people of her time, she included her whole experience under the name of religion, and ended her public career as she began it, with a profession of faith. "Since my heart was touched at seventeen years old, I believe I never have awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being how best I might serve my Lord."

MARY LYON

WHEN Mary Lyon was a very small child, she one day climbed upon a chair, and stood with an air of great wisdom scrutinizing the hour glass. Her mother asked what she was about. She replied that she had found a way to make more time.

She probably aimed to obstruct the flow of the sand. The girl's elders told her that that would not delay the setting of the sun nor lengthen out the hours of the daylight. But the principle involved,—the principle that, given a good thing one had as well multiply it, they made her grasp and hold.

Mary Lyon was born February 28, 1797, in Buckland, Massachusetts. Magnificent hill scenery was hers to revel in, and the expansive freedom of a community not yet grown old. These had a side, however, that was rough and sinister. The hills, so lovely in a distant sunset, were seen at closer view to be rugged, bleak and unfertile; a family which, like the Lyon, made shift to farm them for a living, would certainly have to forego their ease. The country freedom in such a place had much to do if it would offset the isolation, the poverty, and the lack of books, schools, and other properties that were so agreeable in the older settlements.



MARY LYON

This rough side of life presented itself from the first to Mary Lyon. She was the fifth of seven children. Her father died when she was six years old, and the burden fell upon the mother of wresting from a rocky hillside food and clothing for six girls and one boy. The family was undeniably poor. There was seldom any surplus of maple sugar or of apples in the winter store, and never any money in the purse for extravagant pleasures; and "the rare gift of the Sunday suit, kept expressly for the occasion, formed an important era in the life of the possessor." But in spite of their poverty, they were not unhappy. The younger children scarcely knew anything was lacking for complete comfort, for the mother, who ruled the home, was a genius at making the most of small things.

"In that little domain," wrote Mary Lyon long afterward, in a tribute to her mother, "nothing was left to take its own way. Everything was made to yield to her faithful and diligent hand. It was no mistake of that good-hearted neighbor who came in one day begging the privilege of setting a plant of rare virtues in a corner of her garden, because, as he said, there it could never die. . . . I can now remember just the appearance of that woman who had a numerous household to clothe, as she said one day, 'How is it that the widow can do no more for me than anyone else?'"

It is natural that the children of such a mother should early learn to work and look out

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for themselves. Mary, it is said, never had time to play save for an incidental outburst of song or a dash of her light feet on the way to school or to the berry pastures. She was too much occupied with housekeeping and gardening and nursing,—arts that she learned thoroughly. On winter evenings she carded and spun into thread the raw wool from Buckland sheep, wove the thread into cloth, and of the cloth fashioned sheets, counterpanes, and the clothing she herself was to wear. Yet the steady round of serious toil was not oppressive. Mary seems to have had an uncommon dower of high spirits and humor. She would find even in the most irksome duties a large element of fun.

Because of a thrifty mother who exercised her also in thrift, Mary Lyon had a plenty of material comforts. Beyond mere food and clothes, however, this reign of plenty did not extend. Buckland, or in fact any town or city in the world where the girl might have lived, held out to her only the slenderest chance for culture of the mind. This circumstance she would have to meet herself. Fortunately the habits of economy and self-help were grounded deep in her nature, and she went about getting her education with the same cheerfulness and practical good sense with which she had potted her own peas and woven her own garments on the hillside farm.

When scarcely six years old, Mary Lyon walked a mile to her first school and two miles

to her second. After that she took a term now in Buckland, now in Ashfield, following the teachers of best repute, and earning her keep, wherever she stayed, by housework. She had an eager thirst for knowledge, and a strong faculty for drinking it up,—sometimes with little heed to its kind or quality. Once she memorized, in four days, the whole of Alexander's English Grammar, and her progress in other studies was little less fleet. One of her teachers exclaimed, "I should like to see what she would make if she could be sent to college!"

But college, at that day, was out of the question for girls like Mary Lyon. The standard of education for women was modest, not to say low. Her proper occupation was home-building; and for that, mental training was thought not only unnecessary but harmful. "When girls become scholars, who is to make puddings and pies?" was the favorite query which no one could answer. A woman might aspire to the best society without the preliminary trouble of learning to write her name.

Of late, to be sure, a slight change had come to pass. With the establishment of district schools, women were often hired as teachers, because the paltry salaries would not attract men. To equip women for this ill-paid but necessary service, numerous private academies—owned and run on a commercial basis—had sprung up in New England. A girl of sufficient means might commence in one of these

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at an early age, and linger on as long as she chose. Buckland, however, boasted no academy. Mary Lyon could not meet the expense of schooling away from home. Still hungry for the knowledge she had barely glimpsed, she was forced out of school at the age of thirteen, and set to earn her living.

She kept house for her brother until he married, receiving for her pains a dollar a week. Besides this she derived a scanty income from spinning and weaving for the neighbors. Finally she began to teach, at seventy-five cents a week, and board. But "her mirthful tendencies threatened her success as a teacher"; she failed in discipline, and declared she was done with the profession. In the meantime her own craving for knowledge still persisted, but only at irregular intervals, when a promising new teacher strayed into the neighborhood, could she seize a few weeks at school. Her education had to go on in this intermittent fashion until her twentieth year.

Then in 1817 the Sanderson Academy was founded at Ashfield, and Mary Lyon, impatient from all her years of waiting, bore down upon it with tremendous purpose. She paid for her board with two coverlets spun, woven and dyed by herself. At first she excited the contempt of better bred students by the blue homespun gown she wore, and by "impossible" crudities of speech and manner. But she was not long a laughing stock. She consumed a Latin grammar over Sunday, and recited the whole on

Monday. She was at her books, if report be true, on an average of twenty hours a day. A girl whom she asked to share her seat admits, "I did, and pursued the same branches as far as I could keep up." "She is all intellect," people said, "she does not know that she has a body to care for."

Yet she evidently had other gifts besides the intellectual, for her fellow students liked as well as admired her. "I loved her from my first acquaintance," said Amanda White, the Squire's daughter, "and felt that her heart was made for friendship. . . . Her frank, open countenance invited confidence, and a mutual feeling of interest was at once awakened." Her charm must have risen, in part from the fact that "she was ever ready to lay aside her books and lend a helping hand to those of weaker intellect." Then, too, when it came to manual labor, she was no laggard. She could clean a school room with as much despatch as she could solve a problem in mathematics, a happy offset to her mental supremacy.

This faculty for friendship stood her in good stead. For through Amanda she captured Squire White's interest, and the Squire prevailed on the trustees to vote her free tuition. She was invited also to make her home at the Squire's house.

At first she was awkward and ill at ease, and, what was worse, due to her absorption with books, she had fits of absent-mindedness. Said

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Amanda, "She was very likely to leave off some article or put on one wrong side out. She was one of those unfortunate ones whose wearing apparel seemed doomed to receive the contents of every overturned inkstand or lamp." But in the Squire's household, the young woman happily became conscious of her lapses. Though she would never be free from defects of style and manner, she did, to use her own words, correct "more such things than anybody ought to have."

Too soon, however, Mary Lyon's small savings gave out, and she had again to retreat to the ranks of the earners. During the next few years she would teach a term and then, with her small store of money, doggedly turn back for a season at the academy. She once attended a school of penmanship, and once strained her purse for a term at Amherst Academy, where "her homespun apparel, her extraordinary scholarship, and her boundless kindness were about equally conspicuous." Finally, in the summer of 1821, Squire White urged a loan upon her for a summer with Amanda at the distant Byfield Academy. There she gained knowledge by handfuls, as Amanda said, and was much too busy to write letters, or even to eat when she went to the table.

The same autumn she was offered the position of assistant in the Sanderson Academy. She would have liked several years more of study, but so good a chance to work a poor

girl could not decline. So, still unsatisfied as she was, she saw the years of her preparation come abruptly to an end.

Mary Lyon had spared no sacrifice to get her education. With a farm-bred genius for profiting to the utmost by small advantages, she had without money and with little assistance climbed far above the average woman of her day.

And yet, when she bade good-by to the school-room, the lore of her books was the least thing that stuck in her mind. Woman's education, as a whole, was wrong; that was her conclusion from twenty odd years of moping and toiling after it. The academies were generally a jungle of unrelated courses, with French, music, painting and manners put foremost, so that while women graduates might amuse an idle half hour they "never had a dozen thoughts in all their lives," and were incapable of any useful work. She, herself, with her vigorous appetite for anything that bore the name of learning, had nibbled here and there with no one to direct her, and had got a smattering of many things, but fullness of none.

Education, she had decided, was to "fit one to do good." Should she not, therefore, use what she had to better the courses of study for other girls who should come after her?

Through the winter of 1821 Miss Lyon taught in Ashfield. Buckland soon fitted up a primitive academy—a third story room, with

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board benches along the side walls, heated by four fireplaces,—and stole her away from the rival town. For eight years she wavered back and forth, according as the one or the other would enlarge its rooms or give her fuller authority. Meantime, Miss Zilpah Grant, formerly assistant at Byfield, engaged her for the summers at a new school in Derry, New Hampshire. All the tried policies of the older teacher she put in use in her own winter schools at home.

She must by this time have subdued her mirthful tendencies, for her teaching was a marked success. Girls came to her already from beyond the State. Those intending to teach would enter her classes, if only for a week, to learn her methods. Her students were in demand as teachers long before graduation and no other certificate than her approval was required.

In 1828, Miss Grant moved to an academy in Ipswich, Massachusetts. Miss Lyon yielded to persuasion and became her assistant. Within four years this seminary had a national reputation. It sent out teachers to all parts of the Union, and drew its pupils from as wide an area. “And,” said Miss Lyon, “it has often numbered among its pupils those who have been employed as teachers in schools of almost every grade, those who had, as they supposed, completed their education years before.”

The surprising growth of these various

schools was built on the new ideals and methods of Miss Lyon and her friends. Ipswich, unlike other seminaries, admitted none but girls over fourteen, and it named certain entrance requirements. Having selected these more mature pupils, it introduced them to a course of study truly novel in those days. "Away with French and music and painting from our school," cried Miss Grant, "until its worth is so much diminished that it must be patched and puffed up with these appendages." Courses of English studies were substituted. The number that a pupil might pursue at one time was limited, and since promotion was by examination, a girl never found herself floundering unprepared in the higher classes. "If you want to have a polished education," ran Miss Lyon's precept, "have a good foundation. You would find it hard to polish a piece of sponge, but not to polish steel."

In teaching, even the best method is futile without a personality behind it. Miss Lyon breathed life into the method. The young woman had her periods of despondency, it is true; she once complained that tea was ready too early, because "I was wishing to have a good crying spell, and you could not give me time enough." But these fits never betrayed her in the class room. There with her "full, smiling, happy blue eyes, plump rosy cheeks, sandy hair, and as much intellect and intelligence as you can conceive," she was all cheerfulness and vigor. She taught well because

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the work was to her fine and noble. "Never teach the immortal mind for money," she said. "If money-making is your object, be milliners or dressmakers, but teaching is a sacred, not a mercenary employment."

In these several schools, therefore, Mary Lyon forced up the standard of scholarship to where she thought it should be, so that a girl attending them could have the systematic and thorough instruction she had missed in her own youth. But it is not to be supposed that she was contented with the result. On the contrary, as she repaired one fault of the schools, it was only to make another more prominent.

In the first place, few but wealthy girls could attend the seminary. Like the rest of its kind, it was a business enterprise, and the trustees frankly expected fat dividends from their investment. As a result a girl's expenses for one year were nearly double what it cost a man for his whole college course. A girl of moderate means could not even taste of the higher education unless by a miracle. Had not Miss Lyon herself, coming up from the ranks, had to fight every inch of the way? She knew many poor girls wanted an education; and she knew, as few could, the hopelessness of their desire.

The personal aspirations of the girls did not constitute the whole problem. The country was in sore need of girls with a seminary training. Over a million children, in the different

states, were growing up illiterate. Thirty thousand seminary graduates should be seated at once in as many teachers' chairs, and ten thousand more should be made ready yearly for the vacancies.

Again, Miss Lyon's Ipswich school, half-perfected as it was, had not the prospect of a long life. Her presence and that of Miss Grant made it, for the time, a plant that yielded profits to the shareholders. But when they were gone the school would, like its many predecessors, collapse and even their model of scholarship would be buried with it.

How, asked Miss Lyon, could these defects be amended? How could she outfit middle class girls with real scholarship? "My thought, feelings and judgment are turned toward the middle classes of society," she once wrote. "This middle class contains the mainsprings and mainwheels which are to move the world." How could she minimize the expense of a seminary course and how could she insure the continuance of a course at once cheap and sound, after her death? It was a formidable question, but Mary Lyon looked it square in the face. "I am about to embark in a frail boat on a boisterous sea," she wrote in 1834. "I know not whither I shall be driven, nor how I shall be tossed, nor to what port I shall aim." But she did embark, and for the rest of her life she was beating for the port.

A plan gradually took form in her mind for a girls' seminary endowed by free gifts like the

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colleges for men. "Give to a literary institution on this principle, an amount of property sufficient to be viewed as an object of great importance," she argued, "and it is almost impossible to extinguish its vital life by means of adversity." That meant permanence. The scholarship she would take care of as she had already done at Ipswich. Because the building and furnishings were owned outright by the public, tuition would be low; and she could further diminish it by rallying round her a staff of teachers who would serve for part pay, and by making the students keep house at the school on a coöperative plan.

The initial difficulty would be to get the endowment, for money was scarce in the New England of 1834. Even had it been plentiful, men would not sink large sums in a fanciful project for the education of girls. "This may seem like a wild scheme," Miss Lyon herself confessed, but added, "but I cannot plead that it is a hasty one."

A dozen prominent men met with the young woman at Ipswich and became temporary trustees of the enterprise. She offered to collect from women—that the honor might be theirs—a thousand dollars to finance the campaign for the building fund.

In two months she raised the money in and near Ipswich—from teachers, students and women of the town. The trustees chose a site at South Hadley for the proposed institution, and named it Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary.

Then began the long, hard grind of piling up the main fund.

Several agents—pastors and professors—traveled over New England to solicit donations. They were not wholly unsuccessful, though the most faithful of them once worked three months and booked nothing. But to Mary Lyon must be given credit for most of the subscriptions that went into Mount Holyoke.

She scurried hither and thither, by train and stage coach, all over New England. "I wander about without a home," she wrote, "scarcely knowing one week where I shall be the next." She unfolded her plan before mixed audiences in churches and district school-houses. She spoke in parlor meetings, with wealthy ladies called together by their pastors. She besieged rich men in their offices and in their homes. Even in the rumbling coach she would outline her dream to the chance companions of a journey, and opening her familiar green money bag would take their offerings on the spot. At Squire White's house a child remembered "grandfather and Miss Lyon sitting in this very room,—a table, its leaves opened, drawn near the fireplace; papers, plans of the seminary spread out upon it; she on one side and he on the other. Sometimes they worked over them until after midnight." Careless of her health, she braved all weathers: "Our personal comforts are delightful, but not essential," she said. All of her

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own expenses, down to the last cent, she defrayed herself. "Had I a thousand lives, I could sacrifice them all in suffering and hardship for the sake of the seminary," she declared. "Did I possess the greatest fortune, I could readily relinquish it all, and become poor, and more than poor, if its prosperity should demand it."

Scarcity of money was not the only obstacle. The pudding-and-pies argument had not been wholly throttled. Higher education, many feared, would ruin a girl's health, and her gentleness and modesty as well, and disqualify her for womanly duties. Then Miss Lyon, herself, was harshly criticised for her boldness in traveling alone and speaking in public.

But apparently criticism did not daunt her in the least. "My heart is sick, my soul is pained with this empty gentility, this genteel nothingness," she cried. "I am doing a great work. I cannot come down." Again, "The object of this institution penetrates too far into futurity and takes in too broad a view to discover its claims to the passing multitude. . . . We appeal to those who can venture as pioneers in the great work of renovating a world." No wonder she made the impression on everyone, from the common day laborer to the president of a college, that if she set herself to do anything, it was of no use to oppose her.

So the people gave of their small savings. There were a few pledges of a thousand dol-

lars, and many of a hundred. But there were long lists, too, of five, two, one dollar and fifty cent subscriptions and several as low as six cents. One poor farmer with five sons to educate, and no daughter, gave a hundred dollars. Two spinsters, after they had promised a hundred dollars, lost their property by fire, but worked with their own hands to recover the amount. In two years with such self-sacrificing gifts as these from the poverty of the common people, Mary Lyon had in hand the amount requisite for beginning the building. For furnishings she relied on the various towns each of which, through its women, was to levy fifty or sixty dollars for one girl's room. Finally in October, 1836, the corner-stone was laid. Miss Lyon exclaimed, with pardonable elation, "The stones and brick and mortar speak a language which vibrates through my very soul. How much thought and how much feeling have I had on this general subject in years that are past? And I have indeed lived to see the time when a body of gentlemen have ventured to lay the corner-stone of an edifice which will cost about fifteen thousand dollars—and for an institution for females."

Even yet, however, there were long and heavy roads ahead. When the walls were partly reared, their sandy foundation sank and they fell in. Preceding the panic of 1837, the money market tightened, and many honest pledges could not be redeemed. The date of opening had been set for November 8 and already in

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distant homes students were packing their trunks to come; but it seemed doubtful whether they could be received so early, or indeed, be received at all; and Mary Lyon who had hoped so high now almost abandoned hope. "When I look through to November 8," she said, "it seems like looking down a precipice of many hundred feet which I must descend. I can only avoid looking to the bottom, and fix my eye on the nearest stone till I have safely reached it."

Time and again, in a tight pinch, she went to her own purse for a hundred dollars—the small share of her father's estate. She had at last to ask entering students to borrow what they could from their friends. And lest any cent be wasted, she superintended personally every step of the building,—the mason work, the painting, the laying of carpets. The workmen might complain of her interference, it is true, but she felt responsible to the people who had given in trust their hard-earned mites and she felt responsible to her own vision of the new "era in education." She did not flinch from criticism for she scarcely had time to notice its sting.

When November 8 came, the building was still unfinished. Girls from far away got down from the stage coaches into a whirl of confusion that would do anything but relieve their homesickness. Certain flustered gentlemen,—later known as trustees, and deacons of the town—were unloading furniture from the vans, rushing about with cans of paint, and

tacking down carpets. Women—later known as trustees' wives—were placing the furniture, setting up beds, and washing, paring and cooking in the kitchen. One woman of motherly mien there was, who seemed to dominate the rest. She stood in the midst of the tumult and ordered where each separate article should go. She greeted the newcomers with a glad word and a kiss. And she told them to unpack quickly and roll up their sleeves and help reduce this chaos to order! For this was to be their home, and she their foster-mother, Mary Lyon.

And when, a little later, the girls found themselves cornered on the stair, or in the kitchen or the back-yard taking examinations, they knew that Mount Holyoke Female Seminary had opened.

Mary Lyon had realized her dream. She had her endowed school for *middle class* girls. The charges for forty weeks,—room, board, and tuition—came to sixty-four dollars. Where space had been reserved for only eighty pupils, one hundred and twenty were chattering in the halls that opening day. They averaged over sixteen years of age. Most of them were daughters of educated but not of wealthy men. There were few “harmless cumberers of the ground,” or of those “whose highest ambition is to be qualified to amuse a friend in a vacant hour.” Miss Lyon had her cheap seminary and her advanced, earnest students; all that remained was to make the

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combination work, so that it would prove its worth and become permanent. Mary Lyon herself was surety that the thing would work.

The course of study, covering three years, was lifted over from Ipswich, and made a little harder. There were no "fashionable" classes; or, at any rate, such did not count toward graduation. A plain array of mathematics, English, science, history and philosophy could alone win the coveted diploma.

The teachers, except for an occasional lecturer, were all women. This was unusual, and in a way hazardous; for there were men available who had been through college, but never any woman. But even so, Mary Lyon believed that persons of her own sex could get on faster with the girls. "Either gallantry or want of confidence makes gentlemen let young ladies slip along without knowing much," she said. "They will *make* boys study." So she picked women teachers, the best obtainable, who would have faith in *girls'* brains and make *them* study.

During the first year Miss Lyon herself stole a little time for class room teaching. But that was the least of her duties. The wheels of the whole machine had been fitted by her. They moved at her bidding, and at every turn they reflected some angle of her character.

Her pet idea of coöperative housework ran smoothly from the beginning. The girls in "circles" under the leadership of an older student did the cooking, sweeping and so on,

each being "assigned to that in which she had been well trained at home." Donors to the Seminary had at first been skeptical of this feature, because to the wealthier students it might savor unpleasantly of earning one's way. But with so many workers the tasks were swiftly despatched. "No young lady feels that she is performing a duty from which she could be relieved by the payment of higher bills," declared Miss Lyon. The daily work, at regular hours, was convenient for exercise in the winter; and all the year round it fostered a "union of interests," "social vivacity," and an atmosphere of home, "very important," as Miss Lyon judged, "for literary pursuits."

The general routine, too, was home-like enough to be familiar and pleasant. The students rose, retired, studied, and worked,—washing dishes, and filling their whale oil lamps and wood-bins—all by schedule. By schedule, too, they worshiped daily in chapel, and kept a sober Sabbath; and by schedule they did their calisthenic drill. To break up the rigor, however, there were long, free walks over hills, to pick flowers or blueberries, or for the exercise alone. There were merry Thanksgiving and Mayday festivals. There were lectures and vocal concerts in college hall by outside talent. Once the whole school was dismissed to "see the elephant and other rare specimens of animated nature" at a menagerie in South Hadley. The instructions were not to stay for the performance, but to fall in be-

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hind the first teacher they saw moving toward the exit. Happily no teacher moved until the last tame tiger and juggling seal had been locked in his cage. A senior, the daughter of a missionary, even dared to ride the elephant; but she was not expelled nor even reprimanded.

While in these ways the students felt in turn Miss Lyon's firmness and her geniality, the personal touch possible in a school of that size counted for even more.

One who was a student in 1837 says that going near Miss Lyon that first year was like getting in front of an automobile. If she had been a busy woman before, now she never rested. Her assistant wrote this list of her cares: "Besides giving systematic religious instruction, she matured a course of study, watched the recitations, directed individual students in the selection of studies, criticised compositions, instructed the middle class in chemistry, . . . and taught several other branches." The oversight of domestic matters drew further on her strength. She had to order not only ink for the school-room, but flour and potatoes for the kitchen, and wood and oil for the parlors and bedrooms. She had to supervise the repairing of the linen, and make out menus for each meal. And when a cook or a teacher felt indisposed, or married, or turned missionary, she shouldered their duties, sometimes for a good long space—until a new recruit could be broken in. This glimpse of her by a student suggests the stress

of events and her readiness to cope with them: "I remember seeing her once in the domestic hall whither she had fled at the sound of some need, trailing a large piece of dress lining pinned to her back, having escaped from the hands of the dressmaker, who in the room was holding the scissors ready for a clip at the next chance."

In the chapel talks, again, her direct influence was very strong. There she put into words the few simple rules that had governed her own conduct, and which she wished to transmit to the school.

The missionary fever was then at its height and Miss Lyon encouraged her girls to go to the foreign field. "Be willing to do anything anywhere; be not hasty to decide that you have no physical or mental strength, no faith or hope." But she advised them not to expect to make over this world, and recommended, besides piety, "a sound constitution and a merry heart." Though she never talked doctrine,—or perhaps because of it—her quiet and steady religious fervor was all pervasive. Few girls left the seminary in her time without a certificate of Christianity as well as of scholarship. "I pray as truly that the bread may be sweet for this great family as I do for the conversion of the world," she said.

But the phrase that became a proverb of the school was, "We must consider the good of the whole." "The young lady needs to feel herself a member of a large community," she said,

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“where the interests of others are to be sought equally with her own.” For the good of the whole Miss Lyon could wield a strict and relentless discipline. She could gently dismiss a girl that had no brains for study and expel one that used her brains for mischief. Her shrewd understanding of character usually appalled wrong doers before the act. “Why, young ladies,” she once said, “by the principle of comparative anatomy I can tell by one or two characteristics what you are likely to make of yourselves. I could walk down this aisle and tell by the tie of your shoes who were good students in geometry.” She pointed with her finger as she spoke, and there was an audible drawing in of feet.

Generally she disciplined by kindness alone. The institution was an experiment, she often said; the eyes of the world were on it; and the least act of the least of them all would tell not only on the fate of this single venture, but on the whole future of female education. Moreover, were they not simply a large family,—they the daughters, she the mother—and should they not always behave with the charity and considerateness becoming in relatives so close? “I thought I should always arrange my hair this way, and always wear a turban,” she remarked, in reference to her fondness for old styles. Yet at the wish of her “daughters,” who doubtless had one eye on the fashion plates, she discarded the turban in favor of the cap. “I will do almost anything to please my

daughters," she said. Could the daughters do less?

So it was as a mother that her students liked best to remember her. When they first dismounted at the door she received them as in a second home. When they pined for the places and friends they could not see until the year was out, she spared no effort to revive their spirits. She gave patient ear to their complaints, heartened them in their ambitions, and helped them plan their futures,—all as though their welfare were her own. "I have loved her more and more," wrote one girl, "and have called her mother, and she has treated me with all the affectionate tenderness of a mother."

Take it all together, during that first year, Mary Lyon was about as busy as a person can reasonably be. "Do not ask for a life of ease; you are asking a curse," she had advised the students; and in that point of view she was certainly the least cursed and the happiest of mortals. But she was not always happy, for she carried too great a burden of uncertainty. Could Mt. Holyoke prolong its life after this first year, or would the public desert it and let it be bought up for a private academy? She had done her part; she had taxed every energy as chief executive of the school; and she had been teacher, and friend, and mother to over a hundred girls. But still she knew that adverse opinion blew strong in many quarters. Would the institution live, after all?

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On the anniversary day she made note of some hopeful signs. Examinations, with a "free interchange of questions and answers," were attended by outsiders. The orator from England, after hearing a few of them, secluded himself to write a new speech, because "it would never do to present anything he had brought with him." Evidently the girls had done their part, too. "On the whole," Miss Lyon confessed, "the success of our institution in every department is greater than I anticipated."

By the opening of the second year, however, any lingering doubt she may have had was finally dispelled. Four hundred would-be students—so suddenly did the school spring into fame—had to be turned away! And the disappointed ones entered their applications for the next year and the next.

Then, no longer doubting its success, men began to give or bequeath great sums to it,—seventy thousand dollars in a few years, enough to free the plant from debt and to build large additions. Mary Lyon in her frail craft had surely made port. She had established a girl's advanced school that was publicly endowed and inexpensive to attend; and now, she had every reason to believe, it was destined for permanence.

"The institution must live," Miss Lyon wrote in 1839, "but whether its influence shall be extended and its principles disseminated, is yet to be determined." But she fully counted

upon the second result also. Even at the laying of the corner-stone she had said, "Surely the Lord hath remembered our low estate. This will be an era in female education. The work will not stop with this institution. It is a concession on the part of gentlemen in our behalf which can be used again and again." In fact, Mt. Holyoke was never, to the mind of its founder, a mere solitary school, existing for its own sake and that of the few pupils it could hold; it was a laboratory where some important principles were being worked out, and where she hoped to change the trend of female education for all time to come.

As for the principles, she was bound, if it lay in human nature, to put them to the proof at Mt. Holyoke. Every day the school was modeled anew under her anxious hands. "There is a best way to do everything," she believed. Even in the kitchen—where eleven years of testing and changing did not quite satisfy her—she sought that one best way. Mr. Hanks, president of the trustees, is said to have been so wearied by her continual experimenting that he would tiptoe past her door lest he be called in to hear some new proposal.

There could be but one outcome to this. From Illinois, Alabama and Wisconsin, people about to found schools for women wrote for the plan of Mt. Holyoke. The "era in education" had been decisively launched. Could Mary Lyon have looked forward half a century she would have seen women's colleges almost

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as numerous, as rich, and as exacting in scholarship as those of men; and she would have heard them all acknowledge their debt to her and to Mt. Holyoke. More than that she would have seen women studying side by side with men in state universities, with no distinction of courses; and those women too would owe some thanks to her. For she had given, not the first, but the most "clear and forcible expression to the truth that intelligence is as valuable in a woman's mind as in a man's." She had been, by several years, the first to demand that a woman's intelligence be fed and cherished by the public.

Such looking forward, however, was forbidden. Nor did Miss Lyon live to see much accomplished in fact. She had sometimes labored so hard that to recuperate she had to sleep two or three days at a stretch. Her salary—all she would take—of two hundred dollars a year, could not purchase her many comforts. Her vacations were infrequent, brief, and generally plagued with the endless problems of her school. Happy or not, she was certainly overworked. She died in 1849, when her friends had hoped that ten or twenty years yet stretched before her.

Her failure to economize her strength would seem to contradict one of her own favorite rules. "Never throw anything in the fire that a bird will open its bill to get," she warned her pupils. She had had to practice that shrewd economy as a girl at home, and as a young

woman fighting her way through school. Yet now, as a teacher, she had not hesitated to throw "in the fire" her own life.

But the contradiction is not real. "The right use of money is to accomplish what you wish with it," she said. "A poor man may not be as economical in spending four pence as a rich man in spending a thousand dollars." The same might be said of the years of one's life.

In spending her life she had obtained what she wished—an education for girls. By her own definition, therefore, she would not have gained much by living longer. "Better twenty years with an education than forty without," she once said. In other words, she had invented a new economy. She had doubled her own life and that of any ambitious girl who should be born thereafter. Not by turning back the hour glass, as the hill farm child had done, but by feeding the human mind she had succeeded, in the only possible way, in "making more time."

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

THE first event clearly stamped upon Elizabeth Cady's memory was the birth of a sister. Elizabeth was four years old, and already had four sisters and one brother. When the Scotch nurse carried her in to see the baby, she heard someone exclaim, "What a pity the baby is a girl!" Others in the room wagged their heads dolefully in recognition of the infant's misfortune in not being created a boy. Elizabeth, as a girl, had fallen in the way of a good deal of fun, and, so far as she could see, her sisters managed to extract as much enjoyment from life as her brother. What mattered it whether one were boy or girl?

That was a serious question. Just at present, however, her baby mind did not dwell upon it. Her father, a judge and a member of Congress, was somewhat austere by nature; and the mother, though noted for her independence and vivacity, leaned to rigidity in the government of children. But the numerous girls had inherited a share of vivacity, and they seem to have had a merry time. On rainy days they would climb to the garret and dress up in their ancestors' clothes, and then crack hickory nuts, nibble the maple sugar cakes, chew the dried herbs and sweet flag, whirl the



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old spinning wheels, throw and catch the bags of cloth, and play hide and seek among the barrels and boxes. And then, there was a forest to roam in and a mill-pond to sail on. In winter, there was always a bobbing party or snow battle in progress in some part of town. And since Peter, the colored servant, was seldom out of her shadow, Elizabeth might wander far without hurt and without fear of rebuke when she returned home.

Elizabeth was born November 12, 1815, in Johnstown, New York. She is described as "a plump little girl, with a very fair skin, rosy cheeks, good features, dark brown hair, and laughing blue eyes." She had one defect, however; at least so averred a student in her father's office. "Your eyebrows should be darker and heavier," said he, "and if you will let me shave them once or twice, you will be much improved." The girl consented—once. But her odd-looking face, without its brows, aroused so much merriment that she never sat for a second treatment.

Elizabeth was much given to acts which some, according to the point of view, called rebellious and some, ingenious and daring. For example, she would not part from Peter in church, but preferred to sit with him in the negro pew. "He was the only colored member of the church and, after all the other communicants had taken the sacrament, he went alone to the altar. Dressed in a new suit of blue, with gilt buttons, he looked like a prince as, with

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head erect, he walked up the aisle . . . ; and yet so strong was the prejudice against color in 1823 that no one would kneel beside him. On leaving us, on one of these occasions, Peter told us all to sit still until he returned; but, no sooner had he started, than the youngest of us slowly followed after him and seated herself close beside him. As he came back, holding the child by the hand, what a lesson it must have been to that prejudiced congregation!"

This incident, in a way, presaged one main branch of her future activity. Another branch, closely related to the first, was indicated in the mill-pond adventure. One day when no boys were there to captain the raft, Elizabeth and her sister startled the crowd of waiting girls by declaring that they could propel and steer it as well as a boy! Once aboard and caught in the current, however, they found they could not lift the poles. They drifted slowly toward the dam, unable to move a finger to avoid their fate. But they caught their breath, sat down flat in the middle of the raft and held fast. They floated over the falls right-side up, and glided gracefully away down the stream until overtaken and drawn ashore by Peter.

The boys rallied Elizabeth a long time for the disastrous voyage. But, after all, she had bravely tried; the experiment, far from being a total failure, had brought out some thrilling features new even to the boys; and Peter had

saved her, and showed her how to do better next time. She was doing a little to batter down the assumption of superiority on the part of her male friends. Her friendship with the negro, "the only being, visible or invisible, of whom we had no fear," was an essential element in her success. These simple relations engraved themselves deeply on the girl's mind. And, as she said long after, in her memoirs, "Who can estimate the power of a child's surroundings in its earliest years, the effect of some passing word or sight on one, that makes no impression on another?"

At the age of eleven, Elizabeth passed through an ordeal the results of which can be traced very definitely. Her only brother died. The father, whose fondest hopes crumbled with the taking off of his male heir, could not be comforted. When Elizabeth climbed upon his knee, to attempt a word of solace, he sighed and said, "O, my daughter, I wish you were a boy!" Then she threw her arms about his neck and cried, "I will try to be all my brother was!"

And try she did. The chief things to be done to equal a boy, she thought, were to acquire proficiency in Greek and horsemanship. Hastening to her pastor, she confided to him her resolve, and he fell in with it so far as to teach her Greek. Mr. Cady himself, perhaps unaware of her peculiar ambition, taught her to drive, and to hurdle a fence or ditch on horseback. But in spite of her progress, the

hoped-for, "Well, a girl is as good as a boy after all" from her father was never spoken. His only response to the minister's praise was to pace the room and sigh—and Elizabeth knew what he was thinking. In the Johnstown Academy, she carried off a prize—a Greek Testament—in rivalry with a class of boys much older than herself. "Now," she said, "my father will be satisfied with me." She bounded into his office exclaiming, "There, I got it!" "He took up the book, asked me some questions about the class, the teachers, the spectators, and, evidently pleased, handed it back to me. Then while I stood waiting for him to say something which would show that he recognized the equality of the daughter with the son, he kissed me on the forehead and exclaimed, with a sigh, 'Ah, you should have been a boy!'"

There was no means, apparently, by which she could better her low condition. No—and all women were branded with the same iron. Out of school hours Elizabeth liked to loiter about her father's office. There she heard the clients state their cases—mothers who, by the will of their deceased husbands, were left dependent on the bounty of a son; daughters who lived by the charity of an elder brother, the heir of the family estates; wives who at marriage signed over their property, and indeed themselves as part of it, to the groom—and who, all of them, mothers, sisters and wives had been victims of the neglect or malice of

the men. Why, queried the girl, did the males of the race have this unjust mastery? They did not earn it by their exceptional talents; had she not demonstrated that already in riding and study and countless other ways?

The students in Mr. Cady's office said woman's disabilities were imposed by law. They cited certain of the most odious statutes, and showed her where they were written in her father's books. She delved further on her own account. The unhappy legal status of her sex perplexed and angered her. She must correct it, straightway. She would mark the unjust pages and at the first opportunity cut every one of them out of the books, for she supposed this mutilation of her father's library would extinguish the laws.

Mr. Cady fortunately got wind of the intended massacre and averted it by explaining that the laws would continue just the same if he and all his books together were sacrificed to knife or fire. But "when you are grown up, and able to prepare a speech," he said, "you must go down to Albany and talk to the legislators. . . . If you can persuade them to pass new laws, the old ones will become a dead letter."

At this point Elizabeth Cady's mind was fully illuminated as to the cause of the gloom on the day of her sister's birth. Women might outstrip men in any or all physical and intellectual feats; yet still their subjection was decreed by law; and since they had not a jot of

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influence in the enactment or revision of laws, how could they ever hope for justice? The girl made the second big resolution of her life. Or rather, she reaffirmed, with slight changes, the one she had uttered at her brother's death. She would "be everything her brother was," not in muscular or mental prowess only, but in the general estimation of society as reflected in the legal guarantee of rights.

In 1830, when fifteen years old, Miss Elizabeth was sent to the Young Ladies' Seminary at Troy. This school, under the principalship of Mrs. Emma Willard, was then among the leading institutions in America for the higher education of women. But to one so jealous for the rights of her sex, its advantages were cast in shadow because she was debarred from Union, the college of her boy friends, where the scholarship was still more advanced. Besides, she was already versed in all the studies offered at Troy, except French, music and dancing. She employed most of her time wishing she were somewhere else, or in hatching up mischief. So she carried away from her two seminary years little of value save a settled belief that girls ought to have the same education as boys, in the best of their colleges—perhaps even co-education.

The next years, up to 1840, were spent delightfully at home. Miss Cady was still a lively and rather a mischievous girl. She participated, with her friends, in games and practical jokes often in a spirit of wild hilarity.

Once, armed with sprinkling pots, she and her Cousin Lizzie battled for two hours against two other girls whose weapons were large syringes charged with milk. The contest was ended only when "Cousin Charlie," whom they had ambushed and showered with both water and milk, turned at bay with a bottle of liquid blacking, and forced them all to beg for quarter.

At the same time, the opportunity for self improvement in these years at home was not slighted. Miss Cady would emulate boys in all good exercises, but she would not scout the traditional arts of her own sex. She now wrestled with all the domestic arts as zealously as she ever had with Greek. To the value of cooking, she brings this whimsical proof: "We read in the Scriptures that Abraham prepared cakes of fine meal and a calf tender and good, which, with butter and milk, he set before the three angels in the plains of Mamre. . . . I would like to call the attention of my readers to the dignity of this profession, which some young women affect to despise. The fact that angels eat shows that we may be called upon in the next sphere to cook even for cherubim and seraphim. How important, then, to cultivate one's gifts in that direction!"

In fact, the business of being a girl so absorbed her that she might have forgotten entirely her rather uncertain call to become a reformer. But through a family friendship with Gerrit Smith of Peterboro, she was swept into

the current of national politics and thence into another kind of politics peculiarly her own.

Mr. Smith was a generous host and a progressive thinker, and the radicals of every reform constantly hovered about his home for a chance to air their heresies. He was an abolitionist and his mansion a station on the "underground railroad." Upon frequent visits with his family, Miss Cady heard and discussed the rousing themes there broached. On one occasion, Mr. Smith led her and a bevy of her companions, under a pledge of secrecy, to a locked room in the third story, where sat a fugitive quadroon girl. "Harriet," he said, addressing the girl, "I have brought all my young cousins to see you. I want you to make good abolitionists of them by telling them the history of your life."

The girls had never before seen a slave face to face. For two hours they questioned her about what she had undergone in slavery. Her answers only vivified what they had already heard—but that was enough. "We all wept together as she talked, and when Cousin Gerrit returned to summon us away, we needed no further education to make us earnest abolitionists."

Now the abolition theory had one direct corollary that a person of Miss Cady's stamp would be quick to see. The Constitution of the United States guaranteed the franchise to all persons except negroes, idiots, lunatics, criminals and women. It naturally hurt the pride

of some women to be classed with negroes, not to say with lunatics and felons. But if the colored people were to be freed in recognition of their sense and their humanity, what should be done with the women? Should the finest types of our civilization—daughters, wives and mothers—be left, without even the black man for company, in a class with the mentally and morally diseased? Miss Cady saw that abolition and woman's rights went together. And like thousands all over the country, her open faith in one cause little by little strengthened her secret hope for the other.

This abolition fever first spurred Miss Cady's interest in Henry B. Stanton, a young anti-slavery orator who was sometimes a guest at the Smiths'. He later proved to have many personal charms also—and she as many for him. They became engaged, and in 1840 were married. But Miss Cady held that a man with his zeal for freedom should not, even in form, enslave a woman; and they agreed to omit the word "obey" from the ceremony.

Thus a champion of negro rights and one who was at least a passive enemy of woman's wrongs were logically mated. In May, 1840, they took passage to London as delegates to a world's anti-slavery convention. And there, as it fell out, the young wife was made to disavow the cause borrowed from her husband, and to return, with quickened ardor, to her own.

The organizers of the convention had in-

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vited delegates from all the anti-slavery societies in the civilized world. They were not aware that women composed many such societies in America and were accustomed to speak and vote. When the odd contingent of women arrived, therefore, it was denied entrance to the hall. A hot debate on the question occupied an entire day. No woman was allowed the floor. Scripture, ancient history and English custom were liberally quoted to prove the impropriety of the presence of women in such an assembly. Though the arguments were feeble and easily brushed aside, the tradition behind them was impregnable. The women were shut out; they could get only permission to sit in a curtained loft. There, for twelve days, they listened to abolitionists who, "while eloquently defending the natural rights of slaves, denied freedom of speech to one-half the people of their own race."

It was no wonder that before the convention adjourned the words were flying about everywhere, "It is about time some demand was made for new liberties for women." Mrs. Stanton walked to her hotel arm in arm with Lucretia Mott, the Quakeress. Her brain was awl with indignant thoughts. Why did custom make it a tragedy to be born a girl? Why did the laws throw women upon the kindness of men, who were too often unkind? Why were the best women of America excluded from the discussion of this subject on which they knew as much as any men? It was a bar-

baric tyranny of sex, and could be endured no longer.

Mrs. Stanton once more revised and enunciated her childish resolution to be all her brother had been. As soon as she returned home, she declared she would form a society to advocate the rights of women. This time her purpose was definite, and it would stand.

Nevertheless, her proposed rebellion had for some years to be postponed. For, as she says, "The puzzling questions . . . that had occupied so much of my thoughts, now gave place to the practical one, 'What to do with a baby.'"

At the birth of her first child, Mrs. Stanton promptly dropped out of public affairs in order to school herself in the profession of motherhood. It was an office too much neglected, she thought, and too much debased by the ignorance of those who performed it. She would regard it in another way! So she pored over books new and old and carefully observed the behavior of her own baby, and others—and gradually evolved a scientific regimen. The kind of superstitions she had to combat and the way she did it may be shown by the dispute with the nurse who bandaged the child.

"Can you give me one good reason, nurse, why a child should be bandaged?"

"Yes," she said emphatically, "I can give you a dozen."

"I only asked for one," the mother replied.

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“Well,” said the nurse, “the bones of a new born infant are soft, like cartilage, and, unless you pin them up snugly, there is danger of their falling apart.”

“It is very remarkable,” retorted Mrs. Stanton, “that kittens and puppies should be so well put together that they need no artificial bracing, and the human family left wholly to the mercy of a bandage. Now I think this child will remain intact without a bandage, and if I am willing to take the risk, why should you complain?”

The nurse was unconvinced. She washed her hands of the new fangled notion. Every morning she bandaged the child, and as regularly the mother took the bandage off. “It has been proved since,” comments Mrs. Stanton with satisfaction, “to be as useless an appendage as the vermiform.”

At her home in Chelsea, Massachusetts,—Mr. Stanton practiced law in Boston, just across the river,—the young mother delighted as freshly in all other branches of housekeeping. “I felt the same ambition to excel in all departments of the culinary art that I did at school in the different branches of learning. My love of order and cleanliness was carried throughout, from parlor to kitchen. . . . I put my soul into everything and hence enjoyed it. . . . There is such a struggle among women to become artists that I really wish some of their gifts could be illustrated in clean, orderly, beautiful homes.”

Add to this preoccupation with domestic concerns the freedom of good society, of lectures, concerts and other diversions in Boston, and it can be guessed why for eight years Mrs. Stanton forgot "women's woes," or at least forsook the idea of tilting against them in person. But in 1847 the family moved to Seneca Falls, New York. There the tranquil beauty of her existence was roughly overthrown.

She had an increasing number of children, and the care of them—nursing, clothing and teaching them, taking them to school, to the shoemaker's and the dentist's—taxed her endurance to the danger limit. Her large house and grounds were hard to keep in order; and since the novelty of housekeeping had worn away and reliable servants could not be had, her once attractive duties became a weary burden. Her residence, furthermore, stood on the outskirts of town and she was virtually imprisoned there by muddy roads. Accustomed as she had been to the brilliant intercourse of Boston, this confinement irked her grievously.

"I suffered with mental hunger which, like an empty stomach, is very depressing. I had books, but no stimulating companionship. . . . Cleanliness, order, the love of the beautiful and artistic, all faded away in the struggle to accomplish what was absolutely necessary from hour to hour. . . . I now fully understood the practical difficulties most women had to contend with in the isolated household, and the impossibility of woman's

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best development if in contact, the chief part of her life, with servants and children." And this understanding stung her to open protest.

"The general discontent I felt with woman's portion as wife, mother, housekeeper, physician and spiritual guide, . . . and the wearied, anxious look of most women, impressed me with a strong feeling that some active measures should be taken. . . . My experience at the World's Anti-Slavery Convention, all I had read of the legal status of women, and the oppression I saw everywhere, together swept across my soul, intensified now by many personal experiences. . . . I could not see what to do, or where to begin—my only thought was a public meeting for protest and discussion!"

While in this tumult of mind, she happened upon Lucretia Mott again at a friend's house. She poured out the story of her griefs. Someone suggested "the propriety of holding a woman's convention," as they had long ago in London talked of doing. The little company all gave assent, and next morning, July 14, 1848, the *Seneca County Courier* announced a convention "to discuss the social, civil and religious condition and rights of women."

The meeting took place July nineteenth and twentieth in the Wesleyan Church at Seneca Falls. The women meanwhile, mistrustful of their own invention, had "resigned themselves to the faithful perusal of various masculine productions," and had pitched upon the Decla-

ration of Independence for the model of their protest. With still greater modesty, they had resorted to libraries of law, church usage, and social custom to find their eighteen grievances. On the basis of these they had draughted a set of twelve resolutions.

Several friendly men were present at the little chapel on the opening day, and one, James Mott, took the chair. The object and necessity of the meeting was stated by Lucretia Mott, and others. Then Mrs. Stanton read her celebrated "Declaration of Sentiments."

It began with "When in the course of human events" and, with a few substitutions, copied the preamble of the historic document of 1776. It held that all men and *women* are created equal. But "the history of mankind is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations on the part of man toward woman, having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over her." To prove this, the eighteen facts were "submitted to a candid world," beginning with "He has never permitted her to exercise her inalienable right to the elective franchise." He had denied her, the indictment went on, an equal right in the universities, the trades and professions; a share in political offices and honors; equality in marriage, and the possession of children; the right to hold property or to receive just wages; the right to make contracts, sue and be sued, and to testify in courts of justice. And, in view of

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this degradation, it was insisted that women “have immediate admission to all the rights and privileges which belong to them as citizens of the United States.”

The twelve resolutions were unanimously approved by the assembly, all but one. That one read, “It is the duty of the women of this country to secure to themselves their sacred right to the elective franchise.” Some women feared this would defeat their more conservative demands. Lucretia Mott cautioned, “Lizzie, thee will make the movement ridiculous.” But Mrs Stanton said, “No!” The right to choose rulers and legislators preceded all the others in importance, for through it all others could be secured; without it, women could only gain ground through the tardy generosity of men. She had learned that truth unforgettably in her father’s law office! So, with Frederick Douglass, she argued and plead for the resolution until the convention let it go through with the rest.

This was the first open and formal plea for woman suffrage in the United States. It was the direct outgrowth of a young girl’s sense of inequality with boys, and her determination somehow to be equal. And her private injuries and longings must have been connected, in a sympathetic way, with a general condition in the four corners of the nation. For it was said that this was “the most momentous reform that had yet been launched on the world—the first organized protest against the injus-

tice which had brooded for ages over the character and destiny of one-half the human race.”

The proceedings of the convention were no sooner blown abroad than the press and pulpit made haste to ridicule and satirize it. The public in general feared what the poem said:

Confusion has seized us and all things go wrong,
 The women have leaped from ‘their spheres,’
 And, instead of fixed stars, shoot as comets along,
 And are setting the world by the ears!
 In courses erratic they’re wheeling through space
 In brainless confusion and meaningless chase.

The authors of the Declaration were denounced and jeered as “sour old maids,” “childless women,” and “divorced wives”—though as a matter of fact most of them answered to none of these epithets. A majority of those who had signed the document lost heart under the persecution and crossed out their names. But Mrs. Stanton did not believe the movement portended “widespread and permanent injury” to the female character, nor to the ultimate happiness of men. If she tampered with her signature at all, it was to underscore it.

She soon began to speak, on request, at various points in the neighborhood. When a minister or an editor criticised her “meaningless chase,” she would reply from the platform or in some friendly paper. Law, science, history and philosophy lent her arguments, and

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she made a doughty and a winning defense. For example, at a Quaker meeting-house where she had spoken, a man with a broad-brimmed hat arose and in a tone not unlike a rooster's remarked, "All I have to say is, if a hen can crow, let her crow." A second New York convention was called, one month after the first, at Rochester; and Ohio, Indiana, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania followed in quick succession. Mrs. Stanton saw, with no little surprise, that her firebrand had kindled the heaped-up tinder in all the states; and soon—might not the blaze defy control?

In 1851, Mrs. Stanton met Susan B. Anthony, a Quakeress about her own age. Miss Anthony had kept school until the questions of anti-slavery and temperance caught her notice. At first she had laughed at the Woman's Declaration; yet, says Mrs. Stanton, "I liked her thoroughly from the beginning. . . . There she stood with her good, earnest face and genial smile, . . . the perfection of neatness and sobriety." And, in a few conversations, Mrs. Stanton quite reversed the other's thoughts, and clasped hands with her in an eternal partnership. It was a lucky union; for Miss Anthony, though not so able a writer as her friend, was a better executive; and, being more temperate, she was able to fire with better effect the thunderbolts that the latter forged. She would soon lay down her temperance banner to become the "Napoleon" of woman suffrage. The two women were destined to stand shoul-

der to shoulder for the next forty-five years, goading each other always to more daring and tireless efforts. Mrs. Stanton had won a faithful ally—one who would in some respects become her trusted leader.

During the next few years the campaign was directed from Mrs. Stanton's residence. There, harried usually by domestic trifles, the women wrote their fiery articles, protests and petitions, and from there they went out, full armed, to speak, whenever occasion offered. They canvassed the state in every way their brains could devise. Usually their acts were caustically compared to "the wit of the clown in the circus, or the performances of Punch and Judy on fair days, or the minstrelsy of gentlemen with blackened faces." But the vigor of the opposition was to them a sign that their blows were cutting the quick. Miss Anthony invaded the state conventions of teachers, and within a decade won equality there for women. In 1854, Mrs. Stanton, over hopeful, perhaps, made shift to address the New York Legislature, in behalf of equal rights. The speech failed of its avowed object; it could not do otherwise. But it was widely read and evoked much favorable comment. Judge Cady asked in amazement how one so tenderly reared could have learned the wrongs of her sex.

"Here in your office," she told him, "listening to the complaints women made to you."

"I think," he said, "I can find even more cruel laws than those you have quoted."

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He did find them, and she incorporated them in her speeches. It looked as though the woman was gaining from him a small measure of the approbation she had yearned for as a child. And knowing him no easy convert, she had faith that others were being, and had been, won over in the same way.

In 1861, the plea of women for the ballot was drowned in the rising thunders of the Civil War. Political parties in the North now begged Mrs. Stanton and her friends to let their agitation sleep until the affair with the South was settled. They acceded, and for five years lent their forces to help emancipate the negro.

This did not mean, however, that she had laid down her arms. She knew, what some women did not, that the war meant more than the pitting of Northern men against Southern men, and the suppression of a rebellion; and she did not clamor, like them, for sewing and preserving and such practical charities for the army in the field. She knew the political issues of the struggle; knew they all turned, first and last, on slavery. The main thing to ensure in the war was not victory of arms for any one section but freedom for the negroes! Could that be accomplished? She hoped so. For a negro freed would be a negro enfranchised. From the low estate he had held he would ascend to full citizenship and seize the vote. And perhaps, argued Mrs. Stanton, with that precedent women could rise too. Once the door of

privilege was opened, perhaps women could crowd through also, and separate themselves from the insane and the criminal.

So she helped form the National Loyal League, "to impress on the nation's conscience that freedom for the slaves was the only way to victory." This league convened in New York, May 14, 1861, and passed two significant resolutions:

"That the women of the Revolution were not wanting in heroism and self-sacrifice, and we, their daughters, are ready in this war, to pledge our time, our means, our talents, and our lives, if need be, to secure the final and complete consecration of America to freedom."

"That never can be a true peace in this Republic until the civil and political rights of all citizens of African descent and all women are practically established."

In the years that followed, however, the mention of "women" was tactfully omitted. Mrs. Stanton and her supporters pushed forward the negro, both for his own sake, and to make him a stalking horse. They scattered tracts, "thick as snow flakes," from Maine to Texas. They called meetings where the policy of the government was discussed. They circulated petitions which were endorsed by three hundred thousand persons. The Republican and Abolition parties praised their wisdom in restricting their efforts to one subject, and called them "wise, loyal, and clear sighted." When at last the slave was emancipated, and

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Congress began trying to frame a fourteenth amendment to enfranchise him, the women peeped out from behind their stalking horse. But they had been deluded. They were still outside the city.

The amendment could not be written without the word "male"; for that would enfranchise not only white women but the colored women of the South. "Suffrage for black men will be all the strain the Republican party can stand," said a senator, "without extending it to 'wenches.'" So the white women had to be shut out with the black. While striving for the freedom of the slaves, a measure countenanced by the Republican party, they had been lauded to the skies. But now when they asked for the franchise along with "their only respectable compeer" under the constitution, their transcendent virtues vanished, says Mrs. Stanton, "like dew before the morning sun." The national legislators were not yet ready for universal suffrage. The word "male" was retained.

Mrs. Stanton was now fully committed to suffrage, whether in New York, the nation at large, or in any part of the nation. The battle had opened, once for all; and she was alert to seize every advantage and to force the strongholds of the enemy. Since no party would own her, she conceived the idea of launching a new party! In 1868 she nominated herself for the national House of Representatives. She may have been surprised, but was cer-

tainly not dismayed when out of twenty-three thousand votes she polled only two dozen. She wished, she said cheerfully, that she could have procured the photographs of her twenty-four unknown friends.

In the summer of 1867 she had hurried to the West, for hopeful signs were reported there. Kansas was about to vote on a constitution which extended the franchise to negroes and the "less muscular sex,"—an event that, whether it succeeded or not, might truly be said to mark an epoch. Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony stumped the state. The returns showed one-third of the votes favorable to them. The nation wondered, for no politician had seriously looked for such strength in the women.

But Mrs. Stanton exulted. The opposition was beginning to weaken. Furthermore, it occurred to her that the one-third vote in Kansas might have been a majority vote, but for one thing. The people were uninformed. Isolated as they were, with few trains and muddy roads, few of them had heard the message of the campaigners. And the papers, such as the people took, uniformly derided woman suffrage. Should there not, asked Mrs. Stanton, be a publication dedicated to women and equality?

Others before her had nursed the same idea; and Lucy Stone had said, "We must have a paper, and dear, brave, sensible Mrs. Stanton must be the editor." Mrs. Stanton had a

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house and a large family to oversee, and did not hunger for the regular duties of a newspaper office. But before she reached New York, money had been offered for a weekly publication to be called the *Revolution*—if only she, with Parker Pillsbury, would edit it. The business management was to rest in Miss Anthony's hands. The editor could therefore write most of her articles at home and not be forced to neglect her housekeeping. The combination suited her exactly, and she accepted.

For two years and a half now she spoke her mind plainly and fully. "She so abounds in metaphors and pithy phrases," wrote an admiring friend, "that a characteristic article from her pen is like a Chinese jar of chow-chow—filled with little lumps of citron, apricot, and ginger, all swimming in a sweet and biting syrup." She hit right and left, as one paper said, at everybody and everything that opposed the granting of suffrage to females as well as males. "Radical and defiant in tone," was her own estimate, "it awoke friends and foes alike to action. Some denounced it, some ridiculed it, but all read it." The friends it awoke, however, were not heavy advertisers; and for want of money from that source the *Revolution* finally died.

But Mrs. Stanton was not thereby thrown out of employment. Already in 1865 the National Woman's Suffrage Association had been formed with her as president. The same year, in furtherance of the work, she went on the

lyceum platform. For twelve years, now, eight months in the year, she fared up and down the land. She had a lecture on "Motherhood" and one on "Woman," and many, variously styled, on suffrage. Wherever in California, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Nebraska or any state, her favorite doctrine was made a political issue, thither she and Miss Anthony hurried with speech and pamphlet.

They had often to utter their message under the most trying circumstances. Once, in Michigan, they happened in at a deaf and dumb institution. Mrs. Stanton had just said, "There is one comfort in visiting this place; we shall not be asked to speak," when the superintendent came up with, "Ladies, the pupils are assembled in the chapel ready to hear you!" They spoke, while the superintendent repeated in sign language what was said. At another time their boat was ice-bound in the middle of the Mississippi River. Someone shouted, "Speech on woman suffrage!" They rose to the occasion and there at midnight had the pleasure of making several new allies. In Kansas, Mrs. Stanton one night was refused lodgings in a house, and ensconced herself in the carriage. "I had just fallen into a gentle slumber, when a chorus of pronounced grunts and a spasmodic shaking of the carriage revealed to me the fact that I was surrounded by those long-nosed black pigs, so celebrated for their courage and pertinacity. They had discovered that the iron steps of the car-

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riage made most satisfactory scratching posts. Alas! thought I, before morning I shall be devoured." She plied the whip upon them, but without effect; so she went to sleep and let them scratch at their pleasure. "I had a sad night of it, and never tried the carriage again, though I had many equally miserable experiences within four walls."

All these material trials could have been cheerfully borne—but not so cheerfully the obloquy that went with the title of suffragist. While friends were numerous and on the increase, the majority of both sexes still stigmatized her reform as that of women "strong minded," brazen and unfeminine.

The press ridiculed and slandered her. "No woman," said a New York paper, "can convert herself into a feminine Knight of the Rueful Visage and ride about the country attempting to redress imaginary wrongs without leaving her own household in a neglected condition that must be an eloquent witness against her." The accusation hurt none the less because it was false.

The halls in which she spoke were frequently packed with the hostile, who hissed and jeered, and cut short her discourse by burning cayenne pepper on the stove. Insulting letters were a regular portion of her morning mail. Old friendships grew cold, and some people she would have liked for friends refused her hand. As president of the National Association she was constantly opposed by rising leaders who

thought they could run the society better; and but for Miss Anthony's cry, "O, how I have agonized over my utter failure to make you feel and see the importance of standing fast and holding the helm of our good ship to the end of the storm"—she would, more than once, have resigned. It took courage to be a suffragist in 1870. But Mrs. Stanton had the courage, the courage of conviction; because if she had lacked the conviction she would not have been Mrs. Stanton.

Mrs. Stanton held the executive chair of the national society up to 1893, and presided gracefully at its stormy meetings. In that year she resigned, retaining, however, the title of honorary president until her death in 1902. She still occasionally spoke from the platform, with arguments as keen, witty and logical as ever.

The principal labor of her later years was the writing of the "History of Woman Suffrage," in collaboration with Miss Anthony and Miss Gage. Into these three heavy volumes she gathered the facts about the first forty years of the struggle, and made them as readable as a story meant for amusement. In 1898 she brought out her "Eighty Years And More," which, in the sprightliness of its narration, affirmed her independence of time.

Mrs. Stanton, meanwhile, had always proudly sustained her record as a housekeeper, and had reared seven children in a highly creditable manner. She never lost sight of the importance of wise and devoted parenthood. The

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theme was on her lips as often as that of suffrage. In all her travels, it seems, she was a tireless friend to the ignorant parents of weeping babes. In one case, unable to finish her instructions, she telegraphed them, to the huge amusement of operators along the wire, "Give the baby water six times a day." "Imagine me," she wrote, after she had become famous as an agitator, "day in and day out, watching, bathing, dressing, nursing and promenading the precious contents of a little crib in the corner of my room. . . . Come here and I will do what I can to help you with your address, if you will hold the baby and make the puddings." Even in the office of the *Revolution* she looked less the editor than the mother. "The short, substantial figure, with its handsome black dress and crown of curls, is sufficiently interesting. The fresh, girlish complexion, the laughing blue eyes and jolly voice are yet more so. Beside her stands her sixteen year old daughter. We study Cady Stanton's handsome face as she talks on rapidly and facetiously. Nothing little or mean in that face; no line of distrust or irony; neither are there wrinkles of care—life has been pleasant to this woman."

Yet for all her preaching on motherhood, she held it barbarous that woman should be confined strictly to the sphere of the home. Woman, she said, can refine and elevate politics as she has missions, schools, literature and general society. On the other hand, she needs

the ballot for her own protection; and she needs its broadening influence the same as she needs that of school and society. Association with children and servants—the affairs of motherhood—do not occupy and nourish the whole woman any more than fatherhood occupies and nourishes the whole man.

Mrs. Stanton's last words on the suffrage were brave and hopeful; but they were barbed also with a sharp reproof to the women of her day. The reform had moved very slowly, she admitted. The majority of women even yet did not want it. And so, she said, were the majority of Chinese women content with bandaged feet; but did that make the custom right? Reforms were always inaugurated by a small, despised minority. "That a majority of the women of the United States accept, without protest, the disabilities which grow out of their disfranchisement is simply an evidence of their ignorance and cowardice, while the minority who demand a higher political status clearly prove their superior intelligence and wisdom."

Her own intelligence and wisdom both as a domestic woman and a reformer were splendidly honored on her eightieth birthday, November 12, 1895. The Woman's Council, composed of twenty national societies, many of them unconnected with suffrage, tendered her a celebration at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Theodore Tilton, in a letter declared, "Every woman who seeks the legal custody of her children or the legal con-

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trol of her property; every woman who finds the door of a college or a university opening to her; every woman who administers a post office or a public library; every woman who enters upon a career of medicine, law or theology; every woman who teaches a school, or tills a farm, or keeps a shop; every woman who drives a horse, rides a bicycle, skates at a rink . . . or even snaps a kodak; every such woman owes her liberty largely to yourself and to your earliest and bravest co-workers."

If one looks back he will note that practically all these rights were demanded by Mrs. Stanton in her Declaration of 1848. And in 1896, when Idaho, following the example of Colorado, Utah and Wyoming, enfranchised its women, she might be pardoned for boasting that her one-time "grave mistake" was generally called "a great step in progress."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

WHEN one of Harriet Beecher's pets died she interred it with impressive ceremonies and on its gravestone inscribed this "epithet":

Here lies our kit
Who had a fit
And acted queer;
Shot with a gun,
Her race is run,
And she lies here.

The incident is typical, for Harriet as a child was always in close companionship with the dumb members of the household. She entertained herself not only with the animals, but with the flowers and trees, the lakes and hills, the invigorating winds and all the wild out-of-doors of her native Connecticut. Summer and winter she ran free, a happy country lass, gardening, carrying wood, and tramping over the hills with her brothers. "I was educated first and foremost by nature," she afterward said, "wonderful, beautiful, ever-changing as she is in that cloudland, Litchfield."

Yet nature in the shape of Harriet's parents

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had even a stronger influence, both early and late. The mother, with her last breath, had called her six sons about her, and prayed that all might embrace the Christian faith and become preachers of the gospel, like their father. The memory of that prayer and of the pious woman who made it deterred the young girl from evil and incited her to good, like the presence of the living person; perhaps,—despite the belief of the age that women should keep silence in meeting—it disposed her also to some kind of religious profession. Be that as it may, the trend that she took from her father was unmistakable.

The Reverend Mr. Beecher was a Congregational minister in Litchfield, Conn., where Harriet was born, June 14, 1811. He emphasized the harsher side of religion—the “strong doctrine” and the punishment for sin. Not content with catechising his offspring out-of-book, he taught them to argue and to prove—their own sinfulness!—by taking himself the weaker side of a question and leading them along until they tripped him up.

As Mr. Beecher was Harriet’s chosen counselor, so his library was her favorite retreat. Here the minister would sit, turning the leaves of his Bible and Concordance, writing, muttering to himself, and oblivious of all the world. Secure in his presence, Harriet would rifle the shelves and curl up in a corner with her books around her—astonishing books they were,

sometimes, with theological titles, such as "Toplady on Predestination." "Pilgrim's Progress" was there; and after upsetting a barrel or two of sermons in the attic, Harriet uncovered a copy of the "Arabian Nights," and a fragment of "The Tempest." On these and Mather's "Magnolia," she formed her literary taste.

The minister's library naturally was rich in other things than books. It was the principal theater of the intellectual life of the town. Thither came neighboring ministers to debate hotly on theological matters and Harriet listened eagerly to their wisdom. There, too, a sea-faring uncle, Captain Foote, spun his fabulous yarns, and, in a spirit of mischief, asserted that Catholics were well-intentioned folk on the whole, and that some Turks were as honest as some Christians. There an aunt, once a resident of the West Indies, dwelt with loathing upon the cruelties of the slavery system. Harriet often heard her tell how she sat by her window in the still, tropical night and wished "the island might sink in the ocean, with all its sin and misery, and that she might sink with it."

Mr. Beecher frowned upon the uncle's heresies, but he fervently shared the ideas of the aunt. "I remember his prayers, morning and evening, in the family, for 'poor, oppressed, bleeding Africa,' " wrote his daughter, "that the time of her deliverance might come; prayers

offered with strong crying and tears, prayers that indelibly impressed my heart, and made me, what I am, the enemy of all slavery."

Harriet dutifully attended the church in which her father preached. Sometimes she had a merry day of it, as when Dr. Beecher exchanged pulpits with Reverend Mills. As Father Mills rose up and began to read the opening hymn, "Sing to the Lord aloud," Trip, the Beechers' dog, who had stolen into church, broke into a dismal howl.

"Father Mills went on to give directions to the deacons to remove the dog in the same tone in which he read the hymn, so that the effect of the whole performance was somewhat as follows:

Sing to the Lord aloud,
Please put that dog out!
And make a joyful noise.

"We youngsters . . . sank in waves and billows of hysterical giggles while Trip was put out, and the choir did its best at making a 'joyful noise.' "

For the most part, however, people in the Litchfield church wore looks of deep sobriety. Dr. Beecher was an earnest man, and he prayed and preached from his heart out. His discourses on slavery drew tears down the hardest faces of the farmers of his congregation. His sermons on sin neither young nor old could withstand. Under him Harriet her-

self was converted, at about twelve years of age.

Meantime Harriet was going to school and learning the common branches. What was of more consequence, she was learning to express the ideas generated at home. From the first she took delight in writing compositions; and when she was twelve her essay, with three others, was read at the school exhibition.

The subject of the essay, not unnaturally, was, "Can the Immortality of the Soul be proved by the Light of Nature?" She handled it with the gravity—and the success—of a college student. Her father hearing it, "brightened and looked interested," and at the close she heard him ask, "Who wrote that composition?" "Your daughter, sir," was the answer. Long after the girl had grown to be a woman and knew something of fame, she could look back upon this scene and say, "It was the proudest moment of my life."

For the next six years Miss Harriet was tormented by great mental uneasiness. Upon her father's removing to Boston, she went to Hartford to the school conducted there by her sister Catherine. For the term of her residence she transferred her church letter to Hartford. Now, although a member of her father's congregation, the girl had really never fathomed his doctrines, or "been under conviction"; she was living contentedly in a religion of simple faith and trust. But the Hartford minister gave her a severe check. ✓

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“Harriet,” he asked, “do you feel that if the universe should be destroyed (awful pause) you could be happy with God alone?”

The girl was terrified at the thought. But she stammered out, “Yes, sir.”

“You realize, I trust,” went on the pastor, “in some measure, at least, the deceitfulness of your heart and that in punishment for your sins God might justly leave you to make yourself as miserable as you have made yourself sinful?”

“Yes, sir,” stammered the child again. And with that her torture began. She had been taught at home to examine herself daily for any taint of sin. From now on she did so with redoubled zeal.

“My whole life is one continued struggle,” she wrote to her brother. “I do nothing right. I yield to temptation almost as soon as it assails me. . . . I am beset behind and before, and my sins take away all my happiness.” While at home one summer she confessed in a letter to her sister, “I don’t know as I am fit for anything, and I have thought that I could wish to die young . . . rather than live, as I fear I do, a trouble to everyone. You don’t know how perfectly wretched I often feel: so useless, so weak, so destitute of all energy. Mamma often tells me that I am a strange, inconsistent being. Sometimes I could not sleep and have groaned and cried till midnight, while in the daytime I tried to appear cheerful and

succeeded so well that papa reproved me for laughing so much."

Even while this despondency was deepest, however, the external things of her life were calculated to dispel it. The sister Catherine and the brother Edward had both attained a somewhat more genial view of religion. Their God was not angry, but loving, patient and kind. And for five years they tried in speech and writing to transmit this view to the girl, so bowed down by the consciousness of sin.

Her relations in Hartford, too, were of the pleasantest. She boarded with a family who had in turn sent a daughter to board with her parents, and she was mothered as graciously as she could have been at home. The lessons in school fascinated her—the arithmetic, the Latin and French, the painting; and she must have studied faithfully, for she assisted the teacher, in charge of pupils as old as herself. She formed warm attachments with girls of her own age, too, and joined in their amusements. With all, it would be an obstinate melancholy indeed that did not in time yield to such treatment. In fact, before long, in writing to her brother, she reveals a profound change in her religious state. "I have never been so happy as this summer (1830). I began it in more suffering than I ever before have felt, but there is One whom I daily thank for all that suffering, since I hope that it has brought me at last to rest entirely in Him. . . . I love to look on Christ as my teacher, as one who, knowing the

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utmost of my sinfulness, . . . can still have patience; can reform, purify, and daily make me more like Himself.”

Finally, after all her spiritual worries were set aside, she wrote out her simple creed. “Well, there is a heaven,—a heaven,—a world of love, and love after all is the life blood, the existence, the all in all of mind.”

By the time she was twenty, then, the minister’s daughter, after long disquiet, had avowed a faith and a working principle suitable to her inheritance, and worthy,—to say more—of a large hearted woman. The love of God and the love of man, as prescribed in the Christian religion, she believed were the most pleasant and profitable things in the world. So far as she could, she meant to regulate her life in accordance with that belief.

She immediately began to make her good works tally with her faith. In her previous morbid state her first inquiry on meeting people had been, “Have they such and such a character, or have they anything that might possibly be of use or harm to me?” But now she swung right about. She cultivated a general spirit of kindness. She did not shrink from people, but formed incidental acquaintances at every chance. She tells of going to a little party and “zealously talking all the evening.” “The kind looks and words and smiles I call forth by looking and smiling are not much by themselves, but they form a very pretty flower border to the way of life,” she said. “They

embellish the day or the hour as it passes, and when they fade they only do just what you expected they would."

In her writing, too,—for her pen was always busy—she embodied this same Christian experience. Her dream of the period was to be a poet. She began a drama whose theme was the conversion, after long searching, of Cleon, a Greek nobleman at the court of Nero. She filled blank book after blank book with this ambitious effort. "It filled my thoughts, sleeping and waking," she tells us.

Doubtless she fancied herself another Sophocles. But one day, alas, her sister Catherine pounced down upon her and said she must not "waste her time" writing poetry! So her religious drama had to lie over for a while. When she did write it the hero would be decidedly of a different color and a different clime from the Greek lord in the court of Nero.

In 1832 Dr. Beecher was called to Cincinnati to guide the fortunes of the Lane Theological Seminary,—a college that promised to become the feeder of the pulpits of all the West. The greater part of his family must needs accompany him. Catherine and Harriet were loath to leave their school in Hartford. But, if they could not preach, they could teach; and teaching, they believed, was scarcely less a mission than the one that had fallen to the lot of their father. They soberly determined to "turn over the West by means of model schools in this,

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its capital." The work of teaching would never be rightly done, they said, until it passed into female hands. For men had not the tact or talent of communicating knowledge, nor the patience and gentleness "necessary to superintend the formation of character. We intend to make these principles understood and ourselves to set the example of what females can do in this way."

Accordingly, the New England family transplanted itself to the Ohio river town. They settled at Walnut Hills, two miles from the city, in a beautiful spot so healthful that it was said people had to leave there to be sick.

With towering hopes the sisters opened their school, the "Female Institute," to "turn over the West." The West trustingly presented itself to be turned. But Harriet, in fixing upon her "mission," had reckoned without her own temperament; very likely she just reasoned in harmony with Catherine, who had conceived and was engineering the project. At all events school teaching afforded her but a very shallow and uncertain enjoyment. She was too emotional, had too many ups and downs, and could not bear up under the strict routine. Her health drooped in spite of the medicinal atmosphere of Walnut Hills. About half the time she was "scarcely alive, and a greater part of the rest, the slave and sport of morbid feeling and unreasonable prejudice."

To dissipate this mood she tried various di-

versions. In 1833, she made an excursion into Kentucky to see a southern plantation. One who was with her said she appeared not to notice anything about the way the farm was run, but sat as though abstracted in thought. "When the negroes did funny things and cut up capers, she did not seem to pay the slightest attention to them." Yet the young teacher must have paid rather close attention; for nearly twenty years later the identical scenes were to be reproduced in a book.

Miss Beecher also taught a mission Sunday school for negroes. One of her pupils she quizzed somewhat to the following effect:

"Have you ever heard anything about God?"

The child only grinned in bewilderment.

"Do you know who made you?"

"Nobody, as I knows on," said the child. Her eyes twinkled, and she added, "I 'spect I growed; nobody never made me."

This incident, also, Miss Beecher stored away in her memory for a use she could not anticipate.

As a further offset to her teaching, she prepared a school geography, she contributed papers to the "Semi-Colon," a club of literary people, and she wrote, from time to time, short stories, one of which won a prize of fifty dollars. But she had little leisure or strength apart from her regular duties; and no amount of travel, mission work, or writing, however pleasant in themselves, could reconcile her to

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the unloved profession. So, when her sister failed in health and at last disbanded the school, she gave it up without regret.

She was now free to take up some occupation more to her taste; and one occupation—romance, was already inviting her. One of her dearest girl friends had married Calvin E. Stowe, Professor of Biblical Literature in Lane Seminary. The young wife died within a year. What followed is set forth by Harriet's biographer all too briefly. "Her death left Professor Stowe a childless widower, and his forlorn condition greatly excited the sympathy of her who had been his wife's most intimate friend. It was easy for sympathy to ripen into love, and after a short engagement, Harriet E. Beecher became the wife of Professor Calvin E. Stowe."

The next fourteen years in Cincinnati were for the young wife crowded full of the joys and cares of family life. All her seven children save one were born there; and in rearing them she found perfect content.

"I must say I think myself a fortunate woman both in husband and children," she wrote to a friend, "My children I would not change for all the ease, pleasure and leisure I could have without them." And again, in 1848, "I am thirty-seven years old! I am glad of it. I like to grow old and have six children and cares endless. I wish you could see me with my flock all around me. They sum up my cares, and were they gone, I should ask myself,

What now remains to be done? They are my work over which I fear and tremble."

A woman so engrossed with domestic interests might seem unlikely ever to do anything of import to the public. Furthermore, Professor Stowe, though rich in Biblical learning, was ill provided with property or money; then his college some years paid only half his salary; and the young mother, with her growing family, was pressed into household drudgery.

When the couple went to housekeeping they bought their entire stock of china for kitchen and parlor for eleven dollars. A little later, when embarrassed by guests, they acquired a tea set at an outlay of ten dollars more—and this comprised their whole outfit for many years. But in fact there were times when a full set of dishes would have been a mockery because the housewife had so little to serve in them. In 1839, for example, salt, sugar, potatoes, rice and coffee went up to famine prices. The Stowes did without such things and subsisted cheerfully if not comfortably on a diet of bread and bacon.

Without money, capable servants could not be had, and all the bothersome trifles of child raising were heaped upon Mrs. Stowe. From early morning when the first child woke to be dressed until evening when the last one had been tucked in bed, they required her constant care. This was sometimes difficult to give, when, at the same time, meals had to be cooked, the house swept and clothes sewn or mended.

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“Of such details as these,” she says, “are all my days made up. Indeed, my dear, I am a mere drudge, with few ideas beyond babies and housekeeping.”

Two or three circumstances, it is true, were all this time tending to divert her interest from things personal and confirm her in a character other than that of housewife. The first of these was slavery.

The system of slave labor in the southern half of the United States had begun to menace the national health. The South generally regarded it as an economic necessity to the whites, and a moral benefit to the negroes; while many in the North retorted that industrially the system was a mere makeshift which grew worse every year and that ethically it damaged both the whites and those whom they held in bondage. A numerous party of “abolitionists” had arisen in the North which hotly demanded that the slave be freed at once. The southern planters were of course aghast at a measure which would in a moment annihilate all their wealth, and they cried shame at the North for attempting such a tyranny. Since 1800, this debate had been waxing yearly more feverish. Cincinnati, being just on the border between the slave states and the free, heard it at its hottest.

Now the girl Harriet Beecher in her youth had been biased against slavery by the sentiments of her aunt and her father. As a teacher, again, she had inspected a Kentucky

plantation, and had led a mission Sunday school class, where the ignorance and irreligion of the blacks outraged her northern soul. And during her married life the old convictions took deeper and deeper root.

Lane Theological Seminary was a center of the liveliest controversy and naturally Mrs. Stowe heard much of it. The friends of slavery in Cincinnati at one time came together in a mob, wrecked an abolition press, and threw it into the river, demolished the office, and proceeded to tear down the houses of inoffensive blacks. Henry Beecher, then editing another newspaper which stood out for freedom, carried pistols which he grimly said were "to kill men with." And Mrs. Stowe, writing of Mr. Birney, the abolition editor, said, "I hope he will stand his ground and assert his rights. The office is fireproof and enclosed by high walls. I wish he would man it with armed men. . . . If I were a man I would go for one, and take good care of at least one window."

Certain incidents of the slave trouble came yet more closely home to Mrs. Stowe. One day a negro girl servant of hers ran to the house in fright; her old master was in town and would capture her and force her into servitude again; but Mr. Stowe and Henry Beecher carted the girl away at night through the storm to a station of the underground railway. Another servant described to Mrs. Stowe the horrors of plantation life. Her

brother Charles wrote from New Orleans of an overseer who showed his fist, boasting that it was "hard as iron knocking down niggers, and that he didn't bother about sick niggers, but worked his in with the crop." Everywhere she saw fugitive slaves recaptured and dragged back in irons to their owners, and saw children torn from their mothers and "sold south." This last offended her, as a mother, most of all. Her eyes were opened to the real enormity of the custom. "No one can have the system of slavery brought before him without an irrepressible desire to do something," she declared, "and what is there to be done?" What indeed for a woman with six children and endless household cares?

There was another subject, too, that lured her ambition—that of writing. After her first success with "Uncle Lot," she contributed occasional articles and stories to the papers. Her husband and friends urged her to give more time to literature,—more especially because she could profit financially thereby. In fact, whenever a new carpet was needed or the accounts failed to balance up, she did write an article or a story to sell. But the difficulties under which she composed were prodigious. The sister Catherine, for example, would sometimes take dictation in the Stowe kitchen. Of one such effort she gives an amusing account:

"Harriet brushed the flour off her apron and sat down for a moment in a muse. Then she dictated as follows:

“ ‘I know my duty to my children. I see the hour must come. You must take them, Henry; they are my last earthly comfort!’

“ ‘Ma’am, what shall I do with these egg shells?’ interrupted Mina, the servant.

“ ‘Put them in the pail by you,’ answered Harriet.

“ ‘They are my last earthly comfort,’ said I. ‘What next?’

“ ‘You must take them away. It may be—perhaps it must be—that I shall soon follow, but the breaking heart of a wife still pleads, ‘A little longer, a little longer.’

“ ‘How much longer must the ginger-bread stay in?’ asked Mina.

“ ‘Five minutes,’ said Harriet.

“ ‘A little longer, a little longer,’ I repeated, in a dolorous tone, and we burst out into a laugh.”

It is no wonder that, with these hindrances, Mrs. Stowe wrote only to keep the pot boiling, nor that, when forty years of age, she had published nothing of consequence. Nor is it remarkable that she had not bestirred herself about slavery except to shield her own servants and print a few sketches in her brother’s paper.

On the one hand she delighted in the privileges of motherhood; on the other, she was all too often forespent with its burdens. Then she broke down in health, and believed she could not live long. In that mood she declared, “A work is put into my hands which I must

be in earnest to finish shortly. It is nothing great or brilliant in the world's eye; it lies in one small family circle, of which I am called to be the central point."

In short, she was truly and devotedly a mother. Whatever other ambitions she had she subordinated to that. The religion that to her meant love, and the love that was "the all in all of mind," she could expend almost wholly upon her own small group of children. In the nature of things there was no reason why she should not round out her life within the compass of motherhood, and call it a very good life, too.

Now, however, a momentous change took place. The cholera descended upon Cincinnati. Hundreds died every day and there was scarce a house in that city but paid toll to the plague. Mr. Stowe was from home, and the mother alone watched her flock with sharpening apprehensions. Then the child Charley, her youngest and dearest, sickened. A few days she struggled for his life. He lingered a brief while without hope. Then he died.

This was the first death in Mrs. Stowe's family. She grieved as though no woman but she had suffered bereavement. She knew now what loss was. Her mother's privilege had been abrogated; her mother's cares made all for naught. Hence her narrow contentment with her family, and her comparative apathy toward the sorrows of the world at large were suddenly shattered. Before her eyes

unrolled the record of griefs occasioned by slavery—the fugitives arrested, the weak and delinquent whipped, the mothers bereft of their children. She saw that these incidents reproduced on a large scale her own experience; that many slave mothers endured many like bereavements, not at the hand of death, but at that of her own race. “It was my only prayer to God,” she says, “that such anguish might not be suffered in vain. . . . I felt that I could never be consoled for it, unless this crushing of my own heart might enable me to work out some great good to others.” Thus in bitter sorrow Harriet Beecher Stowe was braced for a new essay in life.

About this time Mr. Stowe accepted a professorship in Bowdoin College. The family moved to the Maine town. There, with a larger salary, the hardships they had borne for seventeen years were somewhat lightened. The mother at last had a little leisure to think and to write. And the subject for her exertions was already over-ripe.

The Fugitive Slave Law had just been passed. This not only gave Southern owners the right to pursue their escaped slaves in the free states, but forced the people of those states to assist in the business. The law was interpreted so that a claimant need not prove his unconditional ownership. Negroes who had long been legally free and had become respectable, self-supporting citizens, with fami-

lies, could be seized. The outrage, in some places, equaled the scene of the original abduction in Africa. The hunted negroes, such as were not taken at the first raid, were fleeing by night from all the Northern states like mice rooted out of their warrens. The conscience of the North revolted at the atrocity. Boston, that had been one of the most hospitable refuges of the black men, now became the chief place of their torment.

Mrs. Stowe in her Maine home heard the details from a brother and his wife residing in Boston. "To me it is incredible, amazing, mournful," she cried. "I feel as if I should be willing to sink with it, were all this sin and misery to sink into the sea." "My heart was bursting . . . ," so she wrote later to a son who was then an infant, "and praying God to let me do a little and to cause my cry for the slaves to be heard. I remember many a night weeping over you as you lay sleeping beside me, and I thought of the slave mothers whose babies were torn from them."

Then one day the sister-in-law in Boston wrote, "Now, Hattie, if I could use a pen as you can, I would write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is."

On reading the letter Mrs. Stowe rose from her chair, crushed the sheets in her hand and exclaimed, "God helping me, I will write something. I will if I live."

Then one Sunday at communion service in

the college church, she forgot the scenes around her and vividly on her mind there flashed the picture of a persecuted negro dying—in the Christian faith. That afternoon she locked her door and wrote out the incident as she had seen it. As her custom was, she read the story to her family. The children were overcome; and one of them through his tears, sobbed out, “Oh, mamma, slavery is the most cruel thing in the world!”

The title of this little story was “The Death of Uncle Tom.”

Soon after, at the suggestion of her husband, she decided to write for the *National Era*, an abolition paper in Washington, a continued story of which the climax should be “The Death of Uncle Tom.” The first chapter was published June 5th, 1851; the last, April 1st, 1852. “The story is to show how Jesus Christ, who liveth and was dead, and now is alive and forevermore, has still a mother’s love for the poor and lowly, and that no man can sink so low but that Jesus Christ will stoop to take his hand.”

The title of this completed novel was, “Uncle Tom’s Cabin, or Life among the Lowly.”

Before the last chapter of the serial appeared, “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” came off the press in book form. The author reasoned that the unpopular subject and the name of a woman on the title page would probably preclude a large sale. Mr. Stowe, with all his personal admira-

tion for the story, thought himself sanguine when he hoped the proceeds would buy his wife a new silk dress.

What was their amazement, then, when three thousand copies were sold the very first day! Eight presses, running day and night, could not keep pace with the demand. Within a year three hundred thousand copies had been sold in this country alone; and these figures were more than trebled in England and were rivaled in France and Germany. The royalties of the first four months not only enriched the author with a new silk gown, but left her the sum of \$10,000 besides. The book was apparently read by almost every one who could spell out the words, and it exploded on the world a sensation which has probably never been equaled anywhere in literary annals.

From the South arose a hurricane of denial and abuse. The daily papers featured column after column of minute criticism which seemed to leave the book in tatters; its facts were false, its art contemptible, its moral slanderous and anti-Christian. Articles, stories and books streamed from the press to celebrate the brighter side of slavery. Most of them lay dead on the market, however; of one a critic cuttingly said, "The editor might have saved himself being writ down an ass by the public if he had withheld his nonsense." To Mrs. Stowe personally there poured in thousands of angry and abusive letters.

Friends addressing her from some parts of the South dared not write her name on the outside of their missives.

In the North a large element condemned the book no less severely. Those who thought slavery just, or who feared civil strife,—in general those who had contended against the abolitionists—left all their former antipathies to rail at Harriet Beecher Stowe.

On the whole, however, the North accepted "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as a fair indictment of the national sin, and as a sermon to them on their part in it. The author who had lost her child had written to them of slave mothers and of sundered homes; written with the emotion of a mother who knows her children are being scarred by the driver's whip; and written so vividly that her readers felt the bitterness of it all as keenly as she. The North realized the terribleness of slavery as never before; indeed they saw it worse than it was, for the book, as Southerners said, did not include the whole picture. The poet Whittier exclaimed, "What a glorious work Harriet Beecher Stowe has wrought. Thanks for the Fugitive Slave Law! Better would it be for slavery if that law had never been enacted; for it gave occasion for 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'" This was true. For the book made it forever impossible that the law should be enforced; and escaped slaves were smuggled into Canada in greater and greater numbers. A statesman predicted that the book would convert two million people to

the abolition point of view. How nearly that is true cannot be known. At any rate it fixed the North more firmly in hostility to the slave business, and strongly reinforced the side of freedom; and it hastened, perhaps by years, the "irrepressible conflict" that was already threatening.

✓ Abroad, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was read almost as much as at home. Among the poor of France it revived the study of the Bible, and led them, it was said, to Christianity. It doubtless did no less among the forty races into whose languages it was soon translated. Of even more consequence was the effect in England. The sympathies of that country for economic reasons had always wavered between the North and the South. Now the moral issue was clearly defined, and anti-slavery sentiment ran high. Six thousand English women of every rank set their signatures, in twenty-six volumes, to an "affectionate and Christian address to the women of America," which begged that slavery and its horrors be done away with immediately.

The author of so mighty a book would not herself remain in obscurity. Mrs. Stowe was lionized both at home and abroad. The name of the poor professor's wife was suddenly on all tongues; her every word was listened for with earnest attention. In Europe she formed warm friendships with Mrs. Browning, George Eliot and many other distinguished literary people, and receptions awaited her from Land's

End to Orkney. This was surely enough fame for one woman.

Fame, of course, was not a new experience in the Beecher family. Charles, as pastor and writer, had received recognition; Edward, for many years president of Illinois College, and Catherine, had already attained prominence as educators; while the powerful preaching of Henry Ward Beecher was flooding New York, and thence all the nation, with a gospel of sweet and far-reaching optimism. Like her brothers, Mrs. Stowe did not allow fame to turn her head. To be sure she enjoyed it in her quiet way, but she took all the encomiums with a self-amused wink, as much as to say, "Look what they're doing to poor little me!" As for personal vanity,—shortly after the publication of "Uncle Tom," she described herself thus: "I am a little bit of a woman,—somewhat more than forty, just as thin and dry as a pinch of snuff; not very much to look at in my best days, and looking like a used-up article now."

In fact, since fame was not what she had written for, it did not dizzy her when it came. She had written because she had to; because of her experience, and her religion and the maternal affection that had been robbed of its object. These were not yet spent, nor was the wrong that had given them occasion to speak. Slavery was not yet abolished. And Mrs. Stowe used her fame only as a vantage ground from which to prosecute her work.

From now on till her death in 1896, Mrs.

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Stowe brought out a book nearly every year. The second, "Dred," returned to the negro question, and many critics pronounced it superior to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In the later books she delineated New England life; and "The Minister's Wooing" was by some rated as the truest, if not the freshest, of all her works. She might have grown wealthy had she not been so generous. Her renown literally filled all the earth, until Holmes could justly say:

If every tongue that speaks her praise
For whom I shape my tinkling phrase
Were summoned to the table,
The vocal chorus that would meet
Of mingling accents harsh or sweet,
From every land and tribe, would beat
The polyglots of Babel.

These later books, while very good art, were flung to the world almost as much from inner necessity as her first. "The Minister's Wooing" "taught the kinship of the love, of man below and God above." The woman's interest in bereaved humanity, and her compassion for it, and her intense faith that Christian love could compensate for all, still spoke out. And it is characteristic of Mrs. Stowe that this literary portrayal and preaching did not wholly release her from the sense of duty undone. She had been a woman of action many years before she became a writer, and the instinct was still strong to do something helpful with

her own hands. The most interesting side of her later life is the way she wrought out in practice the gospel she had preached.

In 1852, she met an old negro woman who was begging money to ransom her two slave children. Moved by the story Mrs. Stowe said, "If I can't raise the money otherwise, I will pay it myself." Though she did raise the money that time, the appeals that followed were not always answered by the same method. One deaf old negress told of her five sons in bondage for whom she must lament all day on Sunday, because she did not work and could not hear preaching. "I shall search out and redeem those children," Mrs. Stowe exclaimed. "Every sorrow I have, every lesson on the sacredness of family love, makes me more determined to resist to the last this dreadful evil that makes so many mothers so much deeper mourners than I ever can be." So for ten years preceding the war Mrs. Stowe used her money and influence in obtaining freedom, education and comforts for the slave mothers and their children.

During the Civil War a yet heavier sacrifice was required of her. At President Lincoln's first call, her son Fred volunteered for the army. She tried to dissuade him. But he cried, "I should be ashamed to look my fellow men in the face if I did not enlist. People shall never say, 'Harriet Beecher's Stowe's son is a coward.'" She bravely consented; for she believed it to be God's will that the

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nation from end to end should suffer for the sin it had done, and that the slave mothers, "whose tears nobody regarded; should have with them a great company of weepers, North and South." She sent her son to the war. He was wounded at Gettysburg, came home, and never again regained his health. Mrs. Stowe had joined the army of weepers against her will, when her first son died in Cincinnati. She now joined it again of her own choice, that she might do her full share in atoning for her country's fault.

Her chief public act during the war was her reply to the "Christian address" of the women of England. The English had everything to gain economically from peace, if not from independence in the cotton states. Lately they had been led to believe that the North was warring to oppress the South merely, and not to liberate the slaves; they were therefore inclined to side with the South and to abandon their neutral policy. Mrs. Stowe wrote a passionate address which set matters in a true light. It covered the English people with shame. They met spontaneously in towns all over the kingdom to pass resolutions in favor of the Union. The press took the matter up, and parliament, to the joy of the North, was affected favorably. Thus Mrs. Stowe helped to avert English interference at a time when such interference might have meant the triumph of secession.

After the war, Mrs. Stowe lived much in

the South. In Florida she owned first a cotton plantation, then an orange grove. In these enterprises again, her object was unworldly; and in fact, in a worldly sense they failed. Her object was, first, to hire emancipated negroes as free laborers and, second, to make a beginning of schools and churches among them. "I long to be at this work," she said, "and cannot think of it without my heart burning within me. Still I leave all with my God, and only hope He will open the way for me to do all that I want to for this poor people." It is plain that she longed only to finish the work she had begun with "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"—to free slaves and then to discipline the freedmen as worthy citizens and Christians.

She built with her own money a schoolhouse and church at Mandarin, Florida. Here she taught a Sunday school class of colored children, and Professor Stowe preached. And here they remained for the greater part of twenty years, acting as ministers to the people, and in general doing any friendly service that came in their way. In their old age they had the comfort of knowing that the colored men were rapidly progressing. The former slaves were now self-supporting and self-respecting; they observed the law and they gloried in religion. "Let us never doubt," wrote Mrs. Stowe, "everything that ought to happen is going to happen."

Of course, compared to the influence of her books, these personal ministrations were triv-

ial. But it is the more honor to her that, having called into existence the imaginary Uncle Tom, she considered her mission still unfulfilled and strove by direct contact to upraise the Uncle Tom of real life. It affirmed once for all the character and purpose of her writing. She did not work for art's sake, nor to cater to public amusement; nor did she write with those aims. She wrote as she worked,—to express her religion, and her human sympathy and love.

Mrs. Stowe's claim to a place in the history of modern progress rests upon her labors against slavery. It may seem curious that of all women she did the most, when until after her fortieth year she was so little stirred by the cause. The explanation is that, even in its widest sweep, her work was religious and personal. All those forty years she had been unconsciously preparing in private for the dramatic blow that at last staggered the nation. She had been trained up as a minister's child; in young maidenhood she had found a gospel of love and kindness; and as a wife and mother—rearing her offspring and seeing them die—she had learned by dear experience the quality of the grief her country was inflicting upon a whole unfortunate race. When that grief in due time was brought home to her with full force, her training, her religion, her family affection—all personal as they were—could not help speaking vehemently for the race.

One who knew Mrs. Stowe said she summed up her own character in the words, "I love you." And that love had a purpose. By it everything that was "going to happen" was helped to happen at the earliest possible moment.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, when a child, had a large family of dolls. One day when she was entertaining them at a garden party on her father's estate in Derbyshire, her dog seized one in his teeth and scurried away for a romp with it. Florence rescued the doll a few minutes later. Sawdust was pouring out of a large rip in the side. But she did not mourn over the mishap; nor did she throw the tattered playmate away and ask her parents for another to fill its place. She stuffed fresh sawdust into the doll, until it was as plump as ever, and then bound her handkerchief neatly over the hole. And thereafter this doll, from all the large family, was the girl's favorite.

This was in Derbyshire, England, a hundred years ago. The shire was then a picturesque country devoted mainly to grazing. The shepherd population, in their thatch-roofed cottages, lived quiet and often solitary lives. Their condition varied from well-off to poor,—there were a good many poor—and, with the minimum education, they were generally much simpler than country folk of our own day.

In the midst of such a countryside was born Florence Nightingale, in the year 1820. She was not precisely in it, however, but above it. Her father, William Shore Nightingale, was a

wealthy land owner and a country gentleman of the old style, known as "squire." His summer residence at Lea Hurst comprised a fine manorial house and estate, in which money had been spent without stint to produce comfort and elegance. Both parents, moreover, were cultured and refined. So, Florence Nightingale was born into riches and position, and refinement. She was born a lady, in fact. Every avenue to social eminence was open to her. And even the simplicity and poverty round about might easily have set her up in a narrow class pride, and made her all the more a "lady."

She seems to have profited well by her heritage in the way of personal comforts and education. As a very young girl she took her pleasures with dolls, in the manner described above. A little later she learned to ride horseback, and galloped daily over the downs in company with her father, or her father's friend, the vicar. Her education in modern languages went on, meanwhile, under the charge of a governess. Her father instructed her in mathematics and classic literature; and from her mother she learned to play, to draw and to sew. But this was the conventional training for a squire's daughter of the period. And if Florence Nightingale had been limited to it, she might never have been heard of, any more than a thousand other squire's daughters who were growing up in England at the time.

Squire Nightingale and his wife were people of singularly broad, sympathetic minds. Riding over the downs one day, the father noticed a peculiar flower blossoming among the weeds. He dismounted, with the girl, to examine it. He pronounced it a species very rare in Derbyshire, and suggested that Florence transplant it to her own garden. She did so, and by careful tending soon had a bed of the strange plants growing near the manor house. From this incident and others like it, the girl developed a curious interest in all kinds of plants that were having a hard time to live. In her garden at home she had raised peonies, pansies, forgetmenots and mignonette. These were easily grown, and they flowered as beautifully as the girl could desire. But one day her father saw her going into the meadow and followed her. She stooped by a bunch of cowslips and began to dig up the weeds that choked its growth. Then she found a marigold that had been bruised by a passing cart wheel; this she reset in a safe place farther from the road. Finally she uprooted a wild lily plant, wrapped it in paper, and set off for home with it. The squire saw that his daughter was a born gardener, but of a peculiar stamp: her concern was not in the garden so much as in the flowers that needed a garden's protection. That trait pleased the squire, and he did everything he could to foster it.

The same trait revealed itself in the child's care of animals. She had her squirrels, of

course, and her pony and her dog, and she never tired of playing with them. But her keenest interest in these was awakened when they met with an accident. At least one may infer as much from one incident.

Florence was riding home with the vicar to tea. On the way they passed a herd of sheep, in wild commotion. The old shepherd, Roger, could do nothing to control them.

"What is the matter, Roger?" called the vicar, "where is your dog?"

"The boys have been throwing stones at him, sir," replied the shepherd. "They have broken his leg, and he will never be good for anything again. I shall have to take a bit of cord and put an end to his misery."

"Oh!" cried Florence, who overheard the story. "Poor Cap! Are you sure his leg is broken?"

"Yes, miss, it's broke sure enough. He hasn't set foot to the ground since, and no one can't go nigh him. Best put him out of his pains, I says."

But the vicar and the girl knew Cap. He was an intelligent and useful dog, and they were sorry to think of his dying. Riding on, they stopped at the cottage where he lay. Florence petted the cringing beast while the clergyman examined his injury. "Is it broken?" she called anxiously.

"No," said the vicar. "No bones are broken. There is no reason why Cap should not recover; all he needs is care and nursing."

“What shall I do first?” asked the girl quickly, accepting the duty as hers.

The vicar—he had studied medicine in his day—prescribed a hot compress. The fire was lighted, and the kettle put over. But no cloth was to be found until, looking all about the room, Florence saw the shepherd’s extra smock hanging on the wall.

“This will do!” she cried. “Mamma will give him another.”

So she tore the smock into strips, and bathed the dog’s limb until the inflammation was gone. The injury healed, and the dog served his master many a year afterward. But that was not the only result of the incident, nor the main one. It first disclosed to the girl what her natural tastes were, and determined her to follow them.

It is not wise to emphasize the incident over much, however, for there were plenty of others that would turn her mind in the same direction. If her father was interested in flowers, he was more interested in people. There were a good many middle class and poor around him, as was said, and he, with his wealth and culture, took their welfare to heart. Often he flung open the gates of his estate and gave the village children food and presents and let them dance on his lawn. He had a benevolent care, too, for families that came upon hard times due to sickness or the failure of crops. To these he sent food and clothing and medicine; and often it was Florence who conveyed

the gift, riding on her pony. Thus the child, so favored personally by fortune, grew familiar with the wants of others less fortunate.

Many of her errands were done in company with the vicar. He spoke words of cheer to the sick and bereaved, advised them as to the use of the foods and medicines the girl brought, and dropped a few hints about nursing and hygiene. So the girl learned how to do the most practical good to people in need, how to lessen suffering not alone by gifts and personal sympathy, but by the means a physician uses. She was daily welcomed in some poor cottage. Slight, graceful, with a fine, oval, delicate face, gray-blue eyes, and smoothly parted brown hair, she must have exercised a remarkable charm upon the sick rooms she entered. She read to the patients, measured out their medicine, prepared dainty foods, and turned her hand to any useful task. People called her a little "Angel of Mercy." And they spoke better than they knew. For in these visits with the vicar the strongest bent was given to the girl's nature. And the name bestowed by her simple admirers was also a prophecy.

As Florence grew to young womanhood, her character as the daughter of an opulent English squire continued to expand in a normal way.

She still rode horseback, in a habit that swept the ground, and a large hat trimmed with ostrich plumes; or performed social

duties in a stylish frock with full skirts and sleeves and a collar of lace; or visited in a full plaited jacket with a belt and a "coal scuttle" bonnet. She "entered society," and played a conspicuous part in the parties, dances and other country gayeties. Moreover, she went to London for the "season" as a lady of her rank must, was presented to Queen Victoria, and shone among the best in court circles. She traveled on the continent, too, explored the galleries of Germany, France and Italy, and acquired a facile speaking knowledge of the languages of those countries.

From all this, however, her interest carried her back to the sick and the poor about Lea Hurst and Embly. She still ministered to these, and with such growing intelligence that she was nothing less than an unpaid country doctor. At seventeen, too, she conducted a Bible class at Lea Hurst for the girls employed in the hosiery mills. In short, with all her education and social success she could not forget the dependent people around her childhood home; and, whatever might be her amusement, it was her earnest vocation to make the lives of those people easier and brighter.

Then, somewhere in this period, the realization came to her that she was unfit for so great a task. She had not strength to do so much alone; there were cases of sickness where she did not know what to prescribe; and the untrained mothers and daughters of the shire, who helped her, were too dull and awkward

to carry out what small behests she gave. Such facts were true of Lea Hurst and Embly Park, and it saddened the young woman to think of them. But then she discovered that what was true of her home was equally true of all England.

In London she had seen the slum people poorer and sicker than they ever could be in rural Derbyshire. She looked about to see what help they had, corresponding to that she had volunteered for her own people; and she found, precisely—nothing. Or worse than nothing!

In the homes the most barbaric ignorance prevailed as to the simple matters of ventilation, cleanliness, light and food. This was a great shock to one who knew that every woman is a nurse, at some time in her life “has charge of the personal health of somebody,” and ought to know the essentials of every day sanitation and nursing. On top of that there was no one to go about and dispense free medicine and advice as she had done at home. And, as the key to the whole tale of neglect and misery—there was no place where competent nurses could be trained.

Many of those sick with contagious diseases were gathered into great public hospitals and there tended by professional nurses. These invalids, Miss Nightingale thought, ought to be treated in a model way; and the treatment of them ought to provide a model training for a nurse. But the very opposite was true.

The hospitals of London were as dirty and unsanitary as the slum homes. Nursing, as she says, "was largely in the hands of the coarsest type of women, not only untrained, but callous in feeling," and often of low character. People believed "that it requires nothing but a disappointment in love, the want of an object, a general disgust or incapacity for other things to turn a woman into a good nurse." "This reminds one of the parish where a stupid old man was set to be schoolmaster because he was past keeping the pigs."

The hospital nurses did, in fact, keep their patients "like pigs." And therein Florence Nightingale perceived the root of all the sick misery of England. And she determined—just where or how can never be known—to see what could be done to reform the hospitals. That was to be her life work. She was about twenty-one years old when she definitely settled upon it.

The decision required courage. Nursing was a base profession, not much above that of barmaid; and Florence Nightingale was a lady born and a lady bred. She had to have the confidence that she could preserve herself from contamination while she elevated the profession. And it was a prodigious undertaking. But she was not without inspiring examples. She laid her case before Elizabeth Fry, who had renovated the prisons of Europe, and was, of course, encouraged to go ahead. Then the Catholic hospitals on the Continent were

sensibly constructed and the Sisters of Mercy in charge were generally capable women. Yet her strongest inducement was not these examples, but her knowledge of the shocking need for intelligent nursing. It was, above all, her own leaning toward that humane occupation. For that was the woman's natural bent—she who had healed Cap, and read consolation to her rheumatic neighbors. She did not lack the courage.

So for thirteen years more she was most of the time under the roofs of hospitals. She visited, apparently, every such institution in England, from the great wards of London to the county infirmaries; all the hospitals of Paris, where she studied with the Sisters of Charity; and those of Berlin, Brussels, Rome, Constantinople and Alexandria; and the war hospitals of the French and Sardinians.

Most of her study on the Continent was with the Catholic sisters, who were so far ahead of their time. Miss Nightingale well knew, however, that they and their system could never be transferred to Protestant England. If she was to produce nurses in England, they must be Protestant nurses. Hence when she discovered a solitary Lutheran deaconess hospital at Kaiserwerth on the Rhine, she attached herself to it for serious study. There she was thoroughly drilled in every department of nursing. "Never," she says, "have I met with a higher love and a purer devotion than there." And a sister nurse said of her, "She

was only a few months there, but they so long to see her again. Such a loving and lovely womanly character, hers must be."

From Germany, finally, she came home, and, after nearly twelve years, her preparation was finished. Twelve years is rather a long period for study, modern graduate nurses may think. But she had to pick up the science in little bits, here and there, and the hardest part was not learning the facts, but separating the false from the true. And then, even for a twelve-year student, she was exceptionally well prepared—as will soon appear.

Miss Nightingale had not been long at home when an occasion came to apply her learning. A hospital for poor, broken down governesses in London was in straits. The management had failed, the philanthropic supporters had withdrawn their funds, and the home was about to be closed. That would have been a great calamity, as great as if an old soldiers' home were on short notice to turn all its boarders out of doors. In this crisis, Miss Nightingale was called to be superintendent of the Harley Street Home.

Probably here was forced upon the young woman the real test of her life. Heretofore she had been a student; now she was to face realities. The question now was—would she *work* in hospitals, would she give her *life* to them? Was she willing at the crucial time to relinquish her place as a lady and actually dwell among the poor and the sick to serve them?

Florence Nightingale was willing. She took up residence on Harley Street among a swarm of ailing and despondent women, when she might have been attending balls at Buckingham Palace. She gave money. She encouraged old friends and new to subscribe. With her own hands she swept and made beds and spooned out medicine for these invalids whom she had never seen and for whom no one in the world cared a stiver. It was an obscure and a humble assignment. Few but her friends knew she was doing it, and many of them disapproved. But her work finally showed that she wanted not only to study nursing, but to nurse. She had chosen her career and she was fairly launched upon it.

She toiled so hard at Harley Street that she herself fell ill, and retired to her home for a rest. It was there, while still pondering the problems of her quiet London task, that she was suddenly summoned to another task, as spectacular and momentous as had ever been thrown into the hands of a woman.

The Crimean war was in progress, France and England being allied to defend Turkey against Russian aggression. The British army had sailed to a strange climate with shamefully poor commissary and medical staffs. The weather was stormy and the soldiers had little shelter against it. Said a correspondent of the *London Times*, "It is now pouring rain, the skies are black as ink, the wind is howling over the staggering tents, the

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trenches are turned into dykes; in the tents the water is sometimes a foot deep; our men have not either warm or waterproof clothing; they are out for twelve hours at a time in the trenches"—and so on without end.

Plenty of food and clothing had been shipped from England, but they never reached their destination. Some vessels were delayed; in some the stores were packed at the bottom of the hold and could not be raised; some hove in with the wrong goods at the wrong port—and, on one, the consignment of boots proved to be all for the left foot! But the most criminal point of mismanagement was this: food, clothing and medicine might be stored in a warehouse within easy reach of the army; but the official with authority to deal them out would be absent, and, so stringent were the army rules that no one dared so much as point at them! The rigid system was infinitely worse than no system. And the soldiers were starving in the midst of plenty, and freezing under the shadow of mountains of good woollen clothing.

Now, to come at once to the worst, imagine these conditions transferred to the military hospitals. In the great Barrack Hospital at Scutari lay two thousand sorely wounded men, and hundreds more were coming in every day. The wards were crowded to twice their capacity—the sick lay side by side on mattresses that touched each other. The floors and walls and ceilings were wet and filthy. There was

no ventilation. Rats and vermin swarmed everywhere. The men lay "in their uniforms, stiff with gore and covered with filth to a degree and of a kind no one could write about." It was a "dreadful den of dirt, pestilence and death."

This might have been remedied by an adequate medical staff. But the doctors were few. They were hampered in their professional duties by administrative ones. And they had to trust the actual nursing to orderlies who had never seen sickness in their lives. Then, there was the same lack of supplies due to mismanagement. There "were no vessels for water or utensils of any kind; no soap, towels or cloths, no hospital clothes." "The sheets were of canvas and so coarse that the wounded men begged to be left in their blankets. There was no bedroom furniture of any kind, and only beer or wine bottles for candlesticks!" It is difficult to imagine a scene of worse disorder and misery. The proportion of deaths to the whole army, from disease alone—malaria and cholera—was sixty per cent. Seventy died in the hospital in one night. There was danger that the entire army would be wiped out,—most of it without ever receiving a scratch from the enemy's weapons.

It was in this extremity that the British nation appealed to Florence Nightingale to save the sick and wounded men,—an army of twenty-eight thousand as helpless as children before the ravages of disease—and to save the

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war. Was ever a bigger task put upon a woman?

And was ever a bigger honor? Female nurses had never before been admitted to English military hospitals, because English nurses anywhere had been something of a nuisance. This woman must have proved that she was not a nuisance. For the minister of war requested her to organize a band of nurses for Scutari and gave her power to draw upon the government to any extent.

Miss Nightingale at the time was thirty-four years old. An acquaintance described her thus: "Simple, intellectual, sweet, full of love and benevolence, she is a fascinating and perfect woman. She is tall and pale. Her face is exceedingly lovely. But better than all is the soul's glory that shines through every feature so exultingly. Nothing can be sweeter than her smile. It is like a sunny day in summer." Again, "young (about the age of our Queen) graceful, feminine, rich, popular, she holds a singularly gentle and persuasive influence over all with whom she comes in contact. Her friends and acquaintances are of all classes and persuasions, but her happiest place is at home in the center of a very large band of accomplished relatives, and in simplest obedience to her admiring parents."

Nevertheless Scutari needed her. She was ready for Scutari. It was that for which she had been unconsciously preparing since a girl. She was ready, and she went.

Within six days from the time she accepted the post, Miss Nightingale had selected thirty-eight nurses, and departed for the seat of war. She arrived at Scutari November 4, 1854, and walked the length of the barracks, viewing her two miles of patients. And next day before she could form any plans, the fresh victims of another battle began to arrive. There was not space for them within the walls and hundreds had to repose, with what comfort they could, in the mud outside. One of the nurses wrote, "Many died immediately after being brought in—their moans would pierce the heart—and the look of agony on those poor dying faces will never leave my heart." A terrible situation to face; and all England depending on her!

But the nurse did not hesitate. She ordered the patients brought in, and directed where to lay them, and what attention they should have. She was up and around twenty hours that day, and as many the next, until a place had been found for every man, even in the corridors and on the landings of the stair. As leader of the nurses she might have confined herself to administrative tasks—of which there were enough for any woman—and stayed in the office. But no. She shrank from the sight of no operation. Many men, indeed, whose cases the surgeons thought hopeless, she nursed back to health. A visitor saw her one morning at two o'clock at the bedside of a dying soldier, lamp in hand. She was writing down his last message to the home folks; and for them, too,

she took in charge his watch and trinkets—and then soothed him in his last moments. And this was but one case in thousands. “She is a ministering angel, without any exaggeration, in these hospitals,” wrote a correspondent of the *London Times*, “and as the slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow’s face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon the miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with lamp in hand, making her solitary rounds.”

One soldier said, “I can’t help crying when I see them. Only think of Englishwomen coming out here to nurse us; it is so homely and comfortable.” He probably did not cry alone. And one wrote to his people, “She would speak to one and another and nod and smile to many more; but she could not do it to all, you know, for we lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on our pillows again content!” It was of this incident that Longfellow wrote in his “Lady with the lamp”:

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

In a place like Scutari, however, this kind of feminine tenderness alone would avail little.

Science was needed; the most perfect skill in scientific nursing. The windows were few, and the few were mostly locked; and where one was opened the odors of decaying animals came in to pollute still more the foul air of the wards.

The food for the whole hospital—for those sick of fever, cholera, wounds and what not, as well as for those in health—was cooked, like an “Irish stew,” in big kettles. Vegetables and meats were dumped in together, and when any one felt hungry he could dip for himself. Naturally some got food overdone, and some got it raw; the luckiest got a mess that was scarcely palatable; and the sick could generally not eat at all. As for other matters, it has been shown how unclean the barrack wards were, how “only seven shirts” had been laundered in all those wretched weeks, and how the infected bed linen of all classes of patients was thrown, unsorted, into one general wash.

But Florence Nightingale had spent twelve years in the hospitals of Europe to learn how to conquer just such situations as this. She had the waste and pollution outside the walls cleared away. Then she threw up the windows, and set a carpenter to make more. Within ten days she had established a diet kitchen and was feeding the men each on the food his particular case demanded. She set up a laundry, too, where the garments of the sick could be cleansed in a sanitary way. All this was the easier to do because with wise

foresight she had brought the necessary articles with her on the *Victus* from England. The ship gave up chicken, jelly, and all manner of delicacies; and, on a single day, "a thousand shirts, besides other clothing." In two weeks that "dreadful den of dirt, pestilence and death" had vanished; and in its place stood a building, light and well aired throughout, where patients lay on spotless cots, ate appetizing food from clean dishes, had their baths and their medicine at regular intervals, and never for an hour lacked any attention that would help their recovery.

But after all is said of Florence Nightingale's sympathy and her science, she owed her final triumph in the Crimea to a rarer talent, that of tactful organizing and executive power. Why was she not tethered by the system and the red tape that rendered ineffectual the best efforts of the medical men? Most things needful were in store not far from the barracks hospital. But the regular physicians could not get at them. Why could she?

In the first place she had tact enough not to offend the system. The minister of war had warned her, "a number of sentimental enthusiastic ladies turned loose into the hospital at Scutari would probably after a few days be '*mises á la porte*' by those whose business they would interrupt and whose authority they would dispute." Florence Nightingale did not at first interrupt or dispute anybody. She began by doing the neglected minor things,

the things that no one else had time for. She opened windows. She scrubbed floors and walls. She laundered shirts. She peeled potatoes and boiled soup. She bathed the patients, dosed them with medicine while the worn-out surgeons were asleep, read to them, and wrote letters for them. In these activities she asked not even supplies from the system, but procured them from her own ship.

The hidebound officials were even then slow to concur. Perhaps they were jealous to see their own incompetence exposed. And there was one case,—just one—where she came to blows with them. The hospital inmates were in desperate want, and the articles for their relief were nearby in a warehouse, but the stores could not be disturbed until after inspection. Miss Nightingale tried to hasten the inspection. Failing of that, she tried to get them distributed without inspection. That also failed. “My soldiers are dying,” she said. “I must have those stores.” Whereupon, she called two soldiers, marched them to the warehouse, and bade them burst open the doors!

That was the kind of firm hand she could use. More often, though, she attained her ends in a peaceful way. Only a little feminine tact was necessary to bring together the dilatory members of a board and get them to unlock a storehouse. She was soon able to lay her hands on an abundance of anything the situation demanded. Then, besides her own small band of nurses, a large number of order-

lies and common soldiers were, after a time, detailed to work under her direction. "Never," she says, "came from them one word or one look which a gentleman would not have used;" and many of them became attached to her with an almost slavish affection. More than that, she was, for the English at home, the one commanding figure, and her hospital office, the headquarters of the Crimean campaign. *The Times* collected a big fund and placed it at her disposal. And all over England women were making clothing—shiploads of it—which they addressed to the soldiers in her care. "The English Nobility must have emptied their wardrobes and linen stores," said a nurse, "to send out bandages for the wounded. There was the most beautiful underclothing and the finest cambric sheets, with merely a scissors run here and there through them to insure their being used for no other purpose, some from the Queen's palace, with the royal monogram beautifully worked."

In a word, Florence Nightingale became, through her wonderful executive talent, the trusted agent of the whole British people, as powerful in the work of nursing as the commander-in-chief of the army was in fighting. Some one called her the lady-in-chief. There is perhaps not a better designation.

And the result of her efforts justified this faith. When she arrived the death rate was sixty per cent. She reduced it in a few weeks

to one per cent. Nine of her nurses died on duty; others were invalided home; she herself was long fever sick and near to death. But for two years she battled against disease, always in a winning fight. She conquered disease. And it is not too much to say that she conquered the Russian army, and saved the war for the allies. No wonder England welcomed her home as one of the greatest heroines in all her history.

Florence Nightingale returned home in 1856. It was soon noised about that she was not only the heroine but the martyr of Crimea. The strain of those terrible years and the fever had broken her health, and she was to live, thereafter, a house-ridden invalid. Although still a young woman, it might be assumed that her usefulness was ended. On the contrary, during the fifty odd years that remained to her, she carried on from her London home a great reform. To mankind and the world in general that reform is, in fact, so great that the Scutari experience becomes a mere incident in its history.

The English people had desired to present her some testimonial on her return. Rich and poor all over the kingdom eagerly subscribed—every soldier in the service giving a day's pay—and fifty thousand pounds were raised. But the woman who had modestly slipped home by a secret route to avoid bell ringing and processions in her honor would be not likely to care for a gift of money. Her heart

was still in her work. She had learned much at Scutari that she wished to preserve. So she accepted the money on condition that she might use it to found a hospital!

The St. Thomas Hospital in London was accordingly opened. This was nothing more or less than a high-class school for nurses. A student had to bring a good character and a fair education. She was taught habits of punctuality, quietness, and personal neatness; how to dress wounds, and apply bandages; how to make beds and cook for, move and feed, and observe the symptoms of patients. Some might think this knowledge intuitive in women, said Miss Nightingale in the prospectus. "Send us as many such geniuses as you can, for we are sorely in need of them."

She knew the knowledge was not intuitive. Had it been so, she need never have toiled at Harley Street, never doctored and fed her poor neighbors at home. This school was the reply to the ignorance she had seen in those places. It was the goal of her study in the Kaiserwerth and the Catholic hospitals. It was the thing she had aimed at from the first and would, perhaps, have realized sooner or later. But the accidental call to Crimea gave her, in a brief time, prestige and ripe experience and money. And these she hastened to use for the project that had been simmering in her mind since a girl. Now at last she had her desire. She would reform the hospitals of England. She would fill them with nurses who brought

something more to their calling than a "disappointment in love."

But this was not all. The hospitals were mostly reserved for contagious cases. And in the London slums were thousands of sick, in their homes, who could pay very little for a doctor's service, and who did not know the bare essentials of nursing. There were many such all over England. Yes, even at Lea Hurst! Had not their presence at Lea Hurst been the thing that first set her to thinking on the whole subject of hospitals and nurses? Well, then, she must do something for those sick poor at home!

In 1861 a training school for nurses was, at her suggestion, opened at Liverpool. The graduates of this school nursed the neglected sick in pauper institutions. Then in 1874 the National Nursing Association announced that it was ready to provide skilled nurses for the sick poor in their own homes. These, said Miss Nightingale, would keep families from pauperism by charming the bread winners back to life. And they would so "raise the homes that they would never fall back again into dirt and disorder." That this result might be the more certain, the school was at first recruited only from "gentlewomen" who would have a refining influence over the homes. With Miss Nightingale's example, women of the better class were quick to enroll. They went into the slums of London, wherever sickness was reported, and nursed the sick, and taught both

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the sick and the well. In 1877 the jubilee fund of seventy thousand pounds was set aside to extend the work. It quickly spread all over England. In her later years Miss Nightingale had the satisfaction of seeing set right the conditions that had first aroused her sympathy. And the half playful pastime of her childhood had become a skilled profession, known as "district nursing."

Miss Nightingale also wrote books of great value to her profession. "Notes on Nursing" is a little classic—as packed with common sense and science as it is with inspiration—which any woman or man can read with pleasure. By these means—by directing her own hospital, by agitating for others, by scattering knowledge broadcast in her books,—Florence Nightingale turned her Crimean experience into a general reform. Now there are hospitals perfectly equipped in every city—private hospitals for the rich, public hospitals where one may pay much, or little, according to his means. District nurses go everywhere, tending the sick, and showing the well how to keep well by clean and temperate living. Nurses examine children in the schools. They are ready for service in the great stores. Scarce a country doctor anywhere attempts a case of typhoid without calling a school-trained woman to assist him. And these nurses not only have skill—which Florence Nightingale proved necessary; they rightly enjoy the respect and admiration of every other

class—for Florence Nightingale made nursing the fashion. All this is of infinitely more importance than the two years' labor when she healed a few thousand soldiers. For thousands are healed now every day in all walks of life. She affected all modern history,—but just because her influence was so wide her history cannot here be written.

She lived until August 13, 1910. She was always very retiring, and details of her private life are very scant. As with the testimonial, she always avoided public honors. Nevertheless, she had a greater honor than any monument, in that she was revered every day in the year by all who knew her name. This pleasing anecdote is told of a regiment that had suffered at Scutari. The officer heard of a bust just completed by a sculptor. He obtained permission to march his squad into the studio—they not knowing why. When the bust was unveiled, the men instantly broke out in a cry "Miss Nightingale," and with hats off cheered loud and long the image of their nurse. Another time a vote was taken at a banquet on who of the Crimean workers would be longest remembered. And every slip read Florence Nightingale.

She accomplished one of the greatest and most characteristic reforms of modern times. It is well that she was recognized and honored for it. And some will say that she deserved all the more glory because she did it as a woman. But this she herself denied. With

her the work was the main thing. She would take no honor for herself and she would take none for her sex. Where work is to be done she would efface all distinctions among those who may do it.

“Surely,” she said, “woman should bring the best she has, whatever that is, to the work of God’s world, without attending to either of these cries. It does not make a thing good that it is remarkable that a woman should have been able to do it, neither does it make a thing bad, which would have been good had a man done it, that it has been done by a woman.” “O, leave these jargons and go your way straight to God’s work, in simplicity and singleness of heart!” She herself had gone in singleness of heart. For the work was indeed to her “God’s work.” “Nursing,” she said, “is an art; and if it is to be made an art requires as exclusive a devotion as any painter’s or sculptor’s work; for what is the having to do with dead canvas or cold marble compared with having to do with the living body, the temple of God’s spirit? Nursing is one of the fine arts; I had almost said the finest of the fine arts.”



CLARA BARTON

CLARA BARTON

EVERY year at Christmas the United States mail is full of letters, packages and boxes to which Red Cross stamps have been affixed; from the sale of the stamps, money is derived for the prevention of tuberculosis. Their presence is largely due to the influence of a woman named Clara Barton. She was born on Christmas day; she founded the Red Cross in America; and whatever disease or misfortune beset her people, it was her enemy, and she led in the fight against it.

Clara Barton was born near Oxford, Worcester County, Massachusetts, in 1821. Her father had fought under Mad Anthony, and still possessed a store of military tales; but to Clara he was known only as a hero long retired, and the present owner of a lean hill farm. The girl's early experience was that of an ordinary American farm child.

She never played with dolls, but, from the first with living animals—ducks, dogs, and horses. She was an outdoor child, healthy and athletic. In summer she scampered free through the woods and meadows and in winter coasted on her toboggan down the snowy hill-sides. As early as her fifth year, her brother David would fling her astride of a tall, bare-backed horse, leap on another himself and,

leading her mount, dash away at a mad gallop through the pasture, while she hung onto the mane for dear life. The exercise was to good purpose, for she wrote long afterward, as a woman of seventy-seven, "To this day my seat on a saddle or on the back of a horse is as secure and tireless as in a rocking chair, and far more pleasurable."

Clara was just as precocious at country work as she was at country play. The youngest, by a dozen years, of a family of two boys and two girls, many duties, too small for stronger muscles, were shifted upon her shoulders. She brought home the cows, and milked, and wearied her small arms on the dasher of the churn. She dropped potatoes while her father covered, weeded the onion beds, and picked the berries for pies. Though she became adept in all the countless tasks of the farm and the farmhouse, it is not recorded that she had special aptitude for any particular one. Like any country girl, she did them all because they were there to be done, turning with ready interest and deft hand now to one, and now to another.

Clara's training in school subjects was as varied and as thorough as her training in farm work. The relation of the rest of the family to her was naturally that of mature, serious-minded teachers. As David taught her horsemanship, so her older brother led her into the mysteries of mathematics, her two sisters—already teachers in the public schools—inter-

ested her in literature, and her father drilled her in history and politics.

These seeds of book learning fell also upon fertile soil. The sisters probably wished it a little less fertile when she woke them up, before light of a cold winter morning, to find places on the map by the flare of a tallow candle. And the teacher must have wrinkled his brows over the new prodigy on her first day in school. "I was seated," writes Miss Barton, "on one of the low benches and sat very still. At length the majestic schoolmaster seated himself, and, taking a primer, called the class of little ones to him. He pointed the letters to each. I named them all, and was asked to spell some little words, 'dog,' 'cat,' etc., whereupon, I hesitatingly informed him that I 'did not spell there.' 'Where do you spell?' 'I spell in artichoke,' that being the leading word in the three syllable column in my speller. He good-naturedly conformed to my suggestion, and I was put into the 'artichoke' class to bear my part for the winter, and read and 'spell for the head.' "

The indications, so far, were that Clara Barton would make her mark in any field where fortune might cast her. But while she was still quite young there appeared a single unfortunate trait that threatened to spoil all the others and to clog her every step. With all her courage displayed in hardy outdoor sports, she was painfully bashful and timid in the presence of people. She could not bring her-

self to mention her personal needs to her very mother. One Sunday morning, she joined the church-going party with bare hands. Asked where her gloves were, she hesitatingly replied that she had none. They were worn out. When her mother asked her why she had not spoken of the fact, so that new gloves could be bought, the sensitive girl burst into tears and fled from the room.

A young person of such excessive modesty would obviously not succeed in strange parts. The parents, thinking that perhaps contact with strangers would overcome the vexatious trait, sent her away, in her tenth year, to high school. But she was afraid of her teacher and schoolmates, afraid to recite, afraid to eat. At last she became dangerously ill, from nothing at all but timidity, and was packed off home again in haste. Believing herself a failure, she settled once more into the routine of farm life. Handy as she was at any trick, mental or physical, playful or serious, her bashfulness stood ever in her way, and it seemed that only in the seclusion and solitude of the farm could she be happy and useful.

When she was eleven years of age, however, a memorable accident occurred. Her brother David, her riding master and childhood's idol, sustained an injury from a fall and later came down with a fever. The physicians of the region knew little of therapeutics beyond blistering and blood-letting. They were frankly baffled by this mysterious case of "settled

fever;" and by their desperate applications of knife and plaster, and leech, they succeeded in keeping the poor fellow at death's door for nearly two years.

David, in his miserable state, clung helplessly to the child Clara. She was stricken with grief at his misfortune. For hours at a time she sat by his bedside, and could not be taken away except by compulsion. With a boldness unnatural to her, she insisted on attending to his every want. From an outdoor girl she was transformed into one who for two years "almost forgot that there was an outside to the house." She learned to handle the leeches and dress the blisters and to "take all directions for his medicines from his physician and to administer them." In the intensity of her affection she became so confident and bold that she virtually banished the older members of the family from the room.

By the time David recovered, the girl of thirteen was well grounded in the valuable art of nursing. And those who watched her began dimly to discern something else. From all the activities possible to one of her gifts, there might be some that her timidity would not impede.

For the present, however, her prospects seemed very slender. Her occupation of two years was gone. At the same time the round of serious duties to which she had been hardened gave her a premature sense of the value of the passing hour and the necessity of being

usefully employed; but on the other hand, when she issued from her seclusion, she was, in the face of the strange world, more diffident and retiring than ever. Unless some idolized relative were again stretched on the sick bed, to what could she devote her gifts and her energy? Clara grew restless, then despondent, then feverishly anxious for something to do. She resumed her home studies under the tuition of her brothers and sisters. She tramped a mile and a half to school through the snow—but to little purpose, for the teachers were less advanced than she. Once, for two weeks, she operated a loom in her brother's mill, until, as the joke went, her too rapid motions produced combustion and set the building on fire. But still she was oppressed with a sense of idleness; and still her nature shrank when she would have struck out into any suitable labor. Then, in the nick of time, there came one to reassure and direct her.

In Clara Barton's youth, the now discredited "science" of phrenology was very popular and influential. Mr. Fowler, a professor of the "science," lectured one winter at Oxford, and boarded, during the time, with the Bartons. With him, the mother discussed the case of her "peculiar" daughter. The professor undertook, by a study of the bumps, to ascertain for what the girl was destined. "She will never assert herself for herself," he announced. "She will suffer wrong first—but for others she will be perfectly fearless. Throw responsibility

upon her. She has all the qualifications of a teacher. As soon as her age will permit, give her a school to teach.”

It was so decided. At sixteen years of age, Miss Clara took charge of District School Number Nine. Strangely enough, the predictions of the “scientist” were fulfilled. Too frightened, on the opening day, to look her pupils in the face, the girl had to fasten her eyes upon her Bible and read aloud to them until she gained composure. She soon observed, however, that they respected and even stood in awe of her. That was a totally new experience—that anyone should feel abashed before her. The timid girl’s warm sympathy flowed out to those who were also timid; and almost in a day her weakness had been transmuted into a teacher’s most golden attributes—sympathetic understanding and kindness.

One day some of the younger pupils were being bullied by the older ones on the playground. Miss Barton rushed out to calm the strife. She took a part in the game and while protecting the weak she proved herself, both in athletic skill and in judgment, the superior of the strong. That was precisely what the phrenologist had said: devotion to the weak could make her strong. And the man need not have based his statement on the evidence of cranial bumps alone, for the girl had borne witness to the same truth in the care of her brother. Shrewdness of mind and hand that might excel in almost any endeavor she un-

doubtedly possessed, but generally her personal fears crippled her effort. When serving others, however, as nurse, as teacher—perhaps in any capacity—she could forget herself, and then her versatile talents came into free play.

In discipline, Miss Barton's school ranked first in the town. On the publication of this news, she was invited to teach in several districts where discipline was needed. She no longer disliked the occupation, since it called out her finest powers. So for nearly eight consecutive years she followed it, excepting only a brief period when she studied at Clinton, New York. The quality of her teaching may be inferred from a single instance. In Bordentown, New Jersey, a number of religions were contending one against another, and the partisans of each sect undertook to educate their own children in denominational schools. As a matter of fact, a great many children belonged to none of these institutions. No free public school was in existence. Three times one had been started, but each time opposition had crushed it, or weak management had let it die. As a result, the brightest boys ran untaught on the streets, and Bordentown's future citizens threatened to be disgracefully ignorant and criminal.

Into this town went Clara Barton to found a public school. The citizens told her it could not be done. She said she hoped to convince them it could; and she assumed responsibility for three months at her own expense! They

loaned her a tumble-down building and she began with six pupils. In four weeks the room overflowed and another had to be annexed. The following year a new building was erected with seats for the five hundred pupils who desired admission. The authorities willingly voted their teacher the salary she had agreed to do without.

Ill health in 1854 forced Miss Barton to resign from the Bordentown position and, as it chanced, from her profession. While on a visit to Washington the same year she learned of certain scandals in the Patent Office. The clerks were betraying the ideas of inventors who had filed patents. In these defrauded inventors, Miss Barton saw another class of weak or undefended people, like the boys of Bordentown, like her invalid brother. Her temper was aroused. She thought she could help. Though the farm had been her principal school, and teaching her only profession, she felt that she could adapt her strength to any task, so long as the task, as the phrenologist said, was "for others." Just here Miss Barton did a rather curious thing, but a thing that, as time went on, would in her seem less curious. She deliberately forsook one profession and took up another.

Through a relative in Congress, she was appointed head clerk in the Patent Office. As the first woman employee of the department, the clerks resented her intrusion. They ranged themselves along the walls of the corridor

through which she had to walk and stared at her and whistled softly as she passed. They meant to drive her out. Rudeness failing, they tried slander; and, after that, disobedience. But the woman was undaunted. She discharged some clerks and by reproof and by example instilled into the rest a new sense of honor. She remained at her post three years. By 1857 when she was removed for alleged anti-slavery sentiments, she had thoroughly reformed the office.

The next few years were uneventful. Miss Barton lived at her home in Massachusetts keeping house and doing clerical work for her brothers. Meanwhile the premonitory rumblings of the Civil War had begun to shake the land. The friends of peace and unity were everywhere distraught. And Clara Barton—the daughter of a soldier—did not pass those quiet years without much grim thinking and resolving. A friend reports this conversation with her:

“She had saved a little in time of peace and she intended to devote it and herself to the services of her country and of humanity. If war must be she neither expected nor desired to come out of it with a dollar. If she survived she could no doubt earn a living; and if she did not, it was no matter.”

Through the winter of 1860-61, she resided at Washington and there on April 19 came an event which again definitely altered the course of her life. The practical farm girl

and child-nurse, the kind but forceful teacher, and the methodical, conscientious clerk were dismissed into her past; or, rather, she combined them all in a new and stronger character for her new and greater work.

One day a train rolled into Washington from Baltimore, and from it alighted not the usual throng of cheerful travelers, but a horde of torn and muddy soldiers. Some of them were limping, some had arms trussed up, and some were borne on stretchers. These fellows had been in a battle. Clara Barton was at the station and saw them detrained. She recognized them as the Sixth Massachusetts militia—and recognized, too, some of her own friends from home and her former pupils!

The wounded men were hurried to the infirmary; the uninjured were quartered in the Capitol. But forty fresh patients, arriving all at once, disturbed the arrangements of a quiet, peace-time hospital. The place was overtaxed and thrown almost into a panic. Miss Barton had come with a crowd in the wake of the ambulance. She saw the confusion—the dearth of cots, the scarcity of nurses, the pain of the soldiers who lay unattended. What better chance to serve “her country and humanity?” She was something of a nurse herself, and knew where to take hold. So she quietly put on her apron and with ready adroitness busied herself in the wards, helping dress the boys’ wounds, reading them the news, and writing letters to their parents.

Later, she went to the Capitol. She found the soldiers there half famished, for they were unexpected guests, and the military authorities had not unpacked their stores. The men were not starved only; they were discouraged and pessimistic, and to their minds the American nation was crashing down to ruin. Clara Barton thereupon made a trip to the market, bought baskets of food and had them carried to the Capitol. While the grateful soldiers feasted, she mounted the Speaker's platform and made them forget their gloom by reading newspaper accounts of their impressive progress toward the front.

This was the beginning. And now, "as if by magic the peaceful North became one vast camp." Soldiers poured into Washington from all quarters, bound for the South. A good many of them had been taken ill on the way and were consigned to hospitals where as yet there was insufficient provision for them. Miss Barton was on the watch and went to the aid of the unfortunates. They wrote home about her, and one morning she awoke to find herself—not famous yet—but useful to the full extent of her powers.

That morning the postman handed her a great bundle of letters. She tore one open. The mother of one of her Bordentown pupils enclosed a letter to him and begged Miss Barton to deliver it. She opened another. A girl from Oxford asked her to be sure a certain ailing brother did not want for medicine. She

opened another—but before she could digest the fifty, an express wagon rattled up with a load of boxes and barrels—addressed to Clara Barton! Here was a crate of jellies from some family she knew, here a case of cordials from a sewing circle, here a barrel of food to entice bed-ridden soldiers, or of bandages to bind up their wounds. All these things Miss Barton was asked to parcel out—some to certain designated persons, the rest, according to her wisdom, wherever the nation's men could use it.

This was the second step. The next followed soon. Before long Miss Barton's room, as well as several warerooms that she had leased, was overflowing with supplies. But meanwhile need of them abated, for the hospitals and commissaries had got into working order. Washington was no longer the place for Clara Barton. As she once said, she wanted "something to do that no one else would do; something that no one else had thought of doing."

For some time she had assisted at the wharves where the bloody and dying men, brought up the Potomac on transports, were unloaded. The poor fellows, on whom the mud and gore of battle was "baked hard like the shell of turtles," got no relief till they were lodged in the hospitals. Disgraceful! Clara Barton could not permit that. She boarded one of those transports with restoratives and food, and went down the river to where the suf-

ferers were received from the battlefield, and tended them during the return voyage. But even that would not suffice. Some of the victims did not reach the boat until long, weary days after their misfortune. Miss Barton saw that much pain could be alleviated by a nurse present on the actual field of battle. Here was at last "something no one else had thought of doing."

Clara Barton had never nursed behind the firing line. It is doubtful if she had ever heard of a woman's doing it—though Florence Nightingale, a few years earlier, had made bold to go to the Crimean hospitals, and thousands of American women under the "Sanitary and Christian Commission" were even now hastening to the front. She had only taught school and kept books; but she believed that she could also do this new and greater work. She took stock of her talents and fearlessly made her third lightning change from one occupation to another.

Miss Barton applied for a pass beyond the army lines, and, after many rebuffs, was granted one. No department of the Government employed her, however, nor did she ever attach herself to the Sanitary and Christian Commission. She was subject to no one; she had authority over no one. She was simply an American woman, free to stay if she would, free to go if she could. Yet she was encouraged from the first by individual officers. Finally, after Culpepper Court House, and Cedar

Mountain, where, under fire for hours, she helped the surgeons in the field hospitals and asserted her practical sense in portioning out the food and medicine from her own wagons, the quartermaster granted her requisitions from the government stores and ample means for transportation. Thus was perfected the famous army nurse. From now on, she followed the Union forces and was just behind the battle line at many of the most deadly conflicts.

At Antietam, when the fighting began, her muleteers drove their wagons through a field of tall corn to an old homestead. The shot whizzed thick around them. "In the barnyard and among the corn lay torn and bleeding men—the worst cases just brought from the places where they had fallen." The army medical supplies had not yet arrived, and the surgeons were trying to make bandages of corn husks! To them Clara Barton opened her own stock. Then she hurried among the wounded to revive them with bread steeped in wine. When her bread gave out, she took meal from her wagons and mixed gruel which was carried along the line for miles in buckets. Though the operating had begun in the morning, the fields at nightfall were still strewn with wounded soldiers. Then the distracted surgeons confessed that they had no candles, and could not stir till daylight. Hundreds of men would perish unattended. At that, Clara Barton ran to her wagons and returned with bush-

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els of candles and thirty lanterns to burn them in. The operating proceeded—all night, and all next day. And only on the third day did the regular army supplies arrive.

Miss Barton's courage is well illustrated in an episode at Fredericksburg. In a division of the army across the river from the city, she was watching over an injured rebel when a message arrived with the request that she come into the city to organize a diet kitchen. Hearing the message, the dying soldier whispered to her, "Lady, you have been kind to me. . . . Every street and lane of the city is covered by our cannon. When your entire army has reached the other side of the Rappahannock, they will find Fredericksburg only a slaughter pen. Not a regiment will escape. Do not go over, for you will go to certain death." Miss Barton merely soothed her friend until in spite of all her efforts he died; then, in the face of his advice, she crossed the river into the threatened town. But this instance of the woman's daring is only one in many. She was constantly in danger. Her clothing was often pierced by bullets and her face blackened by the powder smoke. At Antietam, when stooping to raise a fallen lad, a ball passed between her arm and her body, entered the soldier's breast and killed him.

Not less heroic was her patient endurance on Morris Island, when the Federals were holding it. No vegetation, not even a weed, grew on the island. The sun was blistering hot, and

ocean gales swept the sand, driving it into the eyes and nostrils of the defenders. Light, floorless tents, which the wind sometimes upset, were the only protection. Yet Clara Barton was on duty here for an entire summer. Sheltered in the lee of a sand hill, with three or four men to help her, she toiled through the long days, boiling water, washing wounds, and preparing tea and coffee and delicate foods. Living on soldiers' rations herself, she more than once broke down. But she arose in a few days as determined, if not as vigorous, as ever. "The other ladies," so she commented, "thought they could not endure the climate, and, as I knew somebody must take care of the soldiers, I went."

Clara Barton would not accept any comforts that were not common to all, or that were obtained at the expense of non-combatant Southerners. Once some soldiers brought her a costly and elegant carpet.

"What is this for?" she asked. "It is for you," they said. "You have been so good to us that we wanted to bring you something."

"Where did you get it?"

"We confiscated it."

"No, no," cried the woman, "that will never do. Governments confiscate. Soldiers, when they take such things, steal."

And she made them carry the carpet back to the deserted house from which they had taken it.

Thus for four years Miss Barton hovered on

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the bloody trail of war. By her ingenious practicality, she was able to foresee what things would be necessary in any emergency; by her business acumen, she was able to obtain them beforehand and rush them to the field. In this manner she rendered invaluable aid to the overworked and ill-equipped surgeons. She gave the relief corps of the armies an object lesson in efficiency which they would not be slow to improve. Of greater consequence, however, she found a new profession for woman: that of going in person behind the battle lines, to nurse the men who were shot in her country's fight. It was a discovery worthy of one who could be fearless only for others, and who wanted to do what no one else had thought of doing.

So much was pure patriotism. Yet here and there she gave tokens of a passion still larger. She respected scrupulously the property rights of the Southerners. And where she could, she nursed her stricken foes as well as her friends. That was the purest humanity, and in that lay the promise of her future.

While on the field, Miss Barton had compiled hospital and burial lists. After the war, other lists were put into her hands. The friends of missing soldiers began to inquire where such and such men of such and such regiments were buried, that a stone might be set up over their graves. The government had no bureau to answer such inquiries. Here was another opening for the ever-ready Miss

Barton. From an office in Washington, she superintended a vast correspondence and traced over thirty thousand men, living and dead. This service was undertaken at her own risk, without pay. But later the government reimbursed her.

From 1867 to 1869, Miss Barton lectured through the North on the lyceum circuit. In 1869, she went to Europe for a rest. Her nation was now at peace. Her patriotism was spent. She might have thought her greatest, if not her whole life work, was completed. But in Europe, unexpectedly, there opened a new phase of her career in which all the others culminated.

While resting and sight-seeing in Geneva, Miss Barton was called on one day by a gentleman who said he "represented the International Committee of the Red Cross." "What," demanded Miss Barton, "was the Red Cross?" The visitor explained that the Red Cross was a society founded six years before, in 1863, by M. Henri Durant of Geneva. Its purpose—supported by a treaty which nearly all the nations of Europe had ratified—was to exempt from capture those caring for the wounded on battlefields. Among the wounded it recognized no difference of nation or cause, but only the fact that they were human, and in trouble. Thus the very armies that were shooting each other down, would at the same time co-operate through their medical staffs to succor the victims of

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either side. The society had circulated its leaflets in America. Was it possible Miss Barton had read none of them?

Miss Barton had to reply that she did not read French easily. Moreover, she had been too busy, both during and since the war, to occupy herself with pamphlets in a foreign tongue. However, she did heartily approve of the principles of the society. In fact, she had acted on that principle herself,—and for doing so had been accused of disloyalty to the national cause.

They had heard as much, said the man. She recognized, as they did, that the cause of humanity was greater than the cause of any nation. That was the very reason why he was addressing her now. The society had been trying to get the United States to sign its treaty; but the United States had, like herself, been too busy and too uninformed to think about it. In short, would she represent them in laying the matter before her government?

Miss Barton was impressed by the argument and promised the International Committee of the Red Cross to do as they desired. Her enthusiasm was rather cool, however, for issues more urgent were upon her. In 1870 the Franco-German war broke out. Men were being killed; the horrors of our own Civil War would be repeated, with no one there to mitigate them. Should the woman who of all people in the world probably knew best how to nurse on the battlefield flee the country in

order to advocate a treaty in a peaceful land beyond the sea? No—Miss Barton's rule was to do the thing that lay nearest at hand.

She set out in the path of the German army, to duplicate her deeds of the American war. She performed a splendid service, especially at Strasburg and Paris, where, advancing private funds, she not only doctored the sick, but fed, clothed and employed the needy. But while she labored independently as she had at home, her relief was everywhere aided and sometimes forestalled. If she arrived a half hour after a battle commenced, she found that in some shady place behind a hill there had sprung up already a village of little white tents. From far and near came squads of men bearing stretchers—and on every man's arm was strapped a bright red cross. They carried their burdens inside the tents. There stood long, low tables, with heaps of shining instruments and clean lint. And surgeons with deft fingers turned hastily to their mournful but humane work.

The numbers of the men and the speed with which they moved were a revelation to Clara Barton. Of what use were her feeble efforts? The ministrations of a solitary neutral woman on the battlefield was, indeed, but a clumsy and antique device. The profession she had virtually originated was snatched from her! A smooth-working organization had assumed it.

Clara Barton, however, was not disconcerted. The organization would be the thing of the

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future; that was proved. So this woman of quick adjustments shifted her ground, turned about, and calmly and wisely put her hand to the helm of that organization!

“As I saw the work of these Red Cross Societies in the field,” she writes, “accomplishing in four months under their systematic organization what we failed to accomplish in four years without it,—no mistakes, no needless suffering, no waste, no confusion, but order, plenty, cleanliness and comfort wherever that little flag made its way—as I saw all this and joined and worked in it, you will not wonder that I said to myself, ‘If I live to return to my country, I will make my people understand the Red Cross and that treaty.’”

Her resolution, however, had to be deferred for some years on account of illness. Meantime, Dr. Bellows, of the Sanitary and Christian Commission, had tried to perpetuate that society and had actually founded a Red Cross branch in New York. The branch was dissolved, however, mainly because it could not secure recognition from the government at Washington. The government was still “too busy.” It might persist in that condition forever unless some one stubbornly demanded a few moments of its precious time. Clara Barton went to Washington in 1877 prepared to act with the necessary persistence.

There for five years she hammered at the gates of legislation. She bore letters to the President. She published leaflets for distribu-

tion among the senators. She lectured and wrote, to spread her novel idea among the people. She lobbied in Congress, winning over influential friends one by one. At last, in 1882 under President Arthur, the convention was signed, and an American branch of the Red Cross was established—with Clara Barton as its first president.

It had been a remarkable transition from the timid little girl of Oxford to the world-famous woman worrying Congress into an international treaty. Nevertheless, her last achievement was not in nature different from her earliest when she nursed her crippled brother. She still, as from the first, was for others “absolutely fearless.” “Soldiers do not die painless deaths,” she declared, “the sum of all human agony finds its equivalent on the battlefield, in the hospital, by the weary wayside, and in the prison.” Though still somewhat timid in the presence of others, and averse to public speaking, the woman, when the occasion arose, could face and convince the most august body of men in the nation.

The “American National Association of the Red Cross” as first established in accordance with the treaty of Geneva was a very simple affair. It was not a branch of the government and subsidized as such, but an ordinary benevolent society composed of men and women who cared to walk up and sign the constitution. It had no income except what someone might contribute. Miss Barton appointed her own

officers, who, like herself, were unsalaried.

But now when the woman stopped to consider what she had done, her heart probably sank within her. To all appearances she had squandered five years for nothing at all. She had her Red Cross safe and sound. But what could the Red Cross do? Our nation had settled its civil quarrel and, on account of its isolated position, would seldom go to war with foreign powers. The new society would consequently become a mere name with a paper existence. This threatened inertness did not suit the taste of the energetic leader. Heretofore, when a great emergency pressed upon her, she had simply chosen for herself an office in which she could do the casual and temporary work. Now she was officially seated in an office, a high office; but there was not a duty anywhere in sight. The solution was characteristic of her. She created duties for the office.

“War,” she said, “although the most tragic is not the only evil that assails humanity.” Almost daily, in times of peace the papers told of distress in some part of the country, as widespread and almost as acute as that in times of strife. It was no powder or sword that had caused the suffering. A river had overflowed its valley, a fire had ravaged a forest, a cyclone had turned a city upside down; and the people were houseless, hungry, wounded—just as after Antietam or Fredericksburg. Why could not the Red Cross treat

the scene of these calamities like a field of battle?

To make a long story short, Clara Barton amended the Geneva treaty to provide for Red Cross aid in time of peace. Of all her practical adjustments, this was the cleverest. She who had always adapted herself to new duties as they pressed in upon her, now made shift to discover new duties that would besem her office and her taste. It was also her last adjustment, for this time she had a work that would never be done.

The society now took as its motto, "People's help for national needs." Yet no "people" belonged to it; and the nation of people did not acknowledge its right to meddle with their needs. As a matter of fact, comparatively few of them had given it a moment's thought. It remained to be seen whether the president could induce them to do so.

Now Miss Barton was residing at the time at a sanitarium in Dansville, New York. The citizens of the town, "desirous of paying a compliment to her, and at the same time of doing an honor to themselves, conceived the idea of organizing in their town the first local society of the Red Cross in the United States." A meeting was called "attended by citizens generally, including nearly all the religious denominations with their respective pastors." Miss Barton addressed them. A constitution was presented and signed and officers elected. Almost immediately a terrible forest fire

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was reported in Michigan. "So sweeping has been the destruction," read one account, "that there is not food left in its track for a rabbit to eat, and indeed, no rabbit to eat it if there were."

Miss Barton's hour had come. She issued a prompt call to action. The young society rented rooms and unfurled its white banner with the scarlet cross. Men, women and children instantly flocked to the rooms bearing gifts of clothing and food. A band of women inspected the articles, stamped them with the red cross, packed them, and dispatched them to the relief committee in Michigan. Money, too, was deposited; and that this might be wisely used, a special agent went out to observe the condition of the sufferers. Meanwhile, the neighboring city of Rochester, hearing of Dansville's activity, hastened to form a similar society, and to send money and a judicious agent to the field.

A little later a cyclone occurred in Louisiana. More local branches sprang up. Then came the Ohio river floods, and still more branches. Miss Barton visited the scene in person. She telegraphed to the societies where her headquarters would be and there the contributions came by the trainload. She chartered a steamboat, took on volunteer assistants, and "amid surging waters and crashing ice, the floating wrecks of towns and villages, great uprooted giants of the forest plunging madly to the sea," she herself super-

intended the distribution of fuel and clothing.

Thus the peace society of the Red Cross was started, and thus it continued to grow. Before long there were local branches all over the country. Even then the national association remained essentially the same as on the day of its first inception. There was no firm organization. When a disaster befell, Miss Barton rushed to the scene or sent a reliable deputy. The actual state of things was announced to the country through the press. The local branches everywhere forwarded their provisions and money, as did also many other-named charitable societies and individuals. Clara Barton or her aides, with volunteer help, dispensed the benefactions. They made report directly to each contributor, but not to the public. The surplus funds were put in the bank for a start in the next emergency.

The Red Cross society was present at the Johnstown flood, at the Charlestown earthquake, at Galveston, and on a hundred other fields of sudden disaster. It gave food, clothing, medicine, lumber for houses, tools to build them with, seed to sow in the ground—and even lessons in agriculture. Thus it helped thousands not only with fare for the day, but with the means of sustaining themselves in permanence. In 1896 it crossed the sea to Armenia which had been laid waste by the Turks, obtained a permit from the Turkish government, and rescued great districts of the country from starvation and disease.

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By this time the founder of the Red Cross in America and the originator of the peace service must have forgotten that the society was ever intended as an adjunct in war. Floods, fires, and hurricanes had kept her reasonably busy, while no American army had taken the field in good earnest for over thirty years. But at last, in 1898, as if to crown her career, a war did break out, in Cuba.

At the President's request, Miss Barton and her helpers had gone to the island to work among the women and children of the reconcentrados. When hostilities were declared, they took possession of the relief ship, *State of Texas*. Soon came news of a battle. "It is the Rough Riders we go to," wrote Miss Barton in her diary, "and the relief may be also rough, but it will be ready." They proceeded to Siboney, put in order both the Cuban and American hospitals, hoisted over them the Red Cross flag and turned to for duty in the operating tents.

Then on the second day of the battle of San Juan came a message from General Shafter, "Send food, medicines, anything." Wagons were loaded from the *State of Texas*, during the night, and driven to the field. "The sight that met us on going into the so-called hospital grounds," says Miss Barton, "was something indescribable. . . . A few little dog tents not much larger than could have been made of an ordinary table cloth thrown over a short rail, and under these lay huddled together the

men fresh from the field or from the operating tables, with no covering over them . . . and in the majority of cases, no blanket under them." There they lay, now scorched by the sun, now drenched with the rain, aching from wounds, and with little or nothing to eat and drink.

But the Red Cross nurses tore up some bolts of cotton for blankets. Then they built a fireplace, put on the kettles, and began mixing gruel. "I had not thought to ever make gruel again over a camp fire," said Miss Barton. "I cannot say how far it carried me back in the lapse of time, or really where, or who I felt that I was. . . . It did not seem me, and still I seemed to know how to do it." She did know, right well; and there she stayed all night, and the days following, until the patients could be removed to Siboney.

Miss Barton later carried relief to the fever camp at Siboney. When Santiago was occupied, the *State of Texas*, by Admiral Sampson's permission, was the first American ship to steam into the harbor. There Miss Barton and her company ended the Cuban war by stamping out the yellow fever among the natives. President McKinley, in his message of 1908, speaks "in terms of cordial appreciation" of the "timely and useful work of the American Red Cross . . . under the able and experienced leadership of the president of the society, Miss Clara Barton."

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Throughout the war, the Red Cross acted as a department of the government, as it really was. But, the war over and peace activities resumed, this relation was again forgotten.

Clara Barton remained president. She was, to be exact, a great deal more than president. She was the Red Cross; and the Red Cross was neither more nor less than Clara Barton. Outside of her it had only a vaporous existence. It was "her child," as she said, and she "naturally and willingly provided for it." She furnished space for its headquarters in her own home at Washington. From there she received and dispensed the charities of a nation, amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars, without even being requested to publish her accounts,—an example of personal leadership almost unparalleled.

Toward the last the effectiveness of her business methods was questioned. And on her retirement in 1904, the society reorganized and elected Secretary of War Taft, its president. So the Red Cross of Peace, like the Red Cross of War, passed directly under government patronage. Miss Barton's "child," at her death in 1912, was the adopted child of the nation. Her personal devotion, however, had already planted the idea of it in the hearts of the people better than any official bureau could do.

Thus the little girl who had nursed her brother became at last the nurse of the nation; the young woman who had protected her weak-

ling pupils, succored the unfortunates of all the world.

She had not aimed so high when she began, for had she been so visionary she would probably have arrived nowhere at all! She attacked practical issues always.

“I have no mission,” she says. “I have never had a mission. But I have always had more work than I could do lying around my feet and I try hard to get it out of the way so as to go on and do the next.”

JULIA WARD HOWE

SOMETIME in the twenties of the nineteenth century, a woman was walking on the beach at Newport, when she met the Wards, a wealthy and aristocratic family from New York City. The daughter Julia, seven or eight years old, was not bathing, or frisking up and down the level sand, or basking in the sun. She walked along sedately, her hand tucked in that of her father; and her head was enveloped in a thick, green worsted veil.

“Little Julia has another freckle to-day,” the woman was told. The dreadful blemish had appeared on the “delicate ivory complexion” the day before. But, “It was not her fault; the nurse forgot her veil.”

As she was veiled against the impertinence of the sun, so Julia—or Miss Ward, as the servants respectfully called her—was relieved of the necessity of physical exertion. For recreation she walked with her mother in the garden, and every afternoon at three o'clock entered the big yellow family coach for a drive behind fat horses. Her nurse occasionally led her out to where she could see the young girls of the neighborhood skipping rope; but it is not recorded that she herself ever “ran through” or even so much as “turned.”

For Miss Ward had to be reared according



JULIA WARD HOWE

to her station, and her station was high. She was born May 27, 1819, in the city of New York. Her father was a Wall Street banker. Both he and the mother came of distinguished families, and they were courted by the most exclusive society.

Julia did not, however, blossom freely in a social way during her early years. The mother died, and the father, feeling that he must exercise the vigilance of two parents at once, grew cautious to a fault.

"He dreaded for his children the dissipation of fashionable society, and even the risks of general intercourse with the unsanctified many," wrote the daughter long afterward. He was so careful in selecting her associates that often she had none at all. And since her sisters were much younger, and her brothers absent at boarding school, there was left to her just one course—to become a student of books.

Julia was taught at home up to the age of nine, when, not from preference, but because no governess gave satisfaction, her father sent her to a private school. Education at that time consisted mainly in memorizing from the text; and since Julia was endowed with a quick and retentive memory, she made rapid headway. For languages she had a special aptitude. She had spoken French almost from her cradle—for besides the man who gave her lessons in conversation, did not a French servant dress her hair, and a second mix the salad for dinner? Italian she mastered almost as early.

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And her father wrote in a letter to his sister, "Julia knows three words of Spanish, and talks it all day long." At the same time a master of dancing came to the house to "finish" the girl in that art. First a Frenchman and later an Italian was retained to have a care for her musical culture. And she was allowed to exhibit her skill, now and then, before a select coterie of uncles and cousins.

It may be conjectured that under this fashionable course of training the girl would not acquire much dexterity at the various forms of housework. "I remember when a thimble was first given to me," she says, "some simple bit of work being at the same time placed in my hand. Someone said, 'Take the needle in this hand.' I did so, and, placing the thimble on a finger of the other hand, I began to sew without its aid, to the amusement of my teacher. This trifle appears to me an early indication of a want of perception as to the use of tools which has accompanied me through life."

Julia was, in fact, inclined to be impractical; and, worse to come, she was absent and dreamy. She once wore to school, without knowing it, a blue shoe on one foot and a green one on the other. Her mother complained that when calling on friends she paid no heed to what was going on around her, nor did she at home, if her own word is true. "In the large rooms of my father's house," she says, "I walked up and down perfectly alone, dreaming

of the extraordinary things that I should see and do.”

And what did she dream of doing that she should be impolite to the neighbors and make herself comical before her schoolmates? For one thing, naturally, she dreamed of writing, since of Milton and Byron and Shakespeare she read so much; for another thing, of dresses and balls, and all social gayeties, for which she was evidently being prepared, but of which, as yet, she had caught scarcely a glimpse. And inevitably, when she tried her hand at writing, she would treat of those fascinating scenes in which she would sometime move. Her earliest printed poem relates to the costuming at a certain ball. It ends:

Perhaps mantillas were the passion,
Perhaps ferronieres were in fashion,—
I cannot, and I will not tell.
But this one thing I wot full well,
That every lady there was dressed
In what she thought became her best.

At the age of sixteen Miss Julia left school. The event awakened her to the sad fact that time was passing, and she resolved to have done with her romantic day dreams for the present, and to excel, if it might be, in her studies. She accordingly laid out for herself a strenuous course, including French, German, literature, history and philosophy. For each subject she set aside regular hours of the day;

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and lest the temptation to play should overpower her in these hours, she coaxed the maid to tie her fast in a chair. Her brother Samuel, returning from a European university, brought a library in which she could browse at will. And the father, for the special benefit of his children, added a spacious art gallery to his house, and filled it with the choicest pictures obtainable in New York.

The girl's associations were such as to foster her natural inclination for study. With Bryant and Irving, New York was beginning to preen itself on its literary character; and Julia Ward met and spoke with these men, and admired them with the rest, in the society where they were the fashion. Not unnaturally, as she says, "Through all these years there went with me the vision of some great work or works which I myself should give to the world. I should write the novel or play of the age. . . . I find it difficult to account for a sense of literary responsibility which never left me and which I must consider to have formed a part of my spiritual make-up." Nor, once aware of the vision, did she ever allow it to slumber. She began several dramas—one of them founded on "Kenilworth"—but lost control of them in mid-career. A brief appreciation of the poems of Goethe and Schiller, published in the *New York Review*, was spoken of as "a charming paper, said to have been written by a lady." And on the death of her favorite music master, she wrote for a news-

paper some descriptive verses which were favorably noticed and widely copied.

This taste of print, however, and her delight in voluntary study were embittered by her enforced abstinence from social pleasures. The home life, under Mr. Ward's jealous eye, continued to be almost severely simple. On Sunday, for example, the children were expected to sit attentively through at least four services, to read only religious books and sing only hymns,—and to deny themselves to all company. During the week, the family would spend the evenings together—Mr. Ward on guard—with their books, needlework and music. A lecture, concert or party, all in strict propriety, might occasionally vary this routine.

The elder son, Samuel, meantime, had broken away completely from Mr. Ward's point of view, and frequently disputed with him on the question of social intercourse.

"Sir," said he one day, "you do not keep in view the importance of the social tie."

"The social what?" asked the father.

"The social tie, sir."

"I make small account of that."

"I will die in defense of it!" proclaimed the young man.

No such heroic sacrifice was necessary; but Samuel did go a good deal into fashionable society, and his brothers with him. And, with their lively table gossip tingling her ears, Miss Julia, who had a youthful passion for music and dancing, began secretly to chafe against

her father's restraint. To learn to play and sing under a music master, and learn to dance with a dancing master was all well enough; but such exercises, to a young woman, were not really singing and dancing. "I did not desire to be counted among 'fashionables,' but I did aspire to much greater freedom of association than was allowed me. . . . I seemed to myself like a young damsel of olden time, shut up within an enchanted castle. And I must say that my dear father, with all his noble generosity and overweening affection, sometimes appeared to me as my jailor."

As she grew out of her teens, however, her father's anxiety somewhat relaxed. Young Samuel married into the wealthy and fashionable Astor family; and though on the wedding night Miss Julia was ordered home while the jollity was at its height, she really counted her freedom from that hour. She often visited the Astor mansion, "made delightful by good taste, good manners and hospitable entertainment." Then, after the father's death, she went to live with Samuel, and the "social tie" was paid all the homage due it.

Someone made the remark years later that "if she were on a desert island with no inhabitants but one old nigger, she would give a party." The Manhattan of 1840 was anything but a desert, or devoid of congenial company. The young woman, wealthy and handsome, witty in conversation, and charming in song and dance, queened it joyously in the brilliant

circles of her native town. "The history of the next two years would, if written, chronicle a series of balls, concerts and dinners," she confesses. "These years glided by with fairy-like swiftness." Miss Ward did not abandon her studies nor the idea of writing the novel of the age. But while the pleasures of society engrossed her, any serious literary labors were indefinitely deferred. She wrote charades and clever dramatic skits to entertain her friends or for an interlude at a ball—but never any more heavy historic plays, like the one on the fall of Constantinople. The society girl had quite absorbed the student and writer.

"If this state of things had continued," she says, "I should probably have remained a frequenter of fashionable society, a musical amateur, and a *dilettante* in literature."

The fact was that, unbeknown to Miss Ward, her fates were spinning a web of quite a different color. While on a visit to Boston in 1841, Charles Sumner, the statesman, a particular intimate of her brother's, often called upon her. Mr. Sumner expatiated upon a friend of his, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, who had established the Perkins Institute for the blind, and had taught Laura Bridgman, a blind deaf mute, to make use of language. In company with Mr. Sumner, and the poet Longfellow, Miss Ward drove over one day to see the wonderful school and its teacher.

Dr. Howe was absent when they arrived, but before they took leave, "Mr. Sumner, looking

out of a window, said, 'O! here comes Howe on his black horse!' I looked out also, and beheld a noble rider on a noble steed. . . . He made an impression on us of unusual force and reserve."

More facts were soon forthcoming about this interesting man. He had fought with the Greeks in their war for independence,—bivou-acing on the bare rocks of the mountain side, and dining on roasted wasps. He had, latterly, not only founded the first school for the blind in this country, but had conducted a troupe of his pupils through several states and influenced the legislatures to build other schools. He had done only less important service for the feeble-minded and the insane. And, along with all the rest, he was hostile, heart and mind—and outspokenly so—to the system of negro slavery.

Altogether, Mr. Howe was a romantic and a commanding figure—a man of energy, who could do things for the betterment of his race; a man who contrasted splendidly with the devotees of fashion, among whom Miss Ward had recently moved, and, not less, with her ideals of a scholarly or literary career. "That he was indeed a hero, the events of his life sufficiently declare," wrote his biographer. It did not take him long to become a hero to Miss Ward. They fell in love, despite a discrepancy of twenty years in their ages, and in April, 1843, were married. She perhaps did not suspect that for a girl of fashion and a literary

dilettante to marry a reformer in that age of reformers, was to put herself in a very serious predicament.

The couple sailed for Europe, where the fame of Laura Bridgman had been heralded by Charles Dickens' *American Notes*, and they were fêted by many of the celebrities of the time. They had tea with Carlyle and Wordsworth. They were guests of various noblemen, at homes, and at theater parties and balls. The parents of Florence Nightingale entertained them at the Embly Park mansion. Dickens grew so familiar with them that he broke through all reserve; and once, at a dinner, when Mrs. Howe addressed her husband as "darling," the author "slid down to the floor, and, lying on his back, held up one of his small feet, quivering with pretended emotion. 'Did she called him 'darling,' ' he cried.'" All of this lionizing was very grateful to the American belle, the "stately Julia, queen of all," as someone described her. When in after years she was asked what most impressed her during this visit in London, she replied, "The clever people collected there."

Not so, however, with Dr. Samuel Howe; the witless people,—the feeble-minded, the ignorant and the deformed, were the ones who most impressed him. He went about with Dickens, it is true—but he went to Bridewell and Newgate prisons, and to the charity school. He accepted the hospitality of the Nightingales; but while there he took occasion to ad-

wise the daughter, Florence, to become a nurse. He studied schools, workhouses, prisons, and asylums of all kinds. An admirer gave him an etching with the inscription, "From a lover of truth to a lover of truth." In short, the gay young bride, like it or not, found herself in leading strings to a man intensely serious, an out and out philanthropist. Without missing any balls or theater parties, she felt constrained occasionally to accompany the doctor on his rounds to the public institutions. She wrote a humorous travesty in rhyme of a letter of his describing a blind deaf woman:

She has but one jaw,
Has teeth like a saw,
Her ears and her eyes I delight in;
The one could not hear
Tho' a cannon were near,
The others are holes with no sight in.

"But when I showed it to him, I was grieved to see how much he seemed pained at my frivolity." In fact, the doctor could not see the point of that kind of "humor;" it is doubtful if he could appreciate his young wife's charades and dramas for ball room consumption, or for that matter, any part of the gay, social life, that she thought so important. He was "pained" at her frivolity, and she was "grieved" to see it. The reformer had begun to reprove and sober the literary *dilettante* and the frequenter of fashionable society.

Upon their return to America, this influence was many times intensified. They lived near the Institute in South Boston, a "distinctly unfashionable" suburb, remote from the city, and by no means hand in glove with the city's socially *élite*. "I was now," she writes, "to make acquaintance with quite another city—with the Boston of the teachers, of the reformers, of the cranks, and also—of the apostles." For Mrs. Howe, like some who "marry a whole family," had, in taking her husband, in some measure married the whole race of reformers. Not that Mr. Howe consciously tried to attach her to that strenuous band—he even forbade her to undertake any work in his own school. But "reformers, cranks and apostles" were the kind of men who naturally grouped themselves around him, and the young wife, will or no, could hardly avoid them. "I endeavored," she says, "to enter reasonably into the functions and amusements of general society, and at the same time to profit by the resources of intellectual life which opened out before me."

So the freest thinkers and the boldest doers of Boston's golden age went continually in and out of the "Green Peace" homestead of the Howes. Edwin Booth, Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, Theodore Parker and numerous other men of letters and leaders in the "transcendental" school of philosophy found there a hospitable drawing room. Garrison, the abolitionist, whom she had never seen but of whose "malignity of disposition," due to false

reports, she entertained not the smallest doubt, she came to hold in great esteem. Wendell Phillips, too, she warmly admired; and when two women walked home with him from a lecture hall, one on each arm, to thwart the violence of a mob, Mrs. Howe wrote to him that "In case of any recurrence of such a disturbance, I should be proud to join his bodyguard."

Now Julia Ward Howe was always sufficiently imitative to make common cause with the progressive spirits who chanced at any time to be around her. The motto of her life, she says, was, "I have followed the great masters with my heart." That discipleship in these years took full possession of her.

For a time, it is true, the cares of family life interposed themselves between the young wife and her dreams. A troop of active, inquisitive children were continually storming up and down the house; and by the word of those same children, Mrs. Howe was a tender and tireless mother. She made one in all their games. She sang them endless rhymes, set to her own music:

The little donkey in the stable,
Sleeps as sound as he is able;
All things now their rest pursue,
You are sleepy too.

She arranged for them a puppet theater, of which she speaks in a letter to her sister, "I have written a play for our doll theater, and

performed it yesterday afternoon with great success. It occupied nearly an hour. I had alternately to grunt and squeak the parts, while Chev (Mr. Howe) played the puppets." Then, since Mr. Howe regularly had his friends in to dinner, she endeavored tardily to repair the defects of her housekeeping, devoting one whole summer, for example, to the study of cookery. Yet in housekeeping and doubtless, at times, in the offices of motherhood she had but indifferent success. "I was by nature far from observant," she says, "and often passed through a room without much notice of its condition or contents, my thoughts being intent on other matters."

Those other matters were her studies—for she cared not so much to cook for her husband's friends as to talk with them. They were masters, of their kind; and it interested her less to feed them than to follow them. Her children remembered her as always deep in German or Latin. She steeped herself in literature, too, and in history and philosophy, the subjects on which the master men of Boston were wont to converse. The children dared not interrupt her during her study hours, although those hours frequently stretched over most of the day. She formed a habit, never afterward relinquished, of committing to memory a Latin ode, or of untangling a few pages of the toughest German philosophy—not so much to store her mind with ideas as to supple and brighten it by the difficult exercise.

“From first to last,” writes her daughter, “she kept her mind in the same state of high training that the athlete keeps his body.” She was in pursuit of the master minds, and she was not going to break down in the race from lack of nimbleness in her faculties.

And after reading, the earnest devotee turned to and produced. Those days were troublous in the American nation. The North and South were swiftly preparing to hurl themselves at each other’s heads over the question of slavery. The great masters had, many of them, for long been writing passionately on the subject. After the publication of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” the lesser masters, not to mention those who had no talent at all, rushed as eagerly to print. And Julia Ward Howe would not be likely to withhold her contributions.

An anti-slavery newspaper, *The Commonwealth*, was running in Boston, and Dr. Howe one winter assumed its editorship. Mrs. Howe assisted him. But he seems to have appropriated to himself the political department, leaving to her only the social and literary. She tried the scope of her pen somewhat more freely in the New York papers. And in 1854 she came before the world with “*Passion Flowers*,” a volume of poems.

The volume contained metrical compositions on themes of family life, the Italian and Hungarian struggles for freedom, and the wrongs of slaves in America. “It was a timid performance upon a slender reed,” she comments,

“but the great performers in the noble orchestra of writers answered to its appeal, which won me a seat in their ranks.” In other words, by her own computation, at least, she had, with a bound, overtaken the masters. But it is doubtful whether the masters awarded her the seat ungrudgingly. “I dare say thy volume has faults enough,” wrote Whittier, though he also commended its merits. Emerson acknowledged the copy sent him in a kind letter; but that was the kindly author’s wont. Hawthorne, who flatly disapproved of the “mob of scribbling women,” treated “*Passion Flowers*” with severity. And a modern critic observes that the poetry has evaporated from the effort—and “there never was much passion.”

On the whole, however, Mrs. Howe could read more praise than blame into the reviews. She tried again, two years later, with “*Words for the Hour*.” This fell farther short of success than its predecessor. But the woman was still emboldened to ply her pen—this time on a drama, “*The World’s Own*.” The piece was produced in New York, but owing to dramatic defects did not remain long on the boards. Finally she undertook to write a play for Edwin Booth. The great actor consented to perform in it, the manager to produce it, and “my dream,” says Mrs. Howe, “was very near becoming a reality. But lo! on a sudden, the manager bethought him that the time was late in the season; that the play would require new scenery; and, more than all, that his wife, who

was also an actress, was not pleased with a secondary part assigned to her. A polite note informed me of his change of mind. This was, I think, the greatest 'let down' that I ever experienced. It affected me seriously for some days, after which I determined to attempt nothing more for the stage."

In good truth her versifying was inspired too much by a desire to ape the men of genius whom she knew, and too little by an inner necessity for utterance. If she would insist on tagging the great masters, it would have appeared that she must content herself with doing it at a considerable distance. In the early sixties she accepted the invitation of a New York newspaper to chronicle the season at Newport. In one less determined this might have implied a retreat from her former high ground. In spite of all her striving she was still a *dilettante*; she had not yet reached, and perhaps never could reach the elevation of the masters. She was a society reporter—what she had evidently started out to be when she composed her first poem. But Julia Ward Howe ignored the implication. And her day of days was at hand.

Mr. Howe, as has been said, was an active anti-slavery leader. So was his close friend Sumner. So, as the war of words in the fifties grew hotter, were an increasing proportion of the visitors at Green Peace. John Brown, who intended to "devote his life to the redemption of the colored race from slavery, even as

Christ had willingly offered his life for the salvation of mankind," called there not long before his raid on Harper's Ferry. John Andrew, later to be war governor of the state, came often. From these men Mrs. Howe heard all the burning gospel of abolition. And with them she willingly cast in her lot.

Then the war of the rebellion broke out. Governor Andrew often took refuge from State House worries in the Howe parlor. "I seemed to live in and along with the war, while it was in progress, and to follow all its ups and downs, its good and ill fortune with these two brave men."

Nor did she live in the war by report only. When the soldiers killed in Baltimore—the same attack that started Clara Barton as a nurse—were brought sorrowfully home, she saw them buried in the King's Chapel ground. The coffins were draped in the national flag. Moved by the sight, Mrs. Howe wrote:

Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
To deck our girls for gay delights:
The crimson flower of battle blooms,
And solemn marches fill the nights.'

Of this the first two lines may indeed still echo the mind of the society reporter; but the second two indicate a swift transition.

And now the horrors of the war came thick, one upon another. The finest homes in Boston sent forth their sons, and received them back

on the litter, if not in the coffin. Even in Newport, where Mrs. Howe summered, she found the streets one day lined with carriages, the passengers of which were white faced and silent.

“Why are these people here?” she asked, “what are they waiting for?”

“They are waiting for the mail,” replied a bystander, “don’t you know that we have had a dreadful reverse?”

Yet again, in the autumn of 1861, she made a visit to Washington. The Southern troops had forced their way nearly to the capital and threatened its capture. The Army of the Potomac was encamped round about the city to defend it. Troopers clattered continually to and fro. “Ambulances, drawn by four horses, drove through the streets, stopping sometimes before Willard’s Hotel where we had found quarters. From my window I saw . . . the ghastly advertisement of an agency for embalming and forwarding the bodies of those who had fallen in the fight or who had perished by fever.”

The feelings of the woman were stirred by these sights to depths she had never suspected in herself. Her country was fighting a terrible fight. It would win, perhaps, but at unreckonable cost. It might even fail, and die—but it would die gloriously to make men free. And what was she doing in the conflict? Other women were sending their husbands and sons; but her husband was too old and her son too

young. Other women were nursing in the military hospitals or packing relief supplies at home; but she was too much hampered by children to do the one, and too inexperienced with her hands to do the other. "Something seemed to say to me, 'you would be glad to serve, but you cannot help anyone; you have nothing to give, and there is nothing for you to do.'" She could only write poetry, and that with ill success. She might write a poem now. But what would that amount to in the war?

One day when she had driven out with some friends to see a review of troops, the party, to beguile the return drive, sang snatches of the popular army song, "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave; his soul goes marching on."

Her minister, James Freeman Clarke, who was of the company, asked, "Mrs. Howe, why do you not write some good words for that stirring tune?"

Let her tell the rest herself. "I went to bed that night as usual, and slept, according to my wont, quite soundly. I awoke in the gray of the morning twilight; and as I lay waiting for the dawn, the long lines of the desired poem began to twine themselves in my mind. Having thought out all the stanzas, I said to myself, 'I must get up and write these verses down, lest I fall asleep again and forget them.' So, with a sudden effort, I sprang out of bed, and found in the dimness an old stub of a pen which I remembered to have used the day be-

fore. I scrawled the verses almost without looking at the paper. . . . Having completed my writing, I returned to bed and fell asleep, saying to myself, 'I like this better than most things that I have written.' "

And well she might like it better. The poem, under the title, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," was published soon after, in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It attracted little notice then; the country was agonizing over its war; of what account were a few lines of rhyme, printed in a magazine? But a certain McCabe, chaplain in the army, read it, liked it, memorized it. A year or so later he was captured in the South and confined, with other Union men, in a large cell in Libbey prison. They were told of a great Union victory. They broke into rejoicings. McCabe recited the poem, sang it. They all sang it, in chorus—with what effect from the tremendous uplift of its lines may well be imagined! From that the Battle Hymn somehow took wings and flew through all the camps of the army. They sang it in bivouac at night. They sang it on the march. They sang it rushing to the fight. And where it was sung, it counted more than many men for victory.

Mrs. Howe had cause to think well of the poem. For in it she had, for once, done more than follow the masters. She had surpassed them. The literary *dilettante* had become, to the extent of one poem at least, a great author.

Speaking of the success of the Battle Hymn,

one of the author's friends said, "Mrs. Howe ought to die now, for she has done the best that she will ever do." So far as authorship went, the saying was true. But the woman, as she says, still felt herself "full of days' works." And that also was true. For although the literary woman had played her sweetest and farthest-sounding note, the frequenter of fashionable society, as modified by the "great masters," was yet only tuning up her instruments.

Of one summer at Newport Mrs. Howe relates a significant incident. "I felt that I had read and written quite as much as was profitable. 'I must go outside my own thoughts, I must do something for someone,' I said to myself. Just then the teacher of my sister's children broke out with malarial fever. She was staying with my sister at a farmhouse near by. The call to assist in nursing her was very welcome, and when I was thanked for my services I could truly say that I had been glad of the opportunity of rendering them for my own sake."

And again to quote, "In the days of which I now write, it was borne in upon me that I had much to say to my day and generation which could not and should not be communicated in rhyme, or even in rhythm."

The fact was that neither poetry nor the drama, but platform eloquence was the style of expression most applauded in those martial days. Julia Ward Howe's friends and mas-

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ters were famed, many of them, less for their writing than for their oratory. Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, James Freeman Clarke, Theodore Parker, even Emerson and Holmes were accustomed to sway great audiences. Moreover, one by one the talented women of the time,—Lucy Stone, Miss Anthony, Mrs. Stanton—were mounting the rostrum, in the cause of temperance, anti-slavery and the like, and they were speaking with undeniable power. It would be strange, therefore, if Julia Ward Howe did not find in her mind some leadings in the direction of public speaking.

Though totally ignorant of her ability, she could not long deny her honest promptings. "I commissioned certain of my friends," she says, "to invite certain of their friends to my house for an appointed evening, and began, with some trepidation, my course of parlor lectures." She read careful essays of her own on "Doubt and Belief," "Moral Triangulation," "Duality of Character" and so on—topics that would be meat to the most transcendental of her listeners. Informal discussion followed the reading. The course was received with some favor, and the adventurous author repeated it, a little later, in private and church parlors in Washington and Newport.

Then in 1867 she was elected to membership in the new Boston Radical Club. This club met in some private house once a month, listened to an eminent speaker, and then good

naturedly tried to flay him in debate. Mrs. Howe, determined to keep up to the high plane of the meetings, chose her subjects, "Polarity," "Ideal Causation" and so on, from German philosophy. The Radical Club, apparently, relished them. But where she regaled an audience of ordinary people with "Ideal Causation," they all nodded, to her great sorrow, and one was reported to have wondered "what Mrs. Howe was driving at." "I laid this lesson much to heart, and . . . determined to find a *pou sto* nearer to the sympathies of the average community, from which I might speak for their good and my own."

It occurred to her that while comparatively few people, and they the elect, ever trod the precincts of a radical club, nearly every one, at some time or other, went to church. Therefore the nearest road to the popular heart was by way of the pulpit. Julia Ward Howe accordingly began to preach. She had been a constant church goer; the Bible and the best pulpit eloquence were familiar to her; there was every probability that, in an age when women ministers were so rare, she would preach her way to fame. She supplied various pulpits near home and, on a trip to Santo Domingo, headed a native church for a year. As a preacher, and a preacher only, she might have filled her days, but for a new inspiration that presently seized her.

The forces back of this inspiration had been

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acting from long ago. As early as 1848, Elizabeth Cady Stanton had called a convention at Seneca Falls, supplicating for women certain privileges formerly thought proper only for men. Later, the freeing of the slaves was attended with earnest discussion of woman's rights. By now, those once so revolutionary doctrines were preached commonly enough. None had heard them more unwillingly at first than Mrs. Howe. But as they began to make way, and take on the aspect of a sane and practical movement, none championed them with greater zeal.

Her change of front cannot be better described than in her own words. Hitherto her masters had been men. To men she looked for an ideal of character, and to the verdict of men on her own character and work she always bowed. But now, "in an unexpected hour a new light came to me, showing me a world of thought and of character quite beyond the limits within which I had hitherto been content to abide. The new domain now made clear to me was that of true womanhood,—woman no longer in her ancillary relation to her opposite, man, but in her direct relation to the divine plan and purpose, as a free agent, fully sharing with man every human right and every human responsibility. This discovery," she adds, "was like the addition of a new continent to the map of the world."

In brief, Mrs. Howe, at the age of fifty, or thereabouts, sighted a new realm of experi-

ence, and chose new masters to follow therein. And as the literary *dilettante* became at last a celebrated author, so the society woman, by the same knack of imitation turning into an advocate of the rights of her sex, would finally make a notable contribution to modern progress.

In the late sixties, Mrs. Howe watched with the interest of a traveler and a linguist the progress of the Franco-Prussian war. Her mature conclusion was that the war had been hatched up by politicians for political reasons, without any heat whatever on the part of the soldiers who fought in it. The war had been won and lost,—and thousands of lives had been snuffed out. But the issues of the war might have been won and lost by a pacific act of arbitration, without the sacrifice of those disinterested men. The killing off of the men was, therefore, plainly murder. Why did not someone interfere to stop it? Who had the right to interfere? Why, who so much as the mothers of the men, the mothers who valued their lives more highly even than they themselves did? Well, then, if all the mothers of men got together and protested against such wanton waste of their offspring, could they not put an end to this war, and indeed bring it about that war everywhere should cease? “The august dignity of motherhood and its terrible responsibilities now appeared to me in a new aspect, and I could think of no better way of expressing my sense of these than that of sending

forth an appeal to womanhood throughout the world.”

She then and there composed such an appeal, in French, Spanish, Italian, German and Swedish, asking women to assist her in a peace congress in London. For two years she corresponded from home; then for several weeks held preliminary meetings in London—in a hall of her own hiring, after the English Peace Society denied her its platform; and finally, in 1872, she called the general conference.

But, all along, something had been out of joint. Women generally had not fired up with the glow of her own enthusiasm. Perhaps the subject was foreign to them—it did not seem probable. Perhaps so sweeping a crusade, like the dramas she had written, exceeded the scope of her genius. At any rate, the congress, while fairly attended, came to nothing. And “I could not help seeing that many steps were to be taken before one could hope to effect any efficient combination among women.”

Meanwhile a likely movement had arisen nearer home, and Mrs. Howe, who had by this time got a reputation in conservative quarters as a runner after novelties, was easily taken in tow by it. She went to a meeting on woman suffrage,—reluctantly, for she had heard that none were suffragists but feminized men, and blatant, masculine women. But her best friends were there—Garrison, Phillips, Clarke; and Lucy Stone, whom she abhorred on hearsay, she now saw to be a “woman pure, noble,

great-hearted, with the light of her good life shining in every feature of her face." These speakers quietly disposed one by one of the arguments against suffrage. When Mrs. Howe was requested to speak, she said, contrary to all her previous notions, "I am with you." "I have been with them ever since," she remarked, late in life, "and have never seen any reason to go back from the pledge there given."

For some years, now, woman suffrage crowded for first place in Mrs. Howe's mind. And as every believer, in those days, was pressed into field service, she was soon called upon to speak—first in Boston, and then in many cities and towns, east and west. Her standing as a writer and a society woman helped guarantee the tone of a movement then too often scoffed at as vulgar. She was not wanting, either, in the heroism of the greater leaders; as when, in a tumultuous meeting, she said to the other speakers, "Let me come first in the order of exercises, as I read from a manuscript, and shall not be disconcerted, even if they throw chairs at us." And she counted it no dishonor to be sung in ballad, with Lucy Stone and Mary Livermore, as an old crow.

Yet in woman suffrage as in the peace crusade, she admits, "my own contributions appeared to me less valuable than I had hoped to find them." She had to speak in large auditoriums, who had modulated her voice to the narrow space of parlors. She had to preside

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at turbulent conventions, who had never learned the rules of debate. Then, too, her acceptance of the principle, at so late an age, was merely a feat of the mind—she had not the personal reasons that filled women such as Mrs. Stanton with something like holy fire, and literally drove them into leadership. The Mrs. Howe who was a frequenter of fashionable society, but who wished, even in that, to follow the masters, had not yet hit upon the work in which she could herself be a master.

Somewhere about 1870, Mrs. Howe was bidden to a parlor meeting, “to be held with the view of forming a women’s club in Boston.” The invitation was issued by Mrs. Caroline M. Severance, late of Ohio, who desiring to meet the talented people in her new home, had cogitated the possibility of a literary and social union.

Mrs. Howe, while never averse to meeting notables, did not think it necessary to have a union for the purpose. She gave only a languid assent to the measures proposed. In this meeting, however, and in others that followed, certain arresting ideas were voiced. It was not a question merely of a woman’s meeting the great ones of her sex; it was a question of meeting anybody. Women were too much housed up, the organizers said. They might go to church or to missionary and temperance gatherings; but beyond that they had no chance, as men did in business, professions, and politics, to burnish their minds by inter-

course with their equals. Full as they were of energy and aspirations, they could nowhere assemble for the free discussion of special or general knowledge, but must sit at home and deliberate on dresses and dinners and children and hired help. Now those in attendance proposed to furnish rooms in a central locality, and keep them open for the convenience of women. There would be easy chairs and lounges, books and papers to read, a hall for social or literary exercises, and possibly a tea-room—in a word, a common ground where women could commune with their kind, and so, in an easy, natural way, enlarge their stock of wisdom and experience.

After all—Mrs. Howe grasped at the thought—there might be something of promise in this. Here might be one way of compassing the new era for women of which she had dreamed. Her own ambition as a producer of things cultural had of late receded behind her ambition as a promoter of reforms social. Yet she still studied and thought and wrote; most women did not do so enough for their own good; so when she was appointed chairman of the committee on art and literature, she saw an opportunity by no means to be despised. She lent herself heartily to the purposes of the club. With its weekly teas, its bi-weekly lectures and discussions by famous thinkers—herself more often than any other—and its rarer elaborate socials and programs, Mrs. Howe realized in the club what, a few years

earlier, would have been to her the ideal life.

This association was called the "New England Women's Club." It was not the first federated society of women—there had been one in Illinois as early as 1833—but it was the first one called a "club," and the first of great dignity and influence. Its generally accepted title, "The first women's club" is not far wrong.

It did not, however, long stand alone. Only two weeks behind it came "Sorosis," in New York. Then, as if some dormant force had all at once awakened, women here and there all over the land began to leave their kitchens and nurseries and their silent parlors, and troop together in some convenient place to read and talk. They took to themselves without question the apparent motives of Sorosis and the New England Women's Club. Culture they wanted, and culture they would have. But most of them were not blessed with leaders like Severance and Howe, or speakers like Emerson and Whittier. Very well then, they would lead themselves; they would address themselves. So women with only an elementary education began reading papers to their neighbors on Grecian vases, the history of China, and the poetry of Browning—all subjects under the sun that had any flavor of the literary. It mattered not that the subjects were distant. It mattered not that they were abstruse. It did not matter even that the papers shamelessly copied the contents of the cyclopædias in

the village library, where anyone could read if they would. The women were getting culture, and they were glad. But people of more education saw how far they were over-reaching themselves. They were deceived with names, and not really scratching the surface of true learning. Earnest as they might be in their quest, they were generally making "women's club" a term of ridicule and reproach.

But meanwhile things in Boston were taking a new turn. The New England Club announced a program of "service." The women there were not too much entranced by the name of culture; they had viewed the real thing with clear eyes already—and it was not a thing to worship. Moved, even as Mrs. Howe had been, by the reform spirit of the age, they were anxious to make themselves practically useful. They had been organized less than a year when they took measures from which arose a horticultural school for women. Their committees inquired into the possibilities of homes for destitute children, infant asylums, co-operative kitchens, laundries, lodging houses and labor schools. "Although the committees did not organize all these works," says the historian, "yet the impulse given produced many beneficial results in these varied directions."

In 1870 the club formed the Friendly Evening Association for working women. It co-operated in a fair for a hospital for women and children. It raised money to bring Polish exiles to this country. And so on, indefinitely.

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Now this was the kind of thing, on a small scale, to be sure, that Mrs. Howe in her later period had wished to do. It meant a new sphere of action, a new life for women. Then in 1872 the New England Women's Club elected her its president. She could now pilot it as she would. At the head of a band of strong women, committed to a social as well as a literary program, Julia Ward Howe had at last come gloriously into her own. And her reign, it is worth noting, was to last forty years.

Speaking of her abandonment of the peace crusade, Mrs. Howe said, "Insensibly I came to devote my time and strength to the promotion of women's clubs which are doing so much to constitute a working and united womanhood."

Insensibly or not, she did it. In Newport she formed a "Town and Country Club" for the literary lights who summered there. Her "club-loving mind found sure material for many pleasant meetings, and a little band of us combined to improve the beautiful summer season by picnics, sailing parties, and household soirées." When this club disbanded, she promptly filled its place with a new one, the "Papertree." At another time, wishing to furnish her daughter some intellectual stimulus, combined with social pleasure, she founded a "Saturday Morning Club" for girls; and this not only lived and flourished, but was quickly imitated in other cities. One time, in Paris, she noticed that the students of art and medi-

cine were generally unacquainted with each other, and led isolated, lonely lives; she invited them to her lodgings, and organized them into a social union.

In 1868 the Association for the Advancement of Women had been formed. Ten years later Mrs. Howe became president. During the next thirty years she directed the association—which was simply a women's club on a national scale. It held its three-day congresses east and west, north and south, in nearly all the principal cities, discussing science, art, education, industrial training, and so on, in their relation to women. And the conventions of this national club always resulted in the formation of a local women's club in the city and in those round about. Mrs. Howe, mother of clubs, was causing her progeny to multiply a thousandfold.

And, naturally, these clubs of her calling flew the newer banner of social service. They did not relinquish their studies; but they brought those studies nearer home, and took them up with more deliberation; and, besides, in whatever out-of-the-way corner of the land they were established, they began to look about in that corner for any social evils—child labor, impure milk, unsanitary housing, what not—that they might correct. Where they had the franchise, they voted. Where they had it not, they could still mould public opinion. And in their capacity as buyers for the home they could blacklist so effectively as to bring some

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things to pass more quickly than either public opinion or the vote. Before many years there would be nearly a million American women in clubs, all combined in a national federation, and recognized as one of the nation's most potent forces for good. This result was probably due more to Julia Ward Howe than to any other woman.

In fine, it seemed that the part of Mrs. Howe, that was a society woman had finally fastened upon the activity that was peculiarly hers. Dr. Holmes had once said to her, "Mrs. Howe, I consider you eminently clubable." And that was about the conclusion of the whole matter. After all her experimentings with reform, she never shook off the characteristics of the New York belle; but she so far sobered and amplified them that wherever she went she changed drawing-rooms into schools and council chambers, and fashionable women into students anxious for the improvement of their minds and the betterment of all mankind. Social spirited, socially capable, and at the same time ambitious to excel both in speculative thought and in practical reform, she was indeed eminently clubable—the one person best qualified to band all women into societies for self culture and social service. In that, as in writing the Battle Hymn, she went beyond any master she had followed and made an original contribution to modern progress.

Mrs. Howe lived to the age of ninety-one, and as her contemporaries one by one dropped

away, the veneration of the young for an older, heroic generation came to center upon her, the only surviving member. Her distinction as the "grand old woman," the "first lady," the "American queen" was firmly entrenched. She became a kind of an institution, a repository of the spirit of a vanished age. She was revered for the people and causes she represented, as her Battle Hymn was sung—but still with renewed fire,—for the national spirit of freedom that had brought it forth. People came on pilgrimage to see her, as they might to a historic monument. Audiences rose in respect when she entered a theater. An autograph copy of the Battle Hymn was considered the choicest of personal relics or the rarest contribution for a magazine.

Yet Julia Ward Howe did not precisely outlive her age. When someone asked her, at ninety-one years, for a motto for the women of America, she replied promptly, "Up to date!" And to the last she was herself up to date. The vigor and alertness of her mind seem never to have waned. The poetic output of her last year, critics say, was not only as felicitous as that of any year, but it was as modern and timely; with the centenary tributes so often asked of her, she could skillfully weave in allusions to the events of the present day—the latest march of discovery, the newest development in science, industry, or education. She still presided at the meetings of the New England Women's Club and the Boston

Author's Club; and though she could not hear a word of the debate, when her secretary quoted to her the gist of it, she would state her views, as fresh and contemporary as those of the youngest member.

In fact, the trait in Mrs. Howe that exalted the literary *dilettante* and the society belle, exalted also the failing, aged woman of four score and ten years. The trait that had made her great in one age made her great also in the next—and would do so in any. With small originality of her own, she was yet always eagerly receptive of the newest and best. And with her sturdy and well-preserved strength she “followed the great masters with her heart.”

That motto and one other suffice to frame her picture. She was comparatively rich, and had no need to work, nor seldom did work for money. Yet, speaking in a lecture of the idle lives of some women, she once said, “If God works, madam, you can afford to work also.” Julia Ward Howe never rested from work. Therefore she never ceased to win.



FRANCES WILLARD

FRANCES E. WILLARD

FRANCES E. WILLARD at seven years of age traveled five hundred miles overland, from Ohio to Wisconsin, in a prairie schooner. Her father drove the foremost wagon, her brother the next, and her mother the last. Beside the mother, through all that jolting, tedious journey huddled Frances and her sister among a heap of pillows, on the father's old writing desk. They were a pioneer family going boldly forth to experiment with life after a new mode, upon the great frontier.

Frances had been born September 28, 1839, at Churchville, New York. Her parents traced their ancestry back through several centuries of pure English stock. They had both taught school successfully in York state. But when Frances was two years old, a wave of the great westward immigration overtook them, as it did so many of the strongest and best in those days. Their first stage terminated at Oberlin, Ohio, where the ambitious parents invested five years in study. Later, the father's ill health called for a change of climate and an outdoor occupation—hence the second stage of their journey, and their settlement on the "Forest Home" farm near Janesville, Wisconsin.

Their picturesque dwelling here is charmingly described by Miss Willard. "The bluffs

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. . . rose about it on the right and left. Groves of oak and hickory were on either hand; a miniature forest of evergreens almost concealed the cottage from the view of passers-by. The air was laden with the perfume of flowers. Through the thick and luxuriant growth of shrubbery were paths which strayed off aimlessly, tempting the feet of the curious down their mysterious aisles." And, all about, spread the vast, level, sun-drenched fields of prairie grain.

In these surroundings Frances dwelt for twelve years, a healthy, exuberant country girl. In the happiest relations with her sister and brother and her parents, she was early imbued with the ideals of a well-ordered American family. She grew up in a perfect pioneer home. And the pioneer home of that day had no superior.

The two girls, Frances and Mary, were not hampered in their development by the dictates of "society." They were blissfully ignorant of tight shoes and corsets and new-fangled bonnets, and wore, the year round, plain flannel costumes of athletic cut. They early subscribed to the total abstinence pledge, as written on a blank leaf of the family Bible:

To quench our thirst we'll always bring
Cold water from the well or spring,
So here we pledge perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate.

On the promise of a reward from the

parents, they vowed to drink no tea or coffee until they came of age. They ate heartily, slept long, shunned all intemperate habits, and thus, unconsciously, "stored up electricity for the future."

Friends and neighbors were few in that community, and so the girls in their outdoor frolics were naturally much in company with their older brother, Oliver. There was one historic fight where, behind a stockade of chairs, they resisted a band of savages, consisting of two boys and a dog; and where Frances, wise in strategy, ordered to "have ready a piece of spare-rib to entice the dog away from those two dreadful Indians." On the Fourth of July the children celebrated at home with processions, speeches and songs. Often they saddled the goat with a pack of eatables and trudged away to a hillside spring for luncheon; and once they were ringleaders in an effort to subdue the calf to harness. In work as well as play there were but small distinctions between boy and girl. Frances could feed poultry and herd sheep like an expert. In fact she rather disliked indoor tasks and acquired a better skill with the rake and hoe than with the frying pan and needle.

In this intimacy with her brother was grounded her notion of what society ought to be. "A boy whose sister knows everything he does will be far more modest, genial and pleasant to have about," she once said, "and it will be a great improvement to the sister also."

There was one sphere which the brother entered, however, into which she could not go. The father came home one night full of news about the prohibition law in Maine. "I wonder if poor, rum-cursed Wisconsin will ever get a law like that?" he said.

"And mother rocked a while in silence and then she gently said, 'Yes, Josiah; there'll be such a law all over the land some day, when women vote.'

"That was a seed thought in the girl's brain and heart. Years passed on in which nothing more was said upon this dangerous theme. My brother grew to manhood and soon after he was twenty-one years old he went with his father to vote. Standing by the window, a girl of sixteen years, I looked out as they drove away, my father and my brother, and I felt a strange ache in my heart, and tears sprang to my eyes. Turning to my sister Mary I saw that the dear little innocent seemed wonderfully sober, too.

"I said, 'Don't you wish we could go with them when we are old enough? Don't we love our country just as well as they do?'

"And her little frightened voice piped out, 'Yes, of course, we ought. Don't I know that? But you mustn't tell a soul—not mother, even; we should be called 'strong-minded!'' "

And in all the years afterward she "kept these things and many others like them, and pondered them in her heart." There was plenty to do, however, without voting. The

childish energy, bent on self amusement, broke out ever in fresh and original forms. The girls practiced music, botanized and sketched out-of-doors, and Frances, in her "Eagle's Nest" at the top of an oak tree, wrote a lengthy novel of adventure. Her chief pleasure, though, was to plan and manage the games of the other children. She headed several clubs and drew up rules for them, such excellent rules as "There shall always be something good to eat," and "We hereby choose Fred as our dog, although once in a while we may take Carlo. Carlo can go when he has sense enough." And there is a formal document in which Mary pledges to forego the use of "Frank's" desk. "If I break this promise I will let the said F. W. come into my room, and go to my trunk or go to any place where I keep my things and take anything of mine she likes. These things I promise upon my most sacred honor." Evidently the youthful Frances enjoyed running her little world after her own mind.

The parents at first fitted up a schoolroom in the house, and, to eke out the instruction they gave, called in a young woman from the east. Not till she was fourteen did Frances enter a real schoolhouse—the first one built in that region, an affair of logs that looked like a "big ground nut." Yet she probably had better guidance, on the whole, than public school pupils of the period.

Her education, it should also be noted, was blended with her religious growth. The Bible

was her first book, and *Pilgrim's Progress* her second; and the lullabys she heard in her cradle were evangelical hymns. The family drove to church in the carry-all on Sabbath morning, in good old country fashion, and the parents reminded the girl daily of God and of His care for her.

In those parents, after all is said, more than in all else, consisted the perfection of the Willard home. The mother, in particular, sacrificed herself wholly to her boy and girls. "I had many ambitions," she said, "but I disappeared from the world that I might reappear at some future day in my children."

Mrs. Willard, as was said, entertained some novel "strong-minded" ideas on the subject of votes for women. But if she believed women ought to have all the privileges of men in politics, it was only that they might be equal in the home; and because two equal heads in counsel beside the hearth could ennoble family life beyond any standard known in history. She believed oneness could improve as much as the other. Said the daughter in later years, "If my dear mother did me one crowning kindness it was in making me believe that next to being an angel the greatest bestowment of God is to make one a woman." And to the truth of this the mother testified best by the singular sweetness and unselfishness of her own life.

Up to the age of fourteen, then, Frances Willard's outlook was bounded by the limits of her Wisconsin home and farm. But it was a

beautiful home, where father and mother counseled sensibly together, where every healthful activity was stimulated, and where man and woman, boy and girl shared sympathetically each other's pursuits, and all, in a kind, friendly way tried to perfect themselves as a family. So far as Frances knew, the whole world was laid out in the same pleasing fashion.

But this home life had to end. One rainy Sunday when the family stayed from church, and when the long, lonesome hours dragged heavily, she cried out in querulous tones:

"I wonder if we shall ever know anything, see anybody or go anywhere?"

"Why do you wish to go away?" asked Mary.

"Oh, we must learn," she said, "must grow, and must achieve; it is such a big world that if we don't begin at it we shall never catch up with the rest."

She wanted to explore the world, and to re-discover in it the beauties of her own home. But unfortunately such beauties were not there.

In the little log school house, Miss Frances studied principally the three R's. The 'rithmetic she minced over, but she took the reading and writing with a good relish. She read *Don Quixote*, and the whole of Shakespeare, making as she went along an original notebook commentary. Aside from these, all her books, such as Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus,

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had a moralistic twist. She was forbidden novels until her eighteenth birthday; then, however, to her father's consternation, she avowed herself free to obey Jehovah only, and deliberately sat down for an afternoon with the dreaded *Ivanhoe*.

In her fifteenth year Frances, and her sister, attended a select school in Janesville, and in her eighteenth, a Milwaukee female college. Frances' ambition in these years pointed toward a literary career. She declaimed before the school on "Originality of Thought and Action." And she put her own original thoughts into action by editing the school paper unusually well, and winning a prize from the *Prairie Farmer* by an article on the "Embellishment of the Country Home."

Her last school was the Northwestern Female College at Evanston, Illinois, where she registered in 1858. In the strange environment she was at first shy, and held herself aloof; and the students, seeing only the outside, thought her haughty and independent. But when it came to recitations her seeming indifference melted away. She soon outshone most of her rivals in scholarship. She became editor of the college paper, and a leader in the literary clubs. And long before graduation it was known that she would take the honors as valedictorian.

With all this, the girl had the good sense "not to let her studies interfere with her college education." Not to amass knowledge but

to enhance character was her dearest aim. "I am more interested in the *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli*," she writes, in her diary, "than in any book I have read for years. Here we see what a woman achieved for herself, not so much fame or honor, these are of minor importance, but a whole character, a cultivated intellect, right judgment, self-knowledge, self-happiness. If she, why not we, by steady toil?"

In this quest for inward grace her early religious drift again showed itself. While ill with typhoid fever, she experienced an "arrest of thought" as she called it, and said, "If God lets me get well, I will try to be a Christian girl." That winter she knelt in prayer fourteen nights at the altar in the Methodist revival services, and finally joined the church in full connection. From that time forward, the woman's religious aspirations colored her every thought.

At the same time, Miss Frances displayed a growing talent for leadership. When the girls made sport of her red hood she trounced one of them in sight of all the others. As for the men, she would have none of them. She thought women should govern their own actions with an independence like that of men. As her popularity grew, she invented all kinds of pranks and led the girls on to perpetrate them. And in her last year, envious of the young men for the fun they had in their secret societies, she initiated the girls, with proper

oaths, into a mystic order of her own. "It makes me laugh," she later confessed, "to think how simply and naturally in all our play 'organizations' the chief incentive, reward and honor of the leading officer's position was a right to have the 'say so.' "

All in all, Frances Willard in her student days seems to have done exactly what earnest students everywhere do; she strove for personal strength and independence. Nor was this ideal spent when she finished college. Although she passed immediately into teaching, she had little passion for enlightening the young, but a very intense one for building up her own powers. After reviewing the drawbacks of the profession, she calmly accepted them, saying, "I think I may grow to be strong and earnest in practice, as I have always tried to be in theory. So here goes for a fine character. If I were not intent upon it, I could live contented here at Swampscott all my days."

Miss Willard taught in two or three rough country schools, typical of the times. While the pupils sang "I want to be an angel" at her bidding, she had often to impel them along the way by means of a hickory stick. So by exercise in alternate coaxing and driving, she doubtless got some of the strength she yearned for.

Just how long she centered her hopes upon herself in this way cannot be known. But in 1862 Mary died. This loss appears to have

greatly deepened her social and religious feeling. Perhaps she took all girls to be her sisters then, and lavished upon them the affection which had formerly gone out toward Mary alone. At any rate, as teacher for the next two years in the Pittsburg Female College, she showed most unusual powers. Not only did she shine as a classroom lecturer and a tea table wit. She wrote a biography of her sister, called "Nineteen Beautiful Years;" and she tried to realize in those about her the virtues she described. "She believed in young girls," a friend reports, "trusted them, stood by them often when others condemned, and sought out those who were shy and retiring and had little confidence in themselves." She coaxed and reproved them, caressed and scolded them, corrected their compositions and read their love letters. And so strong a devotion did she inspire in her pupils that some said she used magic or hypnotism.

The fact is, she was simply beginning to express in a more general way the tender sentiments that, in her own home, had become a part of her nature. Then shortly by the marriage of her brother and the death of her father that home was entirely broken up. She no longer thought of herself. Her heart was empty. She had to seek a career to fill it. Is it any wonder she chose a career for the making and protection of beautiful homes? The home had ruled her life from the beginning, and it would do so always.

In the spring of 1868, Miss Willard sailed for a two and a half years' tour of Europe with her friend, Miss Jackson. The two women paid a studious visit to every country on that continent, and to Egypt and Palestine. They "did" the cathedrals and galleries and music halls, and with the proverbial zest of Yankee school-ma'ams tasted something of the culture of all the ages. A joyous, care-free journey! And yet one reads in Frances' journal, "I never dreamed in all those lethargic years at home what a wide world it is, how full of misery!"

The truth is that from all the galleries and colleges and relics of the dead past she turned aside more and more to see how people of her own day actually lived. And what did she see? In Egypt the degradation of child wives who at twenty were already old; in Italy, the necessity of an early marriage or a hard choice between convent life and a disgraced spinsterhood. In France—but let us quote her conversation with a Parisian lady.

"I am much concerned," said the Parisienne, "for my friend, Madame D., who is just now doing her best to marry off her daughter; and it is high time, too, for the girl is already eighteen."

"How will they begin their operations?" Miss Willard inquired.

"Oh, the parents will say quite frankly to their friends, 'Find me a husband for my daughter.' And the friends will beat up for recruits, and will, perhaps, find a young man who is

deemed suitable, and who is willing to 'consider the project' at least. Then, the parties will meet in the picture gallery of the Luxembourg or at an open air concert in the Champs Elysées. The young people are now introduced while the old ones look on sharply to witness the effect. After several minutes of casual conversation they separate. The young man says to his friends, 'She pleases me' or 'She pleases me not,' and upon this turns the decision."

"But what about the girl?" Miss Willard pursued innocently.

"Oh, the girl? She is charmingly submissive. She simpers and makes a courtesy, and says, 'As you please, dear parents, you know what is for my good far better than I.'—So glad is she to marry upon any terms; it is such a release."

Thus everywhere, even in Merrie England, Frances Willard saw that women were chattels of the men, inferior creatures with inferior rights. The revelation shocked her. There had not been this inequality on the Wisconsin farm! These women, with all their native capabilities, were repressed because they "wore skirts and sang soprano." But that was not the worst. Each of these women represented a home, and children who should be fostered in the home. So, with degraded mothers the whole race, even the men—for men, as boys, were shaped by their mothers—would be degraded. The home was the mould

of character, she thought. Woman, as wife and mother, determined the form and size of that mould. Woman determined the character, the destiny of human kind. So Frances Willard asked, "What can be done to make the world a wider place for women?"

And in Paris she resolved "to study by reading, personal observation and acquaintance the *woman question* in Europe, and, after returning to America, study it further in relation to her own land." She would talk in public on the subject, too. She would fight. For this battle would "only deepen with the years, and must at last have a result that will delight all who have helped to hasten it." This was Frances Willard's choice of a career.

Miss Willard had been trained for teaching. Hence, needing a steady income, as she did, she naturally continued teaching and tried to wage the all-important battle within that profession.

Northwestern University was, about that time, making a first experiment in co-education. The citizens of Evanston banded themselves into a so-called "College for Ladies," which furnished home influences for the young women students and surrounded them with friends of their own sex. Of this college Miss Willard was elected dean in 1871.

She held the position until 1874, and left a remarkable record. She introduced an honor system among the girls, by which each became guardian of the success and the good name of the school. One afternoon—so runs an anec-

dote of the times—a crowd of girls were out for a walk together when a trainload of men students rolled by. The men gave the “Fem. Sem.” salute. Not a girl responded, but, on the contrary, regarded the salute in the light of an insult. “Miss Willard,” declares one who was present, “had given no specific directions how the girls should deport themselves toward young men. She had simply inspired them with a sense of their individual responsibility, had made them feel that greater interests than they had dreamed of depended upon their conduct.”

She made them feel, in fact, that the whole interests of women and the race depended on it. For the furtherance of those interests was her true mission; and how could she begin better than by converting those women of the future?

Meanwhile events were taking place that would broaden her mission beyond the small field of higher education. The Woman’s Temperance Crusade began in Ohio. Women of low degree and high swarmed from their homes into the streets, marched to the saloons, sang, prayed, and pleaded with the rum-sellers to quit their iniquitous traffic. In fifty days the saloons were abolished in two hundred and fifty towns. The revival swept on and could not be stayed. It struck Chicago; Miss Willard began to read about it. Here was a woman’s movement. The women of her land were grappling with the problem of home pro-

tection—the *woman problem* as she had conceived it. Miss Willard could not leave her teaching. But “it occurred to me,” she says, “that I ought to work for the good cause just *where I was*—that everybody ought. It would be dynamite under the saloon if, *just where he is* the minister would begin active work against it; if *just where he is*, the teacher would instruct his pupils”—and so on.

So, just where she was, Miss Willard began by making her rhetoric pupils write on prohibition themes. But she could not stop there; she must go on. One day in March, 1874, a procession of women was insulted by a crowd of street corner loafers. The incident stirred Miss Willard to the soul. She made a public temperance speech, then another, and before long became recognized as a worthy ally in the cause. And her own attitude? “To serve such a cause would be utterly enthralling—if only I had more time, if I were more free!”

She would soon be more free. She disagreed with the president of Northwestern about the administration of her college. She loved the college, loved her work there, loved the people of education and polish with whom she associated. Yet already she had heard a call that pierced deeper into her nature than the cause of mere culture ever could—the distressed pleadings of the homes of her land. She resigned her position as educator—soon to assume that of home protector.

Miss Willard now went east to study the

anti-saloon uprising. With no independent income, the question of support for herself and her mother troubled her. Ever religious, she consulted the Bible. The Book opened to the words, "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." With that she confidently put financial worries behind her for all time.

Alluring offers to teach pursued her from city to city. She took counsel with her friends. One and all, not excepting her mother, they advised a return to her profession. For the temperance crusade, though rich in workers and in righteousness, could afford but the meagerest salaries. But Frances E. Willard craved a position that would pay her more than money. When a letter invited her to become president of the Chicago Woman's Christian Temperance Union she accepted immediately and started west.

Arrived in Chicago, burning with ardor for her new—or, rather, her fully revealed—mission, Miss Willard received a genuine crusade baptism, as she called it. She locked arms with some of the crusaders and paraded down the stony street to the saloon district. They halted in front of a rum-shop. The keeper forbade them entrance. Nevertheless they sang and prayed before they passed on; and the city throngs—newsboys, laborers, hurrying business men, even the brewers' wagons—paused to marvel at the unwonted spectacle. At the next door they were permitted entrance; Frances

Willard went in with the rest; and here, for the first time, she saw the inside of a saloon—its sawdust covered floor, its all too convenient barrels, its bar and shelves glittering with decanters and cut glass. The fumes of the place sickened her, but she did not retreat. The leader placed her Bible on the bar and read a psalm. Then they sang *Rock of Ages* with “a tender confidence to the height of which one does not rise in the easy-going regulation prayer meeting.” Then the leader asked Frances Willard to pray! Around her were a few earnest women; behind them, filling every corner and extending out into the street, a crowd of unwashed, unkempt, drinking men. Yet she knelt in the sawdust and prayed. And “I was conscious that perhaps never in my life, save beside my sister Mary’s dying bed, had I prayed as truly as I did then.”

Thus she probed to the bottom of the wrong she wished to heal. She did it, not like a superior person who reaches down a jeweled hand to raise degenerates; but like a sister who, as a matter of course, lends her support to less fortunate brothers in the great human family. At first, in the abandon of her zeal, she scorned the compensation that her position allowed. None insisted, thinking she had other means. Often she walked across the city to her meetings because she lacked a nickel for car fare; and often when she scoured the slums for outcasts she might help she could say, “I am a better friend than you dream, I know

more about you than you think, for, bless God, I am hungry, too.”

A more absolute break with one's accustomed manner of life has seldom been recorded. “Instead of peace,” she says, “I was to participate in war; instead of the sweetness of home, I was to become a wanderer on the face of the earth; instead of libraries, I was to frequent public halls and railway carriages; instead of scholarly and cultured men, I was to see the dregs of saloon and gambling house.” But in the slowly growing purpose of her life there was no break. Only it was, all at once, infinitely enlarged. The cause of women had at last enthralled her. “Hence,” she declared, “I have felt that great promotion came to me when I was counted worthy to be a worker in the organized crusade for ‘God and Home and Native Land.’ ”

From now on Miss Willard's biography becomes the history of the W. C. T. U. She is seen scarce at all any more as a private woman. Six weeks each year she rested at home with her mother, “Saint Courageous,” still her best-loved adviser. But even there her brain was busy with articles, interviews and plans for her Temperance Union, and she never for a moment was out of the public eye.

In October, 1874, so ably had she supervised the local branch at Chicago, she was elected corresponding secretary of the Illinois State Union. A year or two later she advanced to the same office in the National Union. And in

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1879—for her executive powers matured rapidly in those years—she became president of the National Union.

Her doings as president cannot be enumerated. She wrote books and founded the Temperance Publishing Association. But principally, and with her finest energies, she labored to extend and solidify the national organization.

To this end she herself took the field. She purposed to speak in every town of ten thousand population in the United States. She did that, and included most towns of five thousand besides. She virtually lived between the Pullman car and the lecture hall, traveling in one year 30,000 miles and averaging for twelve years one meeting a day. Her labors were enormous; her recreations, with the exception of a daily half hour of physical exercise, she forewent entirely. In 1877, she had taken as her life motto this verse from Paul, "And whatsoever you do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him." And surely she toiled as though in the eye of others than men. Once in the White Mountains, having an address to prepare, she sternly turned her back to that attractive scenery that she might concentrate alone on her work. On the Hudson River trip, while others gloated on the splendors of the shore, she shut herself in her cabin below decks to make ready for a coming Chautauqua.

What did she mean to achieve by all this speaking? She meant, in the first place, to plant in every town a branch union through which the women could unite for temperance. They could educate their children in the home and church and school. They could agitate—make processions, hire speakers, force temperance instruction in public schools, and campaign for pledges among the men even at the bars where they drank. They could, in short, work everywhere in a woman's way, to fortify their homes against the evil of intemperance. And not only could they, but they would, and gladly, said Frances Willard. Women were natural, inevitable enemies of liquor, because their lives were consecrated to their homes and liquor ruined their husbands, their children, and all that made their homes precious. Hence mother love, said Miss Willard, will overwhelm the saloon,—if only mother love be effectually organized.

As time went on, Miss Willard saw that even in America the drink habit was only the worst of many home destroying vices. All these things mother love would overcome, Miss Willard said, if it were properly organized, and, due to W. C. T. U. agitation, women undoubtedly thought more and did more about them than they ever had done in the past. "Do everything," Miss Willard said to the women of the country, "when you see a head, hit it." And through lectures, reading circles, papers and petitions, she sowed all over the land an +

interest in all-round home improvement that has never lost its force.

Yet in time Miss Willard detected another weakness in her plan. The women might think, they might educate themselves and their children, they might pray, preach and petition, or what not;—but men still made the laws and they, not having the “reasons” of women, might always make laws to hedge round the liquor traffic and related evils. An organization of women outside of politics would be doomed, in the long run, to mere futile wishing. Hence she declared in favor of woman suffrage.

To espouse such a cause was no small matter in 1876. But Miss Willard had been thinking a long time—ever since that day at Forest Home, when her mother hinted of it to her father. She had reached the belief that here was the essential division between men and women in America, the peculiar form of woman’s restraint that undermined the strength and beauty of homes. “By this time, my soul had come to ‘woe is me if I declare not this gospel.’ ” She had prayed over it and believed that she had divine guidance. So at Newark, New Jersey, while her good friends wept at thought of the ostracism that would follow, she voiced her memorable argument, “Votes For Women.”

“When I had finished, a lady from New York, gray-haired and dignified, who was presiding, said to the audience: ‘The National Woman’s Christian Temperance Union is not

responsible for the utterances of this evening. We have no mind to trail our skirts in the mire of politics!’ She doubtless thought it her duty to speak, and I have no thought of blame, only regret. As we left the church, one of our chief women said, ‘You might have been a leader in our national councils, but you have deliberately chosen to be only a scout.’ ”

So unpopular was woman suffrage then! Yet Miss Willard stood sturdily by her convictions and before many years the National Union outspokenly adopted a suffrage plank; and it has been among the foremost of all the agencies that have pushed that reform.

With these watchwords, “Prohibition, Woman’s Liberation and Labor’s Uplift,” the National Union, under Miss Willard’s leadership, soon counted one million members. Such a thing had never been heard of in history. Women had been supposed incapable of organization; they could only follow the lead of men, for men’s purposes. But Frances Willard discovered a woman’s purpose; she utilized woman’s instinct; and she convinced a reluctant world that through those instincts and purposes woman would thenceforth have an appreciable influence in human affairs.

One of the slogans of the National Union under Miss Willard had been, “For God and Home and Native Land.” Yet she at no time aimed to promote the good of her own country at the expense of another. Narrow minded nationalism she abhorred. Her cause was the

cause of women and humanity, and only incidentally of America. The "native land" phrase she added only because she had not imagined her ideas could carry beyond the boundaries of the nation. But time came when she knew better; and the words could be dropped, or changed to "every land."

In San Francisco she saw the fatal results of the opium trade, and saw Chinese women abased far beyond the lowest level of her own people. Her first thoughts on the subject of woman and home-improvement had been actuated by her observations abroad, and this revived a host of unpleasant memories. She brooded on the repulsive sights of Chinatown month after month; she could not cast them out if she would; and finally, one night, she was favored with what she believed to be a distinct revelation from God.

"But for the intrusion of the sea," she said, "the shores of China and the far East would be part and parcel of our land. We are one world of tempted humanity. The mission of the White Ribbon women is to organize the motherhood of the world for the peace and purity, and protection and exaltation of its homes. We must send forth a clear call to our sisters yonder, and our brothers, too."

In her annual address in Detroit in 1883 Miss Willard frankly proclaimed the new doctrine; and then and there came into being the nucleus of the World's Woman's Christian Tem-

perance Union. Miss Willard was elected president. White Ribbon missionaries, sailing from New York, traversed every continent of the globe, founding local societies, and federating them, where possible, into national unions. In 1891, the first biennial world's convention assembled in Boston. And by 1898, when Miss Willard died, the world's union had been established in fifty nations.

The activities of this world union,—which multiplied the wonder of Miss Willard's previous performance—cannot, of course, be traced out in detail. Suffice it that the banded women of half a hundred lands imitated the American plan, and often with more than American success. Yet one or two measures bear Miss Willard's individual stamp so clearly that they cannot be omitted.

The first is the Polyglot Petition. Miss Willard addressed this to the "Governments of the World." It implored each government to prohibit the liquor and opium trade, and to raise the standard of the law to that of Christian morals. Missionaries carried copies to every continent. Local unions there signed it and presented it to their sovereigns. The names in over fifty different languages were then mailed to the American headquarters, and trimmed, and mounted on a strip of red-white-and-blue muslin. The enormous rolls of cloth, with two million signatures, were finally brought to the attention of President Cleveland, and a fac-simile in book form, to that of

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Queen Victoria. They were afterward shipped from place to place for a decoration and a symbol in various convention halls.

Not one country acceded to the terms of the petition, nor had Miss Willard expected it would. But, she argued, every woman who signed was awakened to the urgency of the temperance question; and, inspired by the thought of being in a class with several million others, they would continue to study it and to pass on their knowledge till not one ignorant person remained. Then prohibitive legislation would come as a matter of course. As a world-wide promoter of education the Polyglot Petition has had no like; and the ponderous rolls still kept in the Union headquarters are a fit monument to Miss Willard's genius.

The second noteworthy deed of the World's Union was its interference in Armenia. That Christian country had been oppressed and persecuted for three hundred years by the Turks. At last war broke out—yet not war—for the Armenians had no arms; and they were cruelly murdered, fifty thousand in one year, and their fields overrun and villages sacked.

Few details of this horror had leaked out until a shipload of maimed creatures escaped to Marseilles, France. Miss Willard, then in Europe, went at once to Marseilles, where she learned in full of the century-long tragedy. She found homes for the refugees and then sailed for America with a crusader's message in her heart.

“Sisters, countrymen!” she cried, “our fellow worshipers perish because they will not apostatize. An ancient nation is being slaughtered on the plains of old Bible story!” The Turks, with their un-Christian marriage customs, were outraging a people whose only fault was “their devotion to Christ and their loyalty to a pure home.”

Miss Willard petitioned the government, declaring that “the protection of the home is the supreme duty of statesmen,” and urging that our country unite with England to stop the massacre. She called upon the unions in every locality to meet, and protest, and collect money for the relief of those far-away, desecrated Christian homes. And “may God so deal with us at last,” she cried, “as we deal with our Armenian sisters and brothers, and their little ones, in this hour of their overwhelming calamity.”

“These appeals,” says one historian, “have hardly been equaled in effect in the annals of the world.” The nation was aroused. Money flowed in from ten thousand sources. Business men gave, and churches, and women and children. Clara Barton, the Red Cross nurse, sailed for Constantinople, the private emissary of a whole people. With the consent of the Turkish government—already shamed for its cruelty—her agents walked into the desolated land with medicine and food and seed corn; and with tools to build new houses and encouragement to found new homes—because the

homes of America would see to their protection.

The significance of this act cannot be measured in terms of money spent or of people saved. It meant that the women of the land—not public women, but home-staying women, the mothers of children—could take a hand in world politics and actually force history. The home-protection principle had been asserted and operated on an international scale. Frances Willard had climaxed her life with an achievement she could not hope to surpass.

Miss Willard divided her last six years about equally between America and Europe. In England, she stayed with the English president, Lady Henry Somerset, who gave her every comfort. But more and more the great leader felt drawn to her native land. In 1892 her mother died. Through all her public life she had depended upon that mother and her welcome at "Rest Cottage," at Evanston, Illinois, almost as implicitly as she had when a child. "My nature is so interwoven with hers," she wrote, "that I almost think it would be death for me to have the bond severed and one so much myself gone over the river." And when the home-idyl had ended at last forever, her health continually failed, and it soon became evident that she could not long maintain her hold on this world. Trying, perhaps, to supply what she had lost, she returned, with a curious, unappeased longing, to the haunts of her childhood.

She sought out the records of her earliest ancestors in Kent, England. She found the grave of her first American ancestor in Massachusetts, "Elijah Willard, a beautiful man," and placed on it a bunch of water-lilies, the floral emblem of the World's W. C. T. U. She saw where her mother and father had been born, eleven miles apart. She saw the house and the room of her own birth, and those of her sister Mary. She revisited Evanston and Janesville, and finally Forest Home which had affected her so powerfully as a girl. Everywhere she reflected upon her youth and the influences that had made it, and gathered up all the old personal ties that had latterly been broken. With all earnestness she tried to recover the scenes and thoughts, the very actuality of her childhood home.

At the same time she relinquished none of her work with the national and world's unions. So long as strength remained she lectured, wrote letters, editorials and articles, and presided at the councils of her women.

Thus while leading the forefront of a world movement, she became, for a time, the simple child of a western farm; and, though happy to be a pioneer home child, she still, as a woman, bravely pioneered for the advancement of all homes and all humanity. The two ends of her life curiously met. And they differed scarcely at all except in their scope.

"If I were asked the mission of the idea.

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woman," Miss Willard once declared, "I would say, it is to make the whole world homelike. The true woman will make homelike every place she enters,—and she will enter every place in this wide world."



J. ELLEN FOSTER

J. ELLEN FOSTER

J ELLEN FOSTER was all her life a conscientious church goer. Like the Puritans in whose stock she was rooted, she went not to see or be seen, but to listen; and when she heard words of spiritual truth, she jotted them down in her diary to ruminate on at leisure. The entry of July 31, 1904, reads in part:

“The sermon was strong and helpful. I make this application to my present situation. I am now looking for a stenographer. She must, of course, know how to ‘take down’ rapidly and correctly; she must be a lady, first; but above all, as absolutely essential, she must be *true to me*. So with God in his choice of workers: his first honors are to those *who are true*. God helping me, I will be true.”

On August 21 of the same year the note is made, “Went to church but was sleepy. Still I bring away the lesson, ‘*The Thought of God*’—this should be the background of every life. I humbly rejoice because I *know* it is the background of mine.”

Mrs. Foster was at the time sixty-four years old. The words referred to that present date; but they were also a summing up of all her years, and a fulfillment of the promise of her youth.

She was born Judith Ellen Horton, in Low-

ell, Massachusetts, 1840. Externally, a clear religious background for her life had already been sketched by her parents. Mrs. Horton inherited Puritan traditions and showed them forth in gentleness and affection as a wife and mother. The father had a kindred spirit—but it emerged from him in acts more positive and energetic. For thirty years a Methodist minister, he was not more ready to recommend right living and the bliss thereof than to denounce a course of evil and to portray the horror of its consequences. “A faithful minister of the gospel” were the words that he wished carved on his tomb. And his was a fighting faithfulness. The Methodist church took an equivocal position concerning slavery. In general conference, when called upon to lead the devotions, he made bold to pray “that the wrath of God might not descend upon a slave holding church.” The bishop reproved him for the undutiful allusion. Later, because of the church’s attitude on slavery, he withdrew from the sect and affiliated with the Wesleyan: for the gospel to which he would be faithful had to be one in which he could be true.

The combined gentleness and intensity of the minister’s home were unfortunately too soon lost to the growing girl. The mother died when she was eight, and the father when she was thirteen, and she went to live with her elder sister, Mrs. Pierce, in Boston. The transfer was not, however, to a less pious atmosphere, for Mrs. Pierce had become in-

grained with the scruples of their father. Then the stern Puritanism received from father and sister was soon fire-tempered by an act of Miss Horton's brother Jotham. Serving as chaplain of a peace conference in New Orleans, he made a prayer too honest for his hearers, and was murdered while still on his knees.

So Miss Horton, in her plastic years, was made firm in the faith of her fathers. She never experienced conversion, because she never was conscious of variance from God's purposes. While her education went on in Boston—a very complete education in books, music and society, thanks to her sister's wealth,—she disciplined herself yet more thoroughly in the lore and labors of the church. Not only did she eschew dancing, card playing and like frivolities: once, when at a Wesleyan seminary at Lima, New York, she wrote to her monitor, "I promise not to go walking on Sunday or to gossip on Thursday." She early began a practice that she would never afterward discontinue, of spending a half-hour in devotions each morning before she faced the duties of the day. She belonged to the missionary society of the church, taught a Sunday-school class and, still led on by her father's evangelizing spirit, went into the dingy missions to sing new hope into the lives of weary-hearted dwellers in the slums.

During this time, the fifties and sixties of the nineteenth century, certain vigorous-minded

women were proclaiming a new, secular gospel. They held that women were the mental and moral equals of men. They asked for equal rights at the polls, in the courts, and in economic fields; and scores of them like Mrs. Stanton, Florence Nightingale, and Julia Ward Howe, were forging into positions of public usefulness where men had formerly reigned alone. Miss Horton, however, did not accept the gospel of emancipated womanhood. She believed woman's place was the home, and her duties wifely affection and maternal care. Outside the home, if she had strength, she might abet the propaganda of the church. That was public, indeed, but it was religious. In such things a woman could, in her way, be a "faithful minister of the gospel."

But Miss Horton was the heir of family heroisms she could not put out of mind: her ancestors had fought in the Revolution, her father had resigned his church for conscience's sake, her brother had been slain for speaking truth. Her background was purely religious; but the religion was one of action. The future, while leaving unchanged her notion of what woman is, might be expected radically to broaden her conception of what woman may do.

While still a young woman she went to Chicago to live with relatives. There, in the slums of the Bridgeport district, she directed the music in a mission Sunday-school. One of the teachers was a lawyer, recently graduated from the University of Michigan, named E. C.

Foster. The young man and woman, drawn together by similarity of interests, soon formed a love match, married, and settled in Clinton, Iowa. The husband would practice law for their support, so they planned, and Mrs. Foster would busy herself agreeably with her familiar occupations in the home and the church.

Children were born, and Mrs. Foster has testified eloquently to her delight in them, "I know the intense interest of guiding the child mind and the sensitive child heart. I know the bliss of mother love. It outranks all other joy that I have known." To the doings of the church she also lent a hand, for that was as natural as living.

The religious-minded couple had not been long in Clinton, however, before they saw that church work could not be limited by the conventional bounds set by well-to-do people in Boston. Clinton was a lumber town. With its gambling dens, saloons, and "Murderer's Row," to which the rivermen swarmed, it was reputed one of the wickedest towns on the Mississippi. Furthermore, it was a comparatively small town; the good parts and the bad were necessarily commingled, and in simple self-defense the interests of righteousness had actively to put down those of evil.

In the early seventies this antagonism resolved into a fierce conflict. Some women in an Ohio town had taken it into their heads to beat down the saloon power. Their spirit infected women everywhere, and almost in a day

a woman's temperance crusade was sweeping from coast to coast. The church women of Clinton welcomed any method by which they could purify their town. A band of them took their hymn books and marched into "Murderer's Row." They sang and prayed in every saloon which they were allowed to enter. To their gratification, some hard faced men left off carousing to sing and worship with them. Some were shamed and went home vowing they would drink no more. Some proprietors were moved to drive out their patrons and close the doors,—for the night, if not for all time.

Encouraged by these signs, Mrs. Foster organized the women into a permanent society. Then, drawing on her knowledge of city missions, she opened a hall where she could sing, and exhort, and educate for temperance. At first her proceedings were very simple. She hitched old gray "Charlie" to the spring wagon, put a bundle of sticks in behind, and with her small son drove to the hall; and while he kindled a fire in the stove, she swept, dusted and ventilated. Then when the audience had drifted in, the janitoress would turn orator, and later present the pledge, "I do solemnly promise, God helping me, that I will never make, buy, sell or use intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and that I will in all honorable ways discourage their use."

So far, Mrs. Foster was well within the established proprieties. But now a change—in fact a whole series of rapid changes—

were imminent. Mr. Foster, it will be remembered, was a lawyer as well as a church man. While his wife was praying in the rum shops, damage cases against the saloon fell to him to advocate. He prosecuted the offenders fearlessly; his popularity took a sudden bound, and intemperance cases filled his docket. Now, in order to understand the matters that occupied him, and the legal side of matters that on their moral side occupied her, Mrs. Foster, urged by her husband, began reading law in his books at home. For some years she "studied the pages of Blackstone, while she dressed dolls and blew soap bubbles" for her children.

Meantime, Mr. Foster's duel drew to closer and deadlier issues. Threatened with violence if he did not desist from mauling the saloons, he only quickened his blows. Some one, in spite, set up a little rum-shop near his home. He began action against it and the saloon was driven out. But, on the night after the judgment was pronounced, thugs burned his house. There was a total loss of all his goods, and the family saved themselves but narrowly.

This incident probably made J. Ellen Foster. It was an outrage upon her home. It was an unfair retaliation against the sincere, even dutiful, acts of her religion. The mother in her and the evangelist in her, as by a chemical change, became stern and militant.

She had applied herself closely to her law reading. Now she asked her husband when the

bar examinations were to be held. Why? She wanted to take them! There was not a single woman lawyer in Iowa, and only one or two in America. Still, this erstwhile quiet home-and-church woman wished to be one. In due time she was sworn in at the Iowa bar. One morning, instead of staying at home, she got into the buggy with her husband behind the old gray horse, and drove to his office. A new shingle went up: "Foster and Foster," it read. She entered the room and squared around at an empty desk. A woman came in and began to talk to Mr. Foster. A saloon had ruined her husband. For years, it had steadily debauched him, taking his money and breaking his habits and his health. To-day they were penniless. The house was to be sold. They would have no home but the street. And there were children, four of them. The woman wept. She could not pay a lawyer now, but—

"Here," said Mr. Foster, turning to his new partner, "is a case for you. You can make that saloon pay damages."

So another anti-saloon lawyer, a woman, soon to be as busy and successful as Mr. Foster, was given speed in her profession.

Simultaneously Mrs. Foster took a deep plunge into the popular crusade she had helped start. Local temperance societies had been marshaling in various towns of the state, and had organized into an Iowa union. In 1874 the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union had arisen, to federate those of the

states. Iowa joined the sisterhood; and almost at once, Mrs. Foster encountered and succumbed to the charm of the national president, Frances E. Willard. "I loved her with a chivalrous devotion not common among women," she says. "My admiration was absolute and unquestioning. . . . I gave to Miss Willard the ardor of a personal devotion, which drew to itself the religious fervor of that holy war. Her words were to me almost as sacred as the spirit of the movement itself. I did not question her methods or exercise my judgment concerning them—I was only too happy to follow where she led."

Miss Willard advised her to go on the platform and tell how her home had been burned and how liquor was destroying other homes. The idea was not new to Mrs. Foster, but the magnetism of the great leader, who was herself an orator with the purest religious enthusiasm, gave it for the first time a face of plausibility. So she went to stir the towns where no branches existed. Soon she found that her modest practice in Sunday-schools, missions, and at the bar had matured her into a powerful orator. The economic argument was the one she used most,—the loss of efficiency in the man, society, and the state. "She sways her audiences at will," wrote an editor, "not by sentimental appeal, but by that quality most rare in her sex; clear, concise, and yet beautifully embellished logic."

Yet if she made harvest of pledges as few

women could, there was more to it than oratorical skill—there was downright hard labor by day and night, and there was constant readiness with the personal appeal. She would speak one afternoon to a company of children at a school picnic; seven o'clock found her at a banquet, responding to a toast; at eight o'clock "tired out, and with not one idea to begin on," she faced a refined audience in a new opera house—and held them for two hours; at eleven o'clock she got wearily onto the caboose of a freight train, and was dropped two hours later on a switch, whence she had to walk a mile with her baggage to a hotel; at ten the next morning there was a conference with the local leaders; at noon she talked to a crowd of grimy miners, who had come out of the shaft for lunch. And always, with her rudest audience or her most elegant, she had a private word for any she could reach.

Very soon, from a humble messenger of the Union she was elevated to be "Superintendent of Legislation." Then the Union petitioned for a constitutional amendment prohibiting the sale of liquor in Iowa. The amendment was referred to popular vote. Mrs. Foster appealed to the people of the state—young and old, women and men, Democrats and Republicans, churchmen and non-churchmen—everybody, without distinction, who hated the blight of intemperance. The people forgot their age, party and denomination and voted the amendment through, with a thirty thousand majority.

No other state had dealt the saloon such a blow. Miss Willard declared Iowa to be "Queen and leader of Christian civilization on this continent."

This was in 1882, only nine years after the burning of Mrs. Foster's home; but the spell then loosed had already done its complete work. No longer was she a mere fledgling in public life. She was a figure bulking large in the affairs of both state and nation. She had swerved widely from her early beliefs concerning woman's restriction to the home and the church. "As a rule," she said, "the preachers and teachers who speak about woman's work in the churches speak too much of the petty and insignificant. They emphasize its femininity rather than its humanity. Women may differ from men in their intellectuality, but there is no sex in soul, and women have a work to do that cannot be assumed by men. It is a large and a grand work."

Yet her sallies into public life were still actuated by the same religious purpose as was her church and mission work. She never traveled on the Sabbath; unless too ill to stand, she never missed hearing or preaching one or more sermons on that day; each new day and each new enterprise she opened with prayer.

She was still religious in the background; but, the fact is that the background had amazingly spread. Woman's home work included, for her, opposition to the enemies of the home, anywhere, and by any means. Woman's reli-

gious work might include any effort tending to the good of humanity. Praying in "Murderer's Row," pleading at the bar, or arguing on the platform, she believed her deeds consonant with God's purposes, and assigned her to do from heaven.

The Iowa amendment was repealed on technical grounds, but Mrs. Foster, undaunted, went deeper into the work. And, with closer intimacy, she fell more and more under the spell of Miss Willard. Like the other million or so of women in the W. C. T. U., she paid an unreasoning allegiance to the loved leader, whose wish was law—and whose commands, the cautious feared, might be a tyranny. "As the work progressed and my official relation to it necessitated my individual action," she admits, . . . "in the settlement of any question of duty in the W. C. T. U., where Miss Willard and I differed in judgment, I always yielded mine to hers."

But from the first two or three things were conspiring to weaken this "sweet coercion of personal affection." Mrs. Foster was not so strong an executive as Miss Willard, having been engaged, during the other's apprenticeship as an educator, "in domestic affairs and the care of little children." But she was just as grimly conscientious; she required herself as much to be true to God and her own conscience. Devoted as she was to Miss Willard and the W. C. T. U., she could be expected, like her father, to renounce her "faithfulness," if

at any time she could not be true. And besides Scripture and conscience, she was, with her experience of the world, beginning to see the claims of certain other guides. She might try to serve these also, and hence bring on a conflict.

In the early eighties she was pained to note certain acts of Miss Willard which she considered mistaken and rash. At the convention in Washington in 1881, the president asked "us here at the nation's Capitol to pledge our allegiance to the new party which she prophesied would unite North and South, help on the work of constitutional prohibition and the enfranchisement of women." The new party was the Prohibition Party. Miss Willard's request was not formal, and it passed unheeded by the general body of women. Only Mrs. Foster, a lawyer and the wife of a lawyer, marked its trend and knew it dangerous.

All the successes of temperance in the past had been won through non-partisan methods. Temperance was a moral question on which all men could unite, irrespective of their political views, as they had in Iowa. The Union had no excuse for going further than that into party politics. "What has the W. C. T. U. to do with tariff or free trade, with hard or soft money, with railroads or mines?" Mrs. Foster asked. Now, suppose one party should announce a temperance plank, and the Union should form an alliance with it on account of the plank, then all other parties,—containing a

large share of temperance men,—would be made inimical to temperance, merely because it con-sorted with strictly political doctrines which they opposed. The third party vote did not represent five per cent of the prohibitory sentiment of the country. By endorsing such a party, therefore, the Union would offend ninety-five per cent of its friends, and defeat the legislation for which it was laboring. Yet, unless she misread the signs, Miss Willard was surely working up to that endorsement.

Still sustained by her affection and believing no “such arrogant assumption of power would ever be attempted,” she protested, but mildly, and in private, although the assumption was hinted at more clearly in every succeeding convention. Finally, in 1884, at St. Louis, the convention voted flatly to “lend their influence to the Prohibition Party.” Then and there Mrs. Foster rebelled. Miss Willard would not, perhaps could not, see the fatuity of third party action. “God had so honored woman’s temperance work,” Mrs. Foster says, “that I believe she was confused with expectation of a popular uprising under the leadership of the W. C. T. U. with her at its head.”

“A great party hurled from power in ’84, the speedy dominance of the third party, the enfranchisement of women and the overthrow of the liquor traffic, all soon following, were they to be successive stages in the victorious march which should usher her in as the nation’s deliverer?”

Convinced of her leader's "political lunacy" and suspecting her ambition, Mrs. Foster's loyalty began to weaken. Then, under the party policy, legislative action was ordered which she would have to conduct. She resigned from her official relation to the National Union. She "did this with reluctance, for she loved the women and loved the work, but there was no other honorable course open to her."

Her own state was ready to stand by her for weal or woe. At the next annual meeting it elected her president of the Iowa Union. And at the National Convention, 1885, in Philadelphia, Iowa ranked solidly behind her in a protest: "With a deep sense of grave responsibility—and with a conviction of duty so overmastering that it will not permit us to be silent, we solemnly, and in the presence of Him whose name we bear, *protest* against the action of this Convention in committing this Christian organization to the aid and support of a political party." Mrs. Foster's reasons were stated. The women signed:

Here we stand;
We can do no other;
So help us God. Amen.

The same protest was offered in '86 and again in '87. Then in 1888 at New York, while Mrs. Foster was on the floor and speaking, someone moved the previous question. Miss Willard, in the chair, sustained the previous question, and Iowa was thereby denied the right to be heard.

In a letter to "Dear Judith," Miss Willard claims, "In every parliamentary ruling I acted up to my knowledge and light. . . . Believe me, ever with an earnest purpose to do right, your friend and sister." Mrs. Foster, however, replied coldly, pointing to the injustice done her and her state, and plainly dates the end of their friendship by closing, "With tender memories of the days of 'Auld Lang Syne.' "

The final split was now very near. The summer following, Iowa refused its dues to the national treasury, claiming they were diverted for third party political work. In the fall convention of the National Union at Chicago, a resolution was read to the effect that anyone unfriendly to the third party "is hereby declared disloyal to our organization." Many, even of Miss Willard's own retainers, felt that this was straining the national authority; and as the reading finished, all eyes turned upon the section where the Iowa delegation sat. At least they would try to obstruct the procedure. But no; obstruction was too mild! There was a moment of silence; then a murmur; then a general rustling; then a figure, that of Mrs. Foster, stood in the midst of the delegation; she spoke a few words, short and firm; and the small knot of women arose, moved into the aisle; and with Mrs. Foster at their head they silently filed through the door which swung to upon an assembly that had not yet begun to breathe.

Iowa had seceded from the National Union. Judith Ellen Foster had disrupted the greatest organization of women that the world, up to that time, had seen. Were they not right who said that henceforth woman's influence for social righteousness was to be exerted in a different way?

It is generally agreed that with this break the Woman's Christian Temperance Union passed the crest of its power and began the descent. For the decline of the organization, Mrs. Foster was bitterly blamed. She was called a "disturber of the peace," a "Judas," a "sender of spurious reports," a "receiver of bribes." She defended herself by logic and plain statement—without a flash of temper or a tinge of malice. She persisted in her own course, even while the W. C. T. U. dashed itself upon the rocks, "for the cause of temperance," she said, "is dearer to me than that Union." And since no temperance law has ever been enacted by a Prohibition Party, but many by general non-partisan vote, history seems to uphold her judgment.

It was not long after this that on a trip to England she heard from Hannah Whitall Smith the contents of an unpublished book, "The Philosophy Of Fanaticism." She wrote in her diary, "Hannah says people become fanatics because they listen to *one voice*—they think it the voice of God in the soul. She says we must not take any new position in matters

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of faith and conduct till *four* voices unite in approval and direction. These voices are

The voice of Scripture.

The voice of the spirit within.

The voice of circumstance.

The voice of common sense.

“When these unite, go ahead; when even one is lacking, stay where you are. I have known some of the same and similar instances of shipwreck of noble craft.”

The W. C. T. U., in Mrs. Foster's opinion, may have heard the voices of Scripture and the spirit within; but it assuredly had not heeded those of circumstance and common sense. Mrs. Foster acknowledged the claims of these two latter guides also. For them she had divided the Temperance Union, though, as she said, it “almost broke her heart.” But with them she was rounding out her character and preparing herself for her greatest work.

This dissension from the Prohibition Party alliance did not mean that Mrs. Foster reposed no faith in politics. On the contrary, she favored working with every party that would help disable the saloon. “In absolute fealty to religious conviction and patriotic devotion, I advise every temperance woman to lend her influence to that party which she believes gives the best embodiment of prohibition principles and will most surely protect the home.” In some localities the Prohibition Party might do this, in others the Democratic, in others the

Republican. For her, privately, "I most unqualifiedly state that I believe the Republican Party does this. Nine-tenths of the voting temperance sentiment of the country is embodied in the Republican Party."

Mrs. Foster had always been a Republican. She believed that "that party is the party of action; its breath is progress; its speech is the language of the world; its dialect the rhetoric of the home and the farm and the shop." In that conviction she had, in 1884, spoken in advocacy of the election of Blaine.

She now saw yet another reason for adherence to the party. "Its heroic constituencies are the thinking, moving, vital elements of American life. It holds within its ranks the armies of all reforms"—among others, the greatest number of temperance men. Hence she ought to maintain it in office, as against its rivals which aggregated less temperance sentiment.

She could not, of course, ask it to insert a prohibition plank in its platform. Temperance, as she had said, was a moral question, for all people to consider on a moral plane, wholly apart from their views on tariff and soft money. It was as far above the Republicans, as a party, as it was above the Prohibitionists, as a party. To marry the moral question and the political party would be quite too grotesque; it would mean the subjection of one and perhaps, in the end, the ruin of both.

Nor did she wish to tie the W. C. T. U. as

an organization to the party she favored. What she had said of the other alliance held true here as well. Such an affiliation was impractical to begin with. And then, one might as well ask all W. C. T. U. women to join the Methodist church, if it should happen to take an advanced position on the temperance question.

Her theory was this, merely: the Republican Party, seated in power for its strictly political doctrines, would from mere weight of moral excellence in its ranks, do more for temperance—as individuals—than any other party could. It would do more, too, for various other reforms. Therefore she ought to support it. Especially ought she to support it against any such impotent combination as the Prohibition Party and the fond, misguided W. C. T. U.

This reason, added to her previous love for Republicanism, determined Mrs. Foster now to throw herself actively into partisan politics.

There was, furthermore, a definite new field to cultivate—the W. C. T. U. had shown her it—the field of non-voting women. The vote swung for the Prohibitionists by the Temperance Union and the disintegration caused in the rival parties had revealed what women could do in partisan politics. Wives could influence their husbands—who perhaps had less time than they to read and think. Mothers could guide the minds of their growing sons, to the vast advantage of both. For “happy is that mother whose ability to help her child continues

on from babyhood and manhood into maturity. Blessed is the son who need not leave his mother at the threshold of the world's activities, but may always and everywhere have her help. . . . Such mothers and such sons shall bring to the nation, which is only the larger home, a priceless benediction."

The problem, then, was to lead women to think and act sanely on political issues with the unanimity and enthusiasm that they had shown for party prohibition. Evidently association, on the plan of the Temperance Union itself, to instruct the women and prick them into action was the first necessity. The men already had such in their Republican clubs. And the president of the National Association of Republican Clubs was Clarkson of Iowa, Mrs. Foster's close friend.

Mrs. Foster's mind was made up. The Republican Party was then strong and buoyant. It then carried doctrines worth preservation. And women, wisely generaled, could probably give it appreciable help. In 1888 Mrs. Foster laid these propositions before the National Republican Committee. It met her more than half way. In the woman's own simple story, "Headquarters were opened and a general woman's campaign begun. The national colors floated from the window, bearing the legend, 'The Woman's National Republican Association and Harrison and Morton.'" Of this association Mrs. Foster was president.

That year a quantity of partisan literature

was strewn through the country, speakers were sent out, and numerous clubs were organized. In many instances, says Mrs. Foster, "they turned the tide for the Republican ticket." After the election Mrs. Foster opened a law office in Washington. Then in 1892 she again brought out her woman's association, fully organized, safely financed, and backed with the confidence of the party—to do a thing new in history.

She first went to the national convention of the party in Minneapolis. She hoped to bring her work before that body, but considered the project too bold. It was managed, however, and to her surprise she was led to the platform and introduced. "Such a gathering of intelligence is not often witnessed," she comments. "I cannot describe my emotions as I found myself before that vast sea of faces. The physical effort to make them hear took a little from the pleasure of speaking, so that I cannot say I enjoyed it, but of course, I was very thankful for the opportunity. The convention expressed its approval by cheers and otherwise, and we were all satisfied and happy. I cannot wholly realize as I am writing it, what a triumph it was. It is the first honor of the kind ever conferred upon a woman."

With this assurance, she deputed women to build up local clubs, and fifteen state clubs that year acknowledged the headship of the national. The object of these was "to unite the women of this community in educational work

and social influence for the maintenance of the principles of the Republican party in the home, in the state and in the nation." The women were to study, discuss, and circulate party literature, exert all honorable pressure upon voters, especially first voters, and, above all, use their own ballot at every election for which women might qualify.

Second, the association carried on an extension course of political education. It recommended "The Home And The Flag Reading Course,"—a set of books—non-partisan—on history, civil government and economics. It followed up these with "The Home And The Flag" series of papers and pamphlets, full of political news and argument. To stimulate study, it offered prizes for the best essays written by women on governmental topics.

The association assisted, finally, in any important local election. In states where women could vote, sample Australian ballots were issued; and in the kitchen tête-à-tête, the parlor conference, and the general rally, women were taught how to mark them. Mrs. Foster, helped by other women, invaded the states on a tour of campaign speaking. At one place the street parade was reckoned over a mile and a quarter in length. It was led by automobiles, wherein rode the town dignitaries in broadcloth and high hats, and brass bands that mingled "America" with "Annie Laurie," and the latest ragtime. There followed a procession of floats, filled with children all in white, who

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feverishly waved bouquets and banners with symbolistic devices. Then came a troop of young women on horseback, attended by horsemen as a guard of honor. And last, another band and a mob of boys running, falling, shouting, half choked and hidden in the dust. All these wended their way to the courthouse square, where J. Ellen Foster, a woman politician, was to address them from the steps.

So drums, banners, and red fire, dusty train, stuffy hotel, and steaming auditorium, telegram, interview, caucus, and hurried address before vociferous throngs of both men and women—these were the things through which Mrs. Foster now continually moved. Occasionally a reporter grew facetious, or remembered his gallantry, and spoke of the rustle of silks, the gloved applause, or the head usher, “a marked blonde, whose deep blue eyes make the men do her bidding.” But generally it was remarked that in the steady march of Mrs. Foster’s logic, people forgot whether they were men or women, and knew only they were voters. And many of them were voters of a different persuasion from that in which they entered the hall.

In a non-suffrage state the fire was directed at women in the homes, who, it was expected, would bring their men about. With Helen Boswell, Secretary of the Association, Mrs. Foster carried out in New York city, a tenement house canvass which still stands a classic example of women’s party work. Miss Bos-

well had headquarters on Broadway, and sixty women helpers. Daily they swept down upon the foreign East side, taking it block by block, street by street, house by house and,—as was necessary in the congested parts—literally room by room. While mothers rocked cradles with their feet and with their hands sewed buttons onto shirts, the women talked to them of school, street cleaning, and health protection. When younger women came home fagged from their day in the department store or the factory, the canvassers met them with the party promises concerning labor. As a final measure, Miss Boswell boiled down the questions of the hour into brief, simple pamphlets in all languages, and put them into the hands of the children, who might read them to their parents.

So, a man coming home at night, slightly fuddled with promises and a cheap cigar, the souvenirs of a street-corner harangue by a ward heeler for the opposition, would walk into a united family who also had promises, but, instead of cigars, had reasons. He was indeed an egotist if he did not change his mind. As a matter of fact he generally did change his mind, as was shown on election day. Wards went Republican that had returned big Tammany majorities for a quarter of a century.

Working by these several means, Mrs. Foster earned wide repute as a woman in politics—a useful ally and a dangerous opponent. In election after election, it was conceded that she turned the scale in various states for Repub-

licanism. Most candidates took pains to secure her alliance in the early preliminaries of the contest. A senator-elect, foreseeing opposition when he came to be seated, wrote to her protesting his good faith. A presidential candidate refused to discuss his religious creed with her, lest it rob him of her friendship. "I rejoice in your friendship," he added, "and I rejoice in your faith in me, and I hope always to have the benefit of your advice and sympathy."

But her eminence as J. Ellen Foster was nothing compared to her eminence as a woman and a representative of women. For she had done what few before her had even dreamed of doing. She had made woman a recognized factor in party politics and in the party government of a nation.

Other women were asking for the suffrage, deeming that essential before political work could begin. Mrs. Foster desired the suffrage too; but she knew it would, in some states, be a long while coming; and she insisted that meanwhile woman, just as she was, should have a political education and assert herself as a person to whom government is a natural interest. She prepared the way for the general participation of non-voting women in partisan politics—as in the presidential campaign of 1912. J. Ellen Foster made woman conscious of herself as a political being. In winning prominence for herself, therefore, she opened a vast new room in the house of womanhood.

She was still, in all essentials, the quiet, motherly person she had always been. Her personality, a journalist observes, pervaded even the national headquarters. "No sergeant-at-arms or pert office boy stepped forward to inquire the caller's business. No tobacco smoke hung mistily, obscuring the view. No excited groups harangued and argued in hoarse whispers. No frock-coated statesmen hurried in and out, winding their ways through lanes of shaking hands. No messenger boys dashed among the throng, waving telegrams from high personages. The babel of noises, the rapid shifting of groups were absent."

As to her religion all this time—it was during this period that, being in Boston, she took the communion in a strange church, and wrote in her journal, "The wine, I am sorry to say, was the wine of commerce and fermented, so I could only touch my lips in honor of the thing symbolized, while I repudiated the symbol itself." And on the very Sunday before she addressed the National Republican Convention at Minneapolis she spoke on temperance in the Baptist church, and on Tuesday and Wednesday of the same week, at the Methodist church.

No, she was not less what she had been; she still gave heed to the voices of Scripture and conscience, but she had learned to obey two others also. These estranged her from certain people and groups of people with a high moral purpose; but they qualified her for service of

high moral purpose and accomplishment in politics, a science of Circumstance and Common Sense. She had made her piety so practical that it combined with and helped control the greatest practical organization in the world.

As Mrs. Foster was the first, she remained the only president of the Woman's Republican Association, until her death, August 11, 1910. She did not, however, spend all her strength in the ferment of campaign year. In her last period, she seemed to shoulder all labors possible to womankind.

She was Advocate General for the National Relief Association that aided the Red Cross—of the board of managers of which she was long a member—in Cuba. She was delegate for the United States, to a Red Cross Convention in St. Petersburg. She accompanied the Taft party to the Philippines, and, at President Roosevelt's request, looked privately into the status of women and children in the islands. Her recommendations, quickly translated into executive orders, played no small part in the educational and economic remaking of the people of the islands. She then remained in the orient and toured the remote mission stations, to lecture in them and to study their works.

On her return to America, Mrs. Foster assumed the support of an orphan boy in the mission school at Pekin. She was elected trustee of her church, and assistant superintendent of Sunday-school. She interested herself in the

local Y. W. C. A. Incessantly busy as she was with big things, she crowded her spare minutes with small things,—which she appeared to love no less. At the end, she was ill only four hours before she died; people said she had not had time to be ill. But besides all these activities, there were some of another class in Mrs. Foster's latest period. They began back in the period of the Spanish War. The American volunteers had mobilized in a few large stations before starting to Cuba. The sanitation was bad in the barracks, and the food ill-selected, and men were dying of fever. Just what were the conditions and what their cause, and what could be done for instant remedy? The government had to know. McKinley, strange to say, turned to a woman, J. Ellen Foster. She inspected the stations and reported. The government, without further question, ordered improvements that checked the fever, and saved the men for the war and for their homes.

This prompt obedience to her words caused Mrs. Foster to stop and think. She had in her time used many agencies for doing good. But here—

She was still thinking when a letter came to her from a Mrs. Black of Nebraska. The soldiers were returning from the war; in the receiving station at Montauk Point they were dying by the score; and those that died were buried there—within a day or two of home. Leslie Black was among the victims—and his mother wanted his body sent home. There

was nothing she would not give to have it done! What, asked the letter, would Mrs. Foster advise? Mrs. Foster did not wait to advise, but went to President McKinley. Leslie Black was sent home; and in a few days an order went out that all Leslie Blacks should be transported to their own people for burial. Yes, there was no doubt of it; Mrs. Foster had learned to use another great instrument for good—the United States Government.

It must have pleased her then in 1906 when Roosevelt detailed her to study the condition of woman and child workers throughout the nation. Her findings were conveyed to the President in a confidential report that furnished the basis for influencing national and state action; but Mrs. Foster did not stop with a mere report. Working actively in many different ways—"lobbying," writing, speaking, educating,—she mothered legislation for the protection of the child and woman worker. An opportunity to further the cause came when she was made chairman of the committee on child labor of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution; "we will study the past not to boast we are descended from its heroes, but to show ourselves worthy of the inheritance they left us," she announced. For the Federal Children's Bureau, created a year and more after her death, she labored hard. But she saw that thorough-going national child labor legislation was impossible for the present; without ceas-

ing tactfully and quietly to urge it, she threw her energy into the advocacy of state laws to protect the young worker and the weak. Again, she showed that she heard the Four Voices and not two alone.

In 1908, finally, Mrs. Foster was appointed special agent of the Department of Justice to inspect United States criminals in the federal and state prisons. The office was an old one. Men had held it for years and done—or left undone—their duties so peacefully that, with an exception or two, the world knew them not. Mrs. Foster, however, was proud with her power, a new power for a woman. She inspected with her eyes open; and her revelations were the sensation of a year. Right in the District of Columbia the prisoners were crowded, unclean, and feeding from tin troughs—little better than those Elizabeth Fry saw in Newgate jail a hundred years before. The women prisoners were especially unfortunate. Many prison boards, composed of men, were too lax in discipline to do the women good; others were too harsh. Then, there was no federal prison for them and they were farmed out to the different states, where their teaching was indifferent, and they were confined in tiny, sunless cells.

The Government acted immediately upon Mrs. Foster's report. Orders were given for the enlargement and modernization of the Washington prison and for the erection of a re-

formatory on a farm near by. A "woman's wing" was put under construction at Leavenworth, Kansas. "I can turn my mind to nothing else," she wrote. "I am thinking lavatories, paint, shelves, stoves and beds. My mind is with the poor women. Think of it; these women are to have a chance to work out in their own grounds and enjoy God's free air and sunshine." And it was at her suggestion that the National Prison Labor Committee was formed, to regulate prison labor in the state and nation and to study it and apply the conclusions for the benefit of free labor everywhere.

In effect, Mrs. Foster was able late in life to use for moral or humanitarian ends the most powerful of all organizations, the constituted government.

She had used many agencies—the church, the law, the Temperance Union. When the Union erred in policy she had cut loose from it, to help in politics. Now her political success had given her influence with the officials elected by her party and those officials, as she had boasted, were good men, first in the army of reform: they let her use the powers of government for the moral works which were to her the real end of living.

Mrs. Foster in her last years carried on reforms that she never thought of in the early stages of her life. And she carried them on by means that the church worker, the lawyer, even the temperance woman could not have imagined. Her point of pride was now that

she could get the United States Government to do them for her. She was like one who marches out to battle with a wooden sword, leading a dozen men, and comes back, after victories, fully armed, at the head of an army.

Two brief incidents of her last years set her character in clear light. There had been a strike of miners in a western state. Mrs. Foster arrived in the town while the strife was yet hot, to make a political speech. She mentioned the name of a labor leader. The miners cheered. Mrs. Foster let them go on as long as they would. "All right," she said. "Cheer him. For he is a man on whom no blood stain rests. He has not desecrated the flag with crimes committed in the name of labor!"

As she spoke the miners had fallen silent and glum. They were stained with blood; they had desecrated the flag.

"Now, look here!" the woman cried.

She snatched a little flag which she always wore on her bosom, and held it high.

"Here is your flag!" she said. "You have cheered your leader. Cheer this."

There was not a sound in the hall.

"Cheer it," she said firmly.

Still no sound.

"I'll wait right here," she said, raising the flag higher, "till you do cheer it. Cheer!"

Some man found his voice in a faint cry. A dozen hands went up, and a dozen voices shouted. The whole hall arose as a man and for five minutes they cheered while the win-

dows rattled. The town went Republican in that election, through the miners' admiration for J. Ellen Foster. She had the courage, even while pleading for votes, to stand on her patriotism and her sense of right.

The other incident—one that occurred on the same trip—Mrs. Foster herself relates. "I was in a region of the Rocky Mountains. As I was about to get into the carriage, a woman said, 'Did you once live in Iowa and make speeches there?' I answered that I certainly did. 'Well,' she said, 'I thought it was you. I heard you on temperance when I was a little girl. I do not remember the speech at all. But when I went with my mother to speak with you after the lecture, you took my hand and said, 'Who is this sweet faced little girl?' My mother was a good woman, but she did not have much time to make of me. No one ever told me I had a sweet face; I looked in the glass when I went home to see if I really was sweet looking; many a time when I have seen what beauty I had going with weather and hard work, I have said to myself, Mrs. Foster said I was sweet looking little girl, and I'll *be sweet* whether I look it or not!'

"I haven't seen the woman since, but I'm glad I told her twenty years ago that she was sweet faced. I resolved that night as I slept in the log cabin on the divide, 'I'll say all the good things I can of every one, and I'll not say an unkind word of anyone!'

Thus behind all her public work—the fever

of temperance crusades, the pain and worry of secession, the loud excitement of political conflict, the responsibility of official missions—the serene religious background, the thought of God, remained secure. Nor was there any separation of her life into compartments; for it was always out of that background that her public deeds one by one naturally emerged.

She declared the roundedness of woman's character: her right to work in politics, and through politics and government for great reforms. Yet that was not entirely for an end in itself; it was for "the overthrow of all sin and the setting up of the Kingdom of Christ in this dear land of ours."

JANE ADDAMS

WHEN Jane Addams was three and a half years old, she, one day coming home from play, saw two flags waving above the gate posts of her father's yard—an American flag and a flag of black. She sped up the gravel walk and into the house. "What were the flags there for?" Her father answered solemnly and with tears, that the greatest man in the world had died. That man had been Mr. Addams' personal friend. His name was Lincoln.

The incident laid hold of the little girl's fancy not so much because of Lincoln's martyrdom as because of her father's intimacy with him. And of another occasion when Mr. Addams was plunged into gloom over the death of Joseph Mazzini, the Italian patriot, she says, "I was filled with pride that I knew a man who held converse with great minds, and who really sorrowed and rejoiced over happenings across the sea."

In her childish eyes, this father was great in his own right, too. He was a state senator in Illinois, a respected miller in Cedarville, and, above all, a man of imposing figure, and a grave Quaker mien. What small girl would not venerate him? Whether she studied in the village school, as she did in winter, or rambled

in summer over the beautiful country around Cedarville, the sense of his superiority lay heavy upon her. It was doubtless in tribute to some of his teachings that she and her step-brother reared an altar by the mill stream, and thither brought for sacrifice all the snakes they could kill, from weary distances, "dangling between two sticks." She so much admired his miller's thumb that in order to flatten hers in the same way she would sit for hours by the revolving mill stones rubbing the crushed grain. At night, when she had told a falsehood, she could not sleep until she slipped from her room and defied all the perils of a cold, dark stair and hallway, to confess at his bedside.

Sometimes her pride in him had a curious effect upon herself. In person undersized and delicate, she imagined she was unfit for his company. When strangers were to visit the Sunday-school, she prayed they might not associate him, the handsome and famous parent, with her, the homely girl. And to lessen the chance of such a disgrace for him, she would forego the churchward trip at his side and walk with her less distinguished uncle.

But this humility was soon banished. One afternoon on the main street of a neighboring city she met him coming out of a bank. The street was thronged with people of wealth and fashion. Happily, she thought, none of them were aware of her connection with the gentleman in the high silk hat. But what did he do,

this exalted being, but doff his hat and swing it wide, and bow imposingly, right there in the eye of all the public!

The truth is that Mr. Addams did not in the least deprecate either the looks or the gifts of his daughter. With all his senatorial pomp he could descend easily to her level. He told her the meaning of the news in the papers; talked familiarly of public men and what they were doing; and in the kindest way both praised her virtues and confessed her for her sins. "I never recall those early conversations with my father," Miss Addams says, "nor a score of others like them, but there comes into my mind a line from Mrs. Browning in which a daughter describes her relations with her father:

He wrapt me in his large man's doublet,
Careless did it fit or no."

By slow degrees she came to understand his peculiar rule of conduct: that it is the privilege of the strong and the good to demean themselves simply, if not humbly, and to find points of contact with the lowest.

And then he had another lesson to teach. One Sunday morning, arrayed in a gorgeous new cloak, she came to him for approval. He said it was a very pretty cloak; but, to her chagrin, he added that she had better wear an old garment instead, because the splendor of this would provoke envy and discontent in the other little girls. Those girls, he said, might be as favored as she with education and re-

ligion—the really important things. But if she paraded her fine clothes it might seem that she was different, and superior—and that would be very stupid. The girl laid aside her cloak. It cost her some pangs of self-sacrifice. But the moral of the incident was clear. As her great parent made himself equal to her, so she must obliterate all divisions between herself and those less fortunate.

Yet this equality did not imply any abasement of one's own character. Quite the contrary. That she might pattern after the illustrious men of history, Mr. Addams rewarded her five cents for each life of a Plutarch hero that she could report on, and ten cents for each signer of the Declaration of Independence. When she fled to him with a confession, he would comment, a bit sternly, that if she told lies he was glad she "felt too bad to go to sleep afterwards." To her eager questions upon religious doctrine he said "it was very important not to pretend to understand what you didn't understand, and that you must always be honest with yourself inside, whatever happened." And the man's own clear integrity, no doubt, impressed her quite as much as any of his precepts. For it was said of him that he had never been offered a bribe, "because bad men were instinctively afraid of him."

Certainly while the girl retained her hold on these principles no effort to seem like other people could dangerously lower her own ex-

cellence. Would she retain them—or could she, as the years went on,—along with a practice of equality?

At seventeen, Miss Addams entered Rockford College. During her four years there, she specialized in history and “mental” and “moral” philosophy. But these improving studies were not the ones that told most upon her career.

Rockford, like many colleges in those days, drilled its students in religion rather more than in literature and science. Attendance at chapel and Scripture reading was compulsory. Every winter the quiet of the place would be upheaved by a great revival. A girl who remained outside the church ran the risk of being thought either blind or stubborn. The standard of perfection was set by those who joined early and, before graduation, enlisted for the foreign missionary field.

Jane Addams did not hear the missionary call, nor was she even converted. “I was singularly unresponsive to all these forms of emotional appeal,” she says, “although I became unspeakably embarrassed when they were presented to me at close range.” And yet, in her own way, she grew as fast religiously as any of her classmates.

She could not see the truth that others appeared to see. Well, then, she would not pretend that she saw it. At any hazard she would be “honest with herself inside.” That was her father’s style of mental honesty, and also

Emerson's—an author whom she revered so much that “in a state of ecstatic energy” she cleaned the overshoes of a mere friend of his who lectured at the college. She could not grasp the faith that her fellows did. Therefore, like her father and Emerson, she would search out an independent faith of her own. In this roundabout way the religious fervor in Rockford ripened unexpected fruit.

Every Sunday morning Miss Addams read for an hour in the Greek testament in her teacher's room—read not by chapter and verse, but an entire gospel at a time. She liked this record of a “wonderful life” of service among the poor, because it seemed to fill out and perfect the lessons of equality she had already learned at home. And by the close of college Miss Addams resolved that she would not preach to the heathen, but would “live among the poor” in her own land. Her particular service there would be the practice of medicine.

Her liking for science and her views as to the future of women combined to focus her attention upon the same profession. She believed in woman's intuition, as an “accurate perception of truth and justice.” But too many women did not confirm their knowledge by the aid of that in books. They were, therefore, the subjects of self deceit and fancy, and they were fated to be disbelieved and rejected. To gain accuracy, let woman study some physical science. Then let her test her theories by

application in the workaday world. So, she would find her "faculties clear and acute," Miss Addams said grandiloquently in her senior essay, "and her hand upon the magnetic chain of humanity."

The young woman enrolled in a Philadelphia medical college in the fall of 1881. She completed but a single year, however, when a spinal weakness laid her flat in bed and the scientific course had to be given up. But for this chance, Miss Addams would probably have traversed the regular channel into an old and well established profession. As it was, she simply went adrift, with no port in view, and therefore with no inducement either to steer or row.

What should she do? The physician prescribed two years of European travel. Her health made this imperative, but her mind did not wholly consent. She wanted to be at something. Yet, since the "thing" did not take shape, she quieted her discontent with the promise of further education. She would prepare and prepare; no good training could ever come amiss; perhaps the future would, pretty soon, miraculously define itself through the mist, and she would steer into an attractive and busy haven. Some misgivings may have troubled her about this kind of navigation. But at present there was nothing else for it. And after all, she frankly loved study and, perhaps, was not sorry to postpone for a while the rough work of investing her talents.

For two years, then, she made Europe her schoolroom, reading, viewing the art treasures, and collecting beautiful things with which to adorn her Illinois home. She fairly feasted on the accumulations of culture with which Europe had stocked its galleries, apparently for such as she,—rich, educated, and with leisure to enjoy.

But unexpectedly a “ghost” appeared at the board where she was dining. One midnight, with a party of tourists, she sat on the top of an omnibus in the great East End slum district of London. A mob of men and women were gathered round a huckster’s cart, their rags and dirt and their haggard faces weirdly lit by the flare of the gas lamps. The huckster was auctioning off a half-decayed cabbage—for it was Saturday night, and such vegetables as would not keep till Monday had to go cheap—and the hungry people were bidding for it, with upraised hands. The cabbage was flung to the successful bidder. During a brief pause he sat down on the curb and began to devour his prize, raw and unwashed, as it was. Then the higgling recommenced, and the hands went up. “The final impression was not of ragged, tawdry clothing nor of pinched and sallow faces, but of myriads of hands, empty, pathetic, nerveless and workworn, showing white in the uncertain light of the street, and clutching forward for food which was already unfit to eat.”

For weeks after that, Miss Addams “went

about London almost furtively, afraid to look down narrow streets and alleys lest they disclose again this hideous human need and misery." Indeed, she was not dining without her ghost, nor ever could again: the ghost of equality which she had not murdered yet, but, for a time, deserted. How was she persevering in the course of life so attractively laid out by her father and by the gospel story?

The answer shocked her. She was wealthy, she was privileged, yet she viewed poverty and repression from the top of an omnibus, like any spectacle on a stage. She had the wisdom of books and schools and the culture of good society and the fine arts—and she was wearing them like a new cloak, flaunting them in the face of unfortunate millions.

Here Jane Addams experienced a lasting conversion. What was the use of culture, she asked, if it did nothing to "mitigate the sufferings of the world," but rather aggravated them. She could not pursue it whole-heartedly any more. The sense of its futility amounted at times "almost to a paralysis." It seemed to her she would be happier with nothing unless she could expend what she had for the common good. She would herself rather be an ignoramus and a pauper unless some of those in the midnight mob, with their nervous, workworn hands, could get the things they were reaching after—food, leisure, knowledge,—the things she had in such abundance. A passionate longing laid hold of her to belong

to some kind of "universal fellowship" in which each member should for once have his rightful share.

While at home the following summer, Miss Addams was baptized in the village church, which to a great extent stood for the lofty fellowship of her desire. But with that she stopped.

There was the misery, plain enough; but what could she do about it? How should she begin? The life of the primitive Christian who "went about doing good," and even more so, that of mediæval imitators was wholly inadequate, in our day, the day of social distresses as wide as the world. There was no process out of the church or in it that could be made to serve. Well, she would go ahead preparing. So for five or six years more she continued her unhappy quest for culture. But everywhere now the old ghost rose up before her. The rich were so rich and the poor so very poor; the learned knew so much and the ignorant were so like dumb beasts; and both, to judge from her own experience, were so discontented!

Yes, the rich were as discontented as the poor. For Miss Addams was slowly coming to the conclusion that her life was, after all, an empty one. She had seen pictures, and heard music and read books; but she had not lived. She had not worked at any useful toil—not earned her bread, or produced merchantable goods. She had not been hungry, or cold, or

tired; nor any more had she thrilled in the morning with eagerness or anxiety for the task to be done. She had not kept house or raised children, or waited at sick bedsides, or worried over the price of milk. She had not concerned herself with a ward election, or the paving of a street, or the appointment of a new school teacher. These were the kind of things common people did every day. These were real experiences. How much more satisfactory they must be than the mere reading of a book *about* experience! How gladly she would exchange some of her shadowy book learning for the hearty enjoyment of really being and doing something.

In this state of mind, she at last began to cast about for an occupation. Was there no way in which a woman, who had a plethora of study, but who longed for the experience of life itself, could restore the balance? Could she not, somehow, go and live among poor people who had all too much experience, and were overwhelmed by it, and stupefied? Could she not make fair exchange with them so that each would have as much as any? Could she not appoint a clearing house for social democracy?

Miss Addams had already begun to think of renting a house in the slums of Chicago, when she heard of Toynbee Hall. This was an institution in London, founded a few years earlier, by Oxford men; and the "residents" in the Hall, so far as she could learn, were doing precisely what she wanted to do.



JANE ADDAMS

Then, at a critical juncture, came the young woman's second "conversion." She witnessed a bull fight in Madrid. It was a gory fray, but she enjoyed it—while it lasted. Then reaction followed. "In deep distress I felt myself tried and condemned, not only for this disgusting experience but by the entire moral situation which it revealed." She had pretended to herself that she wanted to reform something. Maybe she did, a little. But here she was still studying; still cheering at bloody bull fights, gazing curiously at hungry hordes from the top of omnibuses! Worse, she was still contenting herself with the mere reports and pictures of things. In actual experience the silliest shop girl of the slums was richer than she. Her life was empty of all but the ornaments. That condemnation was enough. She made up her mind that, "come what would," she would begin the very next day to carry out her plan.

She talked it over with her traveling companion, Miss Starr. It became tangible. A month later she set out for Toynbee Hall to gather suggestions there. She had some work in hand and she was happy. "I had confidence that, although life itself might contain many difficulties, the period of mere passive receptivity had come to an end, and I had at last finished with the everlasting 'preparation for life,' however ill-prepared I might be."

In 1889 Miss Addams secured a house in a depressed industrial quarter of Chicago. She named it Hull House, after the builder and one-

time occupant. It was a hospitable looking old place, with a piazza on three sides and a wide hall and open fire-places. Miss Addams and her friend, Miss Starr, furnished it with the spoils of their European rambles, with prints and photographs and handsome tables and chairs and book cases, just as they would have done in a fashionable district. In every way they humored their cultivated and fastidious tastes, for this was to be their home. Then when all was ready, they spread open the doors, and in a gracious, neighborly tone invited the poor to "come see them."

Now the difficulty of her undertaking was probably greater even than Miss Addams had foreseen. Her wealth and culture were indeed fabulous to the humble under-strata of society. Their indigence and their mental stupor were no more comprehensible to her. Could they ever unite in genuine sympathy? Moreover, the barrier in Chicago was twice as high as between two such classes in London; for most of the poor here were also foreign, speaking a strange language, wedded to old-world customs, and generally mistrustful of the American-born who hemmed in their little colony on all sides. The people surrounding Hull House were Irish, Greeks, Russians, Poles and Bohemians—thirty-six distinct nationalities. Could she, the daughter of an American home and an American college, clear away that barrier? Intelligent men said no—her whole scheme was quite quixotic. But others, especially young men

and women, top-heavy like herself with education and eager for an outlet in useful activity, flocked to her door to offer help. So she began.

In the vicinity of Hull House lived many mothers, with families of small children, who had, perforce, become active bread-winners. Some of these women worked at home—finishing garments, for example—where two or three babies tumbling under their feet were a grave encumbrance. Others worked in factories and left their youthful offspring all day without attention. In either case the parents spoke a foreign language and preserved foreign customs in their homes; so that the children, when they came of public school age, were years behind American-born pupils. Here seemed a practicable opening. For the women would favor anything that lightened the drawbacks of their wage earning. And they would snatch at anything that removed the handicaps from their children. “It’s different in America,” they would say, “a boy gets left if he isn’t educated.”

Miss Addams started, for the younger children, a day nursery, where, for five cents each, they could be properly fed and amused, during the mother’s working hours. For those a little older she started a kindergarten. And a true child’s garden it was, where they played with their dolls, fashioned artistic things of paper and sand, talked to—and, if they would, climbed up to kiss—the madonna pictures on

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the wall, and heard stories of all the heroes of history and myth.

The foreign women who had been accustomed to think of Americans as stand-offish and insolent, at first naturally suspected some deep plot behind this kindness. It was the strangest thing! The primitive Christians, some of them knew, and certain orders of monks and nuns had made it their glory to bear the tribulations of the poor—but not modern people of culture! No, there must be some hidden motive.

But the plot, if there was one, remained dark. Motive or no motive, here was help to be had for next to nothing. The women and the men, too, began to trust Hull House and to rely upon it for aid. One day a Greek woman's infant was stricken with an unknown illness; her husband was from home; she had no medicine and no money to fee a doctor; she bundled the baby into a shawl and ran to Hull House—and to her joy the life was saved. An Italian bride of fifteen, whose husband abused her because she had lost her wedding ring, sought refuge and counsel at the House. A man shuffled into the office hoping for light on the legal phase of a piece of business, or marriage, or burial, or what not. In brief, it was little by little understood that Miss Addams and her associates were "ready to perform the humblest neighborhood services." In the chaos and hurry of a great industrial city, they were ready to play the neighbor and friend and

generous helper as people so often do in a country village.

With this confidence established, the "settlers," as the women called themselves, could enlarge their programme. They grouped into a club a few young people who read "Romola" aloud, and found it quite to their fancy. Miss Addams did not wait for a second revelation. She went to the Chicago Public Library, and persuaded it to locate a branch in the House. The result may be inferred from the words of one young man: "It was the first house I had ever been in where books and magazines just lay around as if there were plenty of them in the world, and it changed the whole aspect of life for me to know people who regarded reading as a reasonable occupation."

The settlers formed classes in drawing and modeling, and built a room for the exhibition of paintings; and both were "enthusiastically visited by hundreds of people from the neighborhood." Then they arranged a series of free Sunday afternoon concerts and lectures, all of a high quality. A gymnasium and a playground were provided for the young whose games had all been played upon the streets. Sewing and cooking classes were opened for girls who could not learn their domestic science at home. The mothers were taught, very tactfully, to feed their children oatmeal for breakfast instead of bread soaked in tea or wine, and for diseases resulting from uncleanness, to bathe them instead of hanging a

charm about their necks.] In regard to the coffee house, which sold a scientific diet, one woman said she didn't like to eat what was nourishing, she liked to eat "what she'd rather;" but the patronage of this enterprise, as of all the others, steadily increased.

In a very short space of time, then, Miss Addams had satisfied herself on one question that had vexed her eight idle years. It really was possible to utilize one's culture. The people, in all their destitution, had a lusty, if not a refined appetite for the better products of civilization. The people could rise. Like anyone else in the world, all they needed was a friend. And it was possible for her so far to find a plane of equality with them that she could be that friend.

A few people still cocked a weather eye for the secret plot that ought to underlie this philanthropy. They would be asked for their vote, they thought, or the "prayer meeting snap" would come in somewhere—it was only a "question of time." But the second class of activities at Hull House left not an inch of ground for the doubters to stand on.

[It did not suffice Miss Addams to give away her culture. She wanted something in return. She wanted to participate in the hearty, everyday life of the people. She suspected that their work and play, their sorrow and joy, would come a great deal nearer one's heart and be longer remembered than any of the insub-

stantial ideas she had acquired from books.] But how could she obtain a little portion of this experience?

Not easily, she saw. For the people were isolated, and did not even share each other's experience. The people were lonely. Everywhere they were lonely. An aged man and woman, whose children had settled elsewhere, had to while away the long days with only their melancholy thoughts for company. Young people from the country could not knit up true friendships among self-centered tenement dwellers. Families who, to get cheap rent, had to live in the quarter, but who prided themselves on their connections outside, sneered at the unpretentious residents of their street, and would not "mix" with them. The young men and women native to the quarter had no club where they could exchange ideas, or where they could arrange a social or a dance. The races, dwelling side by side, ignored and despised each other. Whatever might be their experience, they kept it to themselves, because while living near each other they did not live together. [How, then, could a woman of Jane Addams' class hope to become one of them?]

She did not know. But she did know this, that the people were not lonely from choice. They were, many of them, leading narrow and bitter lives, from lack of sympathy and help; and they only wanted some slight hint to make them fly into each other's arms. The best thing

she could do for the present would be to furnish that hint.

She began with business.

When coal was high, she induced the neighbors to combine in a co-operative coal society; and the members, through the united effort to reduce their expenses, became friends. Or, again, a group of working girls wanted to stand by each other in times of strike, or sickness, but did not know how. With the advice of Hull House and the gift of a month's rent for a small flat, they formed a co-operative boarding club. The original group soon grew to fifty; and that number of girls at least would no more face the storms of the world without sympathy.

Next, the settlers passed the word that social clubs might make use of the reception room of Hull House. There was a quick response. Reading and sewing circles sprang up thickly. The men, in their social science club, discussed weekly the current abuses and reforms. Five hundred working people were trained to chorus singing. The different nationalities staged their native plays. But one girl said "she wouldn't be caught dead at a lecture," for she wanted "to get some fun out of it;" and at a club where a Greek play was being read aloud, the leader overheard the president saying to the restive members, "You might just as well keep quiet for she is bound to finish it, and the quicker she gets to reading, the longer we'll have for dancing." So for those who pre-

ferred dancing, there was a good floor and music. Every one who cared to stop in at Hull House found a social outlet suitable to his age and inclinations.

[Perhaps the most daring project was that of interpreting one race to another.] The Social Extension Committee of Irish women one evening invited Italian women to a reception. The outcome is amusingly related by Miss Addams. "The Italian women, who were almost eastern in their habits, all stayed at home and sent their husbands, and the Social Extension Committee entered the drawing room to find it occupied by rows of Italian working men. They were quite ready to be 'socially extended,' but plainly puzzled as to what it was all about." The committee were worse perplexed. But the Italian men, when they saw what was forward, gallantly stepped into the breach. "Untiring pairs of them danced the tarantella, their fascinating national dance, they sang Neapolitan songs, one of them performed some of those wonderful sleight-of-hand tricks, . . . they politely ate the strange American refreshments." The entertainment never lagged; the evening was a proud success. The Irish women saw that Italians were "quite like other people, only one must take a little more pains with them."

[Finally, the varied elements of the Hull House community were so well fused that they would all wheel into line for a concerted effort in neighborhood improvement and politics.]

The children were armed with sharp sticks, and the little girl who collected the most waste paper from the streets was crowned "queen of love and beauty" on May day. The women, who now perceived that their own weal was identical with that of their neighbors, could unitedly demand a better milk supply, better car service, better housing. The men could snap their fingers at the ward "boss" and loyally vote together for a representative who would represent, and for improved sewage, playgrounds, and other things in the gift of the city.

Thus in the course of years the individuals once so diverse were welded into one solid, social whole. They worked and played together. They were glad with each other's joy, and sad with each other's sorrow. Their loneliness and isolation were in a great measure overcome, so that the experience of one was accessible to all.

And what a marvelous experience that was—the thoughts, trials, and aspirations of thirty-six nationalities, engaged in trades and professions literally without number. The Greek fruit vendor might have speech with the English artisan; the Englishman with the Italian laborer or musician; the Italian with the Jewish tradesman or the Irish politician, and so on. To share the experience of all these was a culture in itself. Really, these people could fare very happily without the gifts of the rich. The lore of a few books was

stale and flat beside the fresh realities of their infinitely varied life. They could soar by the strength of their own wings. Like anyone else in the world, all they needed was a chance.

And now, little by little, Jane Addams found contentment stealing into her heart. For she was getting the return she craved. All this free expression of the people's life flowed through her. Hull House had become a people's home; and she was one of the people.]

In the middle of a busy morning, says one writer, the telephone bell will ring: "Hello! Miss Addams? No? Well, I would like to speak with Miss Addams personally, please.—You say she is busy? Yes, I know, but I'm sure she will spare me a moment; I am Mrs. Blank, of the North Shore.—She wants you to take this message? You say you can bring me an answer? O, very well. Tell her I want to get a monkey for a children's party.—I know you don't have monkeys, but Miss Addams will know of one; you have only to take the message."

Or again, Miss Addams is made a willing confidante for some interesting story of industry, or family economics. "I recall a certain Mrs. Moran," she writes, "who was returning one rainy day with her arms full of paper bags containing beans and flour which alone lay between her children and starvation. Although she had no money, she boarded a street car in order to save her booty from complete destruction by the rain; and as the burst bags

dropped 'flour on the ladies' dresses' and beans 'all over the place,' she was sharply reprimanded by the conductor, who was further exasperated when he discovered she had no fare. He put her off, as she had hoped he would, almost in front of Hull House. She related to us her state of mind as she stepped off the car and saw the last of her wares disappearing," and so on, with quaint, amusing, and yet pathetic detail.

Or, again, some crisis more cruel than that of starvation overtakes one of the neighbors. A high official is assassinated by an immigrant. The American populace goes mad with rage against all foreigners. Some old men are arrested, charged with being anarchists and with complicity in a plot to shatter the American government; they are thrust into prison, denied bail, denied communication with their friends; they await summary trial—and will be lucky to have a trial, for a mob storms outside the prison wall. Some friend of theirs has the wit to fetch Miss Addams. The jailers know her. They admit her behind the barred doors. She steps into the cell. The prisoners cling to her skirts, weeping, chattering in some eastern language,—and they tell her their story. They are old, poor, and sick; they speak no English, have been unable to learn the cause of their arrest, have never heard of the assassination; although they once professed hostility to government in the empire from which they came, they have only love for America and its laws and

its rulers. They ask nothing but peace and the right to earn a few pennies a day until they die. Jane Addams hears their story, substantiates it, and they are released.

And while these diverse exciting incidents succeed one another, through the halls of the settlement there passes an endless procession of the "other half." Residents representing a dozen states; staying guests representing a dozen countries; doctors, lawyers, journalists; governors, princes, and the most brilliant thinkers and talkers of the age; all these, besides settlers high and low, continually gather round the Hull House table. And all of them, like the trembling "anarchists" and the woman who spilled her beans, tell their stories to Jane Addams.

In effect, the life of a great and varied world flows through her: and each part reveals itself without reserve, for it does not doubt its welcome.

"On the whole," says one writer, "the reach of this woman's sympathy and understanding is beyond all comparison wider in its span—comprehending all kinds of people—than that of any extant public man."

[No wonder Miss Addams grew contented. She was doing splendidly what her nature cried out to do in all the years of preparation. She had become a part—you might say the heart—of the whole living body of society. She had given and she had received: she had given the

life of culture; and she had received the culture of life.

The Jane Addams that came out of these remarkable undertakings was what one might expect. "She is always trying to be inconspicuous," wrote one who knew her well. "She likes some of the elegancies, for she was born to them. No one could accuse her, for example, of being shabby. She wears soft, grayish shades of blue more than other colors. Her tailor-made suits are usually blue, and I remember one pleasing evening gown of that color trimmed with rich Japanese embroidery. Jewels are, naturally, not in her line, and she never has a hat upon her smooth brown hair when she can dispense with it." She is a rather smallish, dark faced woman, gentle of manner and soft of voice. She is "slightly stooped as she stands with her hands clasped behind her in a way touchingly childish, looking out at an audience, or at those with whom she is conversing. . . . They say she had a sad face before she became a professional neighbor. . . . Certainly her face is sad now, though the eyes are luminous, and the lips adapt themselves readily to smiles."

That sadness—if sadness it really is—cannot have been written on her face by any defeat of her personal ambitions if—again if—she has any personal ambitions. (Miss Addams has been a member of the city school board. She has traveled extensively, and lectured, and written books. A master's degree was con-

ferred upon her by Yale University, which had never before given an honorary degree to a woman. At a recent national congress of social workers she was characterized to an audience of three thousand as "the first citizen of Chicago, the first citizen of America, the first citizen of the world!" And the hall rocked with applause.

Neither has Hull House suffered any declension. It is famous in every continent. Ten thousand people, besides the casual visitors, actually frequent its various buildings. It knows no classes. And yet all classes so deeply respect it that they take pride in appearing there at their best. Of one well dressed man who came seeking employment, Miss Addams said, "The coat the man wears belongs to a neighbor. The hat is the property of some one else. Perhaps he does not wear a stitch of clothing he may claim as his own. Beggars do not come to Hull House—they are men of self-respect and pride, and they wish to make the best appearance." And it was with the idea that there should be but one all-embracing class in national politics—but one class before the law—that Miss Addams threw herself into the presidential campaign of 1912.

Finally, what should please Miss Addams most of all, the movement initiated from such natural and sincere motives has proved a boon to thousands who felt the same passion for a democratic way of life. Every city now has its settlement, modeled generally after Hull House,

and the great cities have dozens. Altogether, they constitute one of the most striking features of modern urban life. They accomplish things Miss Addams did not dream of in the beginning. And still investigators—who by a happy agreement with colleges can earn a degree by their work—are incessantly busy finding what more can be done.

Miss Addams' seriousness of countenance must come upon her from those moments when she looks beyond the settlement and its small success to what she hopes may take place in society. For in her thought she runs well ahead of the settlement. Such an institution, she says, is only a symptom of the social democracy to come.

Men have long been equal in religion. Recently they have obtained a tolerable equality in politics and education. But socially they are divided into a hundred groups, the tendency being for each to court the so-called "higher" groups and to snub the lower. This separation is detrimental to all classes. For no race and no class can live to itself without dwindling toward mental priggishness and emotional penury. The health and the wealth of each will be best enhanced by partaking of the thoughts, labors, and emotions of all. The settlement stands for this new social democracy. But is society as a whole broad-minded enough to entertain it? That is a question to cause melancholy looks. The time is coming, Miss Addams prophesies, when it will be as criminal for a

woman to invite to her dinners only those who can advance her socially as it is now for a politician to buy votes. Coming, surely. But she recognizes with regret that both poor and rich will suffer much in their narrow spheres before that time finally arrives.

Miss Addams states her creed most clearly in this comparison of the uncultivated and the cultivated person. "The former is bounded by a narrow outlook on life, unable to overcome differences of dress and habit, and his interests are slowly contracting within a circumscribed area; while the latter constantly tends to be more a citizen of the world because of his growing understanding of all kinds of people, and their varying experiences."

In her own conduct she has exemplified the creed. Says one writer, "She is sensitively attuned to the manners and traditions of the most privileged class, yet she meets the poorest and the coarsest without a touch of the condescension that separates people more than pride." Indeed the word "condescend" has no meaning for her. For the only "privileged" class is the one that comprehends all classes.

Miss Addams is a modern democrat. But her democracy is not low or vulgar. It is identical with culture: the culture which Goethe defined as "entering into the life of the race."



CHRONOLOGICAL OUTLINE

With the purpose of assisting readers in making for themselves a conspectus of each of the lives here studied and a broader conspectus of the relation of these lives to each other and to the events and movements with which they are bound up, this outline is offered. It is offered also by way of indicating the definite unity that binds together the book as a whole.

- 1780. Birth of Elizabeth Gurney (Fry).
- 1792. Death of the mother of Elizabeth Gurney (Fry).
- 1797. Birth of Mary Lyon.
- 1800. Elizabeth Gurney is married to Joseph Fry.
- 1810. Elizabeth Gurney Fry is ordained a minister by the Society of Friends.
- 1811. Birth of Harriet Beecher (Stowe).
- 1813. Elizabeth Gurney Fry first visits Newgate Jail.
- 1815. Birth of Elizabeth Cady (Stanton).
- 1817. Elizabeth Gurney Fry forms an association for the amelioration of the condition of women prisoners. Mary Lyon attends Sanderson Academy.
- 1819. Birth of Julia Ward (Howe).
- 1820. Birth of Florence Nightingale.
- 1821. Birth of Clara Barton.
Mary Lyon becomes assistant at Sanderson Academy.
- 1824. Harriet Beecher (Stowe) attends her sister's school at Hartford.
- 1828. Mary Lyon becomes Miss Grant's assistant at Ipswich.

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- 1830-32. Elizabeth Cady (Stanton) attends the Young Ladies' Seminary at Troy.
- 1832. Harriet Beecher (Stowe) moves to Cincinnati.
- 1833. Harriet Beecher (Stowe) visits Kentucky.
- 1834. Mary Lyon begins the plans for her female seminary.
- 1836. Harriet Beecher marries Calvin E. Stowe. Corner stone for Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary laid.
- 1837. Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary opens. Clara Barton begins teaching in a district school.
- 1838. Elizabeth Gurney Fry visits France.
- 1839. Birth of Frances E. Willard.
- 1840. Birth of J. Ellen Horton (Foster). Elizabeth Cady marries Henry B. Stanton.
- 1841. Florence Nightingale decides upon her life work.
- 1841-53. Florence Nightingale studies in European hospitals.
- 1843. Julia Ward marries Dr. Samuel G. Howe.
- 1845. Death of Elizabeth Gurney Fry.
- 1847. Elizabeth Cady Stanton moves to Seneca Falls, N. Y.
- 1848. Woman's Rights Convention at Seneca Falls, N. Y.
- 1849. Death of Mary Lyon.
- 1850. Harriet Beecher Stowe moves to Brunswick, Maine.
- 1851. Elizabeth Cady Stanton meets Susan B. Anthony.
First chapter of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appears.

1852. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is published in book form.
- 1853-4. Florence Nightingale in charge of the Harley Street Home, London.
1853. Judith Ellen Horton (Foster) moves to Boston.
1854. Florence Nightingale goes to the front in the Crimean War.
Elizabeth Cady Stanton addresses the New York Legislature.
- 1854-7. Clara Barton is clerk in the Patent Office.
1856. Florence Nightingale returns to England.
1858. Frances E. Willard attends Northwestern Female College.
Frances E. Willard joins the Methodist Church.
1861. Birth of Jane Addams.
Julia Ward Howe writes the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."
Florence Nightingale opens a training school for nurses at Liverpool.
Elizabeth Cady Stanton helps form the National Loyal League.
Clara Barton nurses soldiers in Washington.
1862. Clara Barton serves on the field of battle.
- 1865-73. Elizabeth Cady Stanton president of National Woman's Suffrage Association.
1867. Julia Ward Howe elected to the Boston Radical Club.
- 1867-69. Clara Barton lectures on the Lyceum circuit.

1868. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is a candidate for election to the House of Representatives.
- 1868-70. Elizabeth Cady Stanton edits "*The Revolution*."
1868. Frances E. Willard goes to Europe for two and one-half years.
- 1869-81. Elizabeth Cady Stanton lectures on Lyceum platform.
1869. Judith Ellen Horton marries E. C. Foster.
Clara Barton goes to Europe.
Julia Ward Howe espouses the woman's suffrage movement.
1870. Clara Barton serves as nurse in the Franco-Prussian War.
New England's Woman's Club is founded.
1871. Frances E. Willard becomes dean of Evanston College for Ladies.
1872. J. Ellen Foster admitted to Iowa bar.
Julia Ward Howe leads Woman's Peace Conference, London.
Julia Ward Howe becomes president of New England Woman's Club.
1873. Clara Barton returns to America.
1874. Frances E. Willard resigns as dean of Evanston College for Ladies, and later becomes president of Chicago W. C. T. U.
Frances E. Willard becomes corresponding secretary of Illinois W. C. T. U.
Under Florence Nightingale, National Nursing Association provides nurses for the poor in their own homes.

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1876. Frances E. Willard advocates woman's suffrage.
1878. Jane Addams enters Rockford College.
Julia Ward Howe becomes president of the Association for the Advancement of Women.
- 1879-98. Frances E. Willard, president of National W. C. T. U.
1881. Clara Barton establishes the American Association of the Red Cross.
Jane Addams enters a Philadelphia medical school.
- 1881-3. Jane Addams spends in Europe.
1882. Clara Barton secures amendment of the Geneva Treaty to provide for Red Cross in time of peace.
Iowa becomes a prohibition state.
1883. Frances E. Willard founds and becomes president of World's W. C. T. U.
1884. W. C. T. U. votes to support the Prohibition Party.
1885. J. Ellen Foster resigns from office in National W. C. T. U. and is elected president of Iowa W. C. T. U.
1888. Frances E. Willard becomes president of American branch of International Council of Women.
J. Ellen Foster's offer to help the National Republican Committee is accepted.
- 1888-1910. J. Ellen Foster president of Woman's National Republican Association.

1889. Jane Addams opens Hull House in Chicago.

1893-1902. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, honorary president of National Woman's Suffrage Association.

1896. Death of Harriet Beecher Stowe.
Clara Barton goes to Armenia to relieve the victims of oppression.

1898. Death of Frances E. Willard.
Clara Barton serves in Spanish American War.

1902. Death of Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

1904. Clara Barton retires from presidency of the American Red Cross.

1906. J. Ellen Foster detailed to study conditions of women and child workers in the United States.

1908. J. Ellen Foster appointed special agent of the Department of Justice to inspect United States criminals in federal and state prisons.

1910. Death of Julia Ward Howe.
Death of Florence Nightingale.
Death of J. Ellen Foster.

1912. Death of Clara Barton.

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